TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

For the Blade.

THE OUTCAST.

BY FRANKLIN E. DENTON.

A weary outcast fell asleep
 One midnight on the wintry earth;
Her slumbers were so sweetly deep
 She heeded not the morrow's birth.

The selfish crowds went jostling by,
 And coldly sneered at her who slept,
But God felt sorry in the sky,
 And all his shining angels wept.

MAIDENHOOD.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar!

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered:—
Age, the bough with snows encumbered

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm the tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

THE HIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I wrote some lines, once on a time,
 In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
 They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
 I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
 A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
 How kind it was of him,
To mind a slender man like me,
 He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
 And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
 "There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,
 And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
 Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
 And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
 I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
 The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
 And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
 I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
 As funny as I can.

Travel.

NASBY IN EXILE.

SECOND SERIES.

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The Pope and His Wonderful Palace—The Vatican, the World's Treasure-house of Art—The Great Michael Angelo—Spites, Revenges, Jokes, and Personal Vanities in Artistic Masterpieces—Fortune-Hunting Nobility.

LI.

The Pope he is a happy man,
His palace is the Vatican,
—And there he sits and drains his can:—
I oft have wished—no sin I hope,
That I myself could be the Pope!'

The Pope is not as happy a man, just now, as might be inferred from the pleasant lines of Thackeray, for since Victor Emanuel and the grim Garibaldi, who had no respect for Popes, and the sagacious Cavour took from him the temporal government of Rome and the Papal States, he considers himself a prisoner in his wonderful palace and sits there not draining his can merrily, but growling at the powers that be. He does not show himself in public, and is only to be seen by the extra devout and those of great importance. Nevertheless, Mr. Tibbitts claims to have received an audience, and speaks quite familiarly of him, and details an interview he had with him with great particularity. Mr. Tibbitts is an excellent traveler in this. His imagination is sufficient to supply any lack of actual experience.

Does he meet with one who has visited Africa? Immediately that he is gone Mr. T. discourses of Africa with an ease and freedom that would indicate—to one who had not been in Africa—that he had penetrated its remotest bounds. And so with all countries

Does the conversation turn upon Asia? Mr. Tibbitts discusses Asia as though he had lived in that division of the globe all his life. Mr. Tibbitts, when in company with those who have not been there, knows all about India, Siberia, the isles of the Pacific, and all countries, and, barring an occasional accident, with great ease. All of which goes to show that to assume to know is just as good as knowing, provided great caution and discretion is exercised. Since the Young Man Who Knows Everything has left the party, Mr. Tibbitts gets on swimmingly. There are a great many of the kind of Mr. Tibbitts in all walks of life.

THE VATICAN.

To write of the Vatican so as to give any idea of it, is simply an impossibility. It is not a palace—it is a collection of palaces. Windsor Palace is the solitaire diamond of palaces, the Vatican is a cluster, each one of which is a solitaire.

Some idea of the immensity of this giant among palaces may be gathered from these prosaic figures:—

Its length is 1,151 English feet, and its width 767. Within this enormous area are 4,422 rooms, the most of them enormous in size; it has eight grand stair cases and 200 smaller ones, and 20 courts. It is a wilderness of architecture, a wide waste of brick and marble, symmetrically and intelligently arranged for the purpose it was designed. But figures give no idea of the immensity, and no pen can give any intelligent idea of its contents.

Its exterior is neither impressive or attractive, because having been built at different times—parts of it were in existence prior to the 8th century—there was no general plan running through the whole of it. The additions and extensions were made at different dates by different architects, making an imposing exterior impossible. But all the great builders who added to it from time to time, never lost sight of the interior, and there is nothing on earth more perfect. Its exterior is nothing, its interior is one of the wonders of the world. It is not only a harmonious whole but is so great, so immense, so gorgeous in its magnificence, and so bewildering in its extent, as to make description impossible.

THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

In the Vatican is the celebrated Sistine Chapel, which the whole civilized world knows as the private chapel of the Pope. It is a lofty, oblong hall, 146 feet long by 50 feet wide, dim, dingy and smoky, with its walls covered with frescoes by the greatest of the world's masters, that is the greatest of the world's old masters. A great many people of very excellent taste and much judgement are not disposed to concede that the old masters should rank as the greatest that the world has produced or ever will produce.

The ceiling is the work of Michael Angelo, and as it must all be seen, and as bending the back with a bone in it to look directly upward is tiresome, even with Michael Angelo to look at, the undignified stretch themselves on their backs on a table and take in the great works in that position.

The frescoes on the ceiling are the "Creation," "Fall," "Deluge," "Mockery of Noah," "Israelites in the Wilderness," "David and Goliath," with an enormous assortment of angels and cherubs. Great as all these pictures are, the one that engrosses attention always is the "Last Judgment," which extends from floor to ceiling at the upper end of the chapel. In the center is the Savior judging the word, and immediately below the Seven Angels, trumpets at lip, summoning the dead. The dead are by no means cheerful or calculated to produce a pleasing effect. It is the same as an actor playing a delirum tremens part. If he acts it well, and to nature, it is frightfully disgusting. If he softens it at all he sacrifices art, so he is damned anyway. There is altogether too much realism in this part of the great work to make it pleasant to any one but an undertaker. The dead are actually coming out of their graves in their shrouds, and as no artist can make a pleasant picture of shrouds, and as no good purpose is served thereby why paint them?

At the right of the picture there is a lesson taught that was valuable at the time. Charon is taking over a boat-load of the damned, whom he is driving overboard in the most vigorous manner with his oar; demons, scores of demons, all with demoniac grins on their countenances are hauling them down into the seven times heated pits, the flames not more cruel than the demons, leaping up expectantly to receive them to their sulphurous embrace. This sort of thing was necessary in those days, before theologians had explained the Bible all away. The church then taught that there was a personal devil, with an army of personal demons, that there was an actual lake of fire and brimstone into which the unrepentant wicked who did not contribute to the church were cast, it had heaven and its joys all substantially located, and so both ends of the next world were pictured with great exactness and realism.

OLD-TIME RELIGION.

There was no nonsense in the religion of those good old days, when men and women were burnt at the stake and given to wild beasts and thrown over precipices to be caught on iron spikes, and boiled in oil, and broiled on gridirons, because of their doubting what was taught them. (See Fox's Book of Martyrs.) They held to everything as it is set down, and rejected the idea that there was anything figurative in the Bible. Their devil was not a genteel "spirit of evil opposing what is good in man," but it was a real flesh and blood asbestos-cased devil, with hoofs and horns, and a tail with a spike in the end of it, and he always carried a pitchfork and delighted in sulphur and things of the kind. They believed not only in an actual lake of fire and brimstone, but they held also that the deluge actually covered the face of the whole earth, that the whale swallowed Jonah, that the sun stood still at the command of Joshua, and that the Cities of the Plain were consumed by real fire, that Lot's wife made a second Salina of herself, and so on. And these things the church put into its pictures, much to the accommodation of the masters. Michael Angelo could paint a vigorous devil with a pitchfork and tail, but how could he paint a Unitarian idea? And the people looked upon these pictures, and believing, trembled, and went away and afterward only engaged in such marauding enterprises as were sanctioned by the church, and were very zealous in roasting and broiling and otherwise murdering heretics. And moreover, (this was of the greatest importance) they gave freely of their substance to the church, making sure thereby of escaping the devil with his horns, tail and pitchfork, and gaining the gardens of the blest. As the church was the principal patron of art in those days, the church used it to its advantage. Heaven was painted as a place of delights which the average citizen had always hungered and thirsted for, and hell as a place of physical torment, to avoid which a man would kill his heretical grandmother, and consequently these were the subjects which the great masters were compelled to paint or starve.

Above and around the central figure are the other figures which meet you everywhere in this wilderness of religious art. There is St. Bartholomew, who was flayed alive and then crucified. He is portrayed always with his own skin hanging conveniently over his arm like a cloak. There is St. Andrew, carrying about the cross on which he was crucified; St. Lawrence, who, having been broiled on a gridiron, is always seen bearing with him the enlarged kitchen utensil on which he met his death. It is singular that with St. Lawrence's gridiron always before them, the Italian cooks never learned its better use. They broiled saints on gridirons, but they fry or stew their meat.

All these saints are in this picture, and many more.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S TROUBLES AND REVENGES.

Angelo had his little troubles, as well as other great men. Pope Paul IV. was a particular sort of person, and he did not like the nudity of the figures and really determined to destroy the whole picture. The great master replied that the Pope had better attend to reforming the world, that art was capable of taking care of itself, he did not want his angels to be put into dress coats and tight trowsers. However, the matter was compromised by the employment of another painter to cover the most prominent figures with drapery, which fastened to him forever the nickname of "breeches-maker." Angelo submitted, but he had his little revenge. One Biagio, who first suggested the drapery business to the Pope, was painted standing in Hell with asses' ears, and the body surrounded by a serpent. Biagio complained to the Pope and begged that his portrait should be removed, but the Pope, who was afraid of offending the great master, refused, saying that he "could take souls out of purgatory, but he had no control over hell itself." And so Signor Biagio remains there to this day in an immortality of ridicule. But for this he would have been forgotten centuries ago. A later Pope put more covering on the figures, so that but little of Michael Angelo is in it, except the faces and the composition.

When you leave the Sistine Chapel it matters but little which way you turn. No matter where you go you are in a bewildering wilderness of art. There are the works of the immortals of Greece, dating back to the very birth of art; there is everything that Rome produced herself, there is in short such an infinity of art that one loses half the pleasure and instruction he ought to receive in its very vastness. There is a whirl of it. The impression made upon the mind by the contemplation of one great work is swept away by the next, and that by the next, and so on, till finally the attempt to fix it all is abandoned, and the observer merely swims around in a sea of delight, without attempting to enumerate or particularize

Popes are no more exempt from human vanity than other men. Each Pope made an effort to do something to fix his memory in the minds of those to come after him, and after having done that something the painter's aid was sought to fix that immortality. Pope Pius IX. enunciated the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and when the Church accepted it, the next thing was to have it remembered in art. So Podesti, a great artist, was employed to fresco a hall to commemorate this event in the church. On the end of the wall is represented the supposed vision of the Pope in which the Virgin is presumed to be communicating to Pius, opposite the discussion of the dogma, and on the other wall its proclamation. The figures are all portraits, and the monument to the vanity of the Pope possesses some value as a group of portraits of the great men of the Church of the day.

A UNIVERSE OF ART.

To describe the art treasures of this greatest of all museums would require volumes, to do anything less would be merely to make a catalog. You go through one vast hall devoted entirely to animals in marble, works that have come down from all ages and from the chisels of all masters. Animals in repose, animals in motion, animals in combat, animals of all species, and in all possible poses. Another hall contains busts of the Emperors and the great men of Rome; another shelters the priceless work of Canova, and still another (as if these were not enough for one palace), the greatest of all works in marble, the Laocoon. The whole group, the father and his sons, and the awful folds of the serpents, were formed of one block of marble, and it has been copied thousands of times, but no copy approaches the wonderful terror of the original. The helpless agony of the sons, the fearful struggles of the father, and the merciless cruelty of the serpents who move to their work of death with the relentless certainty of fate, are portrayed in the marble with a fidelity that is life itself.

There are hundreds of these halls, all filled with the very best there e is in art, both in painting and sculpture. Every important event in Roman history, especially that part of it connected with the Church—and Rome, since the advent of Christianity, is nothing if disconnected from the Church—is portrayed upon its walls. Greece was robbed to adorn these halls, and the genius of every country upon earth has been laid under contribution to the same end.

One room is known as the "*Incendio del Borgo*," from the principal picture in it. In 847 the suburb Borgo was destroyed by fire, which raged so furiously as to threaten the Vatican itself, which was made the subject of a picture, because of a miracle wrought at the time. In the picture the people are rushing wildly about, men carrying out of the burning houses their goods, and women, with terror on their faces and children in their arms—the men in such cases always save the goods and the women the children. There are groups of men striving to extinguish the flames, and all the incidents of a great fire are strikingly depicted. In the balcony sits the Pope, Leo IV., in full robes, as though he had been gotten up for the occasion. What does the Pope do? Nothing easier. He simply made the sign of the cross, and the fire in obedience to the wishes of His Holiness went out gracefully. A Pope who can arrest a raging fire is a most economical and useful fire department. Any City in America could afford to maintain one, even if they had to give him a palace like the Vatican. Leo IV would have been very useful in Chicago and Boston.

It is curious that when a fire breaks out in Rome, now, the people do not depend upon the Papal power to stay its ravages. With a dignitary who has the power to stop conflagrations in their midst, and easy of access, it is singular that they go to the expense of a fire department, and all that, but they do. When a fire breaks out now they ring an alarm, the same as in other countries, the firemen turn out with their clumsy machines and rush to the scene of the disaster, and they pump water on it and tear down buildings and do everything just as other people do. The foremen of the engines swear prodigiously, the chief engineer makes terrible blunders, getting water on where he shouldn't, and having no water where he should, hose bursts in the wrong place, and the small boys steal everything they can get their hands on, men wildly throw mirrors out of windows and walk down carefully with sad irons, just the same as in America, all of which could be prevented by the Pope merely waving his hand gracefully as he does in this picture.

It is also a curious thing that all these miraculous occurrences, these especial manifestations of power not of all men, are all dated a long way back. If the Pope could check a fire by simply making the sign of the cross in A. D. 847, he ought to be able to do the same thing in 1883, but he doesn't do it. Possibly in 2047, or at some later period, the people of that day will have records of similar performances in 1883, because we of 1883 will all be dead, and can't get up and say it was an infernal imposture and that no such thing ever happened. Miracles are all dated a long way back. They are never contemporaneous. However, the fable has given the world a most wonderful picture, and that is something. The story may be airy but the picture is not.

There isn't the slightest use in attempting even an enumeration of the really great in painting and sculpture contained in these wonderful halls. There is everything which the world has pronounced great. There are statues of thousands of famous men and women, groups commemorating historical events, statuary illustrating Roman and Grecian mythology, everything in Paganism, Christianity, History, Poetry, that has been illustrated on canvas or in marble has been gathered together in this great temple of art, and a fitting setting given them. It is the wonder of Rome and what is the wonder of Rome is the wonder of the world.

Volumes might be written on any one of the grand halls without exhausting its contents. It is no wonder that art students from the whole world come to Rome, and it is no wonder that when one has mastered even a part of what he finds here, he holds that he has nothing more to study. A simple catalog of the works contained in the Vatican, merely the names and numbers, make an enormous volume.

TOADYING TO NOBILITY.

Some reference has been made in this series to the eager desire of Italian princes and noblemen of various degrees to marry wealthy English or American women. There are no more affable beings on earth, to foreigners, than the Italian nobility. Almost anyone can associate with a prince, which is a great comfort to the shoddyites, who dearly love to write home that "Last evening Prince Thingumy called upon us, and we spent a few hours delightfully with him," or that "Yesterday I took Prince Whatdyecallum out riding." Many tourists never would write home were it not for the privilege of having their friends know that they had got into the very best society.

The Italian prince who is so affable to strangers has a motive for his affability. He rather likes to descend from the high pedestal of birth on which fortune placed him and be familiar with untitled Americans and Englishmen. For it is a convenient thing for him to have another man pay for the carriages in which he rides, and it is likewise convenient to have somebody of whom he can always borrow a hundred francs, without ever being asked to pay it. Borrowing he has no objection to, but paying back! That is when the iron enters his soul. And as it would hurt his feelings, he has too much respect for them ever to think of such a thing. And as the poor asses, who consider it a great thing to be seen with a nobleman and to have the privilege of talking of "my friend, Prince Macaroni," they make these little advances not only willingly but gladly, and never think of asking them back again. The Prince never thinks of so small a matter and so they manage to get on.

There was an Italian Prince who laid siege to an American girl with a very rich papa, and as the girl did appear to be very much in love with him, and as he was a very good sort of fellow at bottom, as Italian Princes go, and as he captured the bluff old man by very frankly confessing that he hadn't a dollar in the world, and as the Prince business was not very remunerative, and that was the only trade he had, and as the old man could not bear to see his daughter unhappy, he consented to the marriage, and the bargain was made.

The father agreed to give for the support of the pair 100,000 francs a year, and the papers were signed in a hurry and the marriage was celebrated with great pomp and circumstance.

There was a great and vital mistake in the whole arrangement. The Prince understood it to be 100,000 *dollars* a year, whereas it was 100,000 *francs* as it stood in the contract, and as the old man had intended, which made an enormous difference.

Neither Rome or Florence was large enough for a Prince with $100,000 a year and so they came to Paris and launched out in great style, the old gentleman advancing him the first year's allowance, $20,000.

At the end of the first three months the Prince came and asked for his next quarter's allowance.

"Next *quarter's* allowance! Why I gave you the first *year's* allowance in advance!"

"Monsieur is mistaken. It was only $20,000, one quarter's allowance."

"And have you spent $20,000 in three months?"

"Certainly. I am a gentleman, a nobleman, and must live according to my means. It is all gone."

The old gentleman then whipped out the contract and showed him that it was 100,000 francs a year and not $100,000.

"Why that is only $20,000 a year! Do you think I would marry your daughter for a beggarly $20,000 a year?"

And then he was foolish enough to get angry, and he termed the transaction a swindle on the old man's part, and threatened him and demanded that the contract be changed, and finally offered to strike his father-in-law.

That was where he made his mistake. The old gentleman had long since tired of his princely son-in-law, and the daughter had chafed somewhat under the fact that she knew her father's money had gone partly to the gaming table, and partly what was worse, to support another woman, after the fashion of the Italian nobility, notably a great opera singer then the fashion, and things were ripe all around for an explosion.

And so when he raised his princely fist against him, the old gentlemen, who had been a hog-drover in his youth, quietly knocked him down, and kicked him down the stairs, and forgot his dignity enough to open the door himself, and he kicked him into the street and around the corner, leaving him the most bruised and battered Prince that ever borrowed a dollar or married an American. And then he packed up the valuables and took his daughter, who was quite content, having had enough of Princes, and sailed for America, first notifying his son-in-law that if he had any claim upon him he could come over and prosecute it, but if he did not want a repetition of the kicking he would do well to stay in Paris.

The end of the story is that the Prince did not worry the girl or her father, but accepted the protection of the opera singer who happened to want a husband to cover the tracks of her score of lovers, and also a title, so no obstacle was made to a divorce, as he wanted to marry the opera singer as much as his wife desired to be free from him.

And so he married the opera singer and lived upon her in luxury till she tired of him, when she pensioned him for life as the price of getting rid of him.

These things don't always end so happily, but then the father in this case had a hog-buyer's energy and muscle, and the girl happened to have sense. Ordinarily, they cling to their Prince till they finally desert them, for some one who can furnish more money.

Rome is full of these noblemen as is every city in Europe to which strangers resort. Murray, in his guide-book, has a special paragraph warning English families, with property, against these sharks, instancing the fact that a common complaint, made by Italian noblemen, is that English wives will not endure beating.

However, they will marry a hump-backed woman if she has money enough. Any American girl can become a Princess, a Countess, or a Duchess, if her papa is willing to advance money enough.

Queen Victoria's Economy.

The letter of the Queen, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in reply to one addressed to her by the Committee of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, will be read with general satisfaction and interest. Her Majesty expresses in a few well-chosen words her pleasure at "the success of a movement which not only encourages thrift, but which also teaches habits of business and promotes education among so large and important a body of her people." Such expressions of royal approbation are interesting as landmarks on the road of social progress. The Queen is by her position practically precluded from showing favor to any movement or institution which is still struggling for public recognition. The co-operative movement is now so well established in the general favor that it seems the most natural thing in the world that the Queen should smile on it. There was a time, however, when such approval would have been regarded as a highly-questionable encouragement of a movement which was supposed to conceal all sorts of Communistic and subversive designs. Another generation may see the same seal put upon movements which are now suspected on the same grounds and with as little reason as co-operation was then.

An Ancient Custom.

Leeds Mercury.

The forest horn is to this day blown every Winter's night at 10 o'clock, commencing with the feast of Holyrood and ending with that of Shrovetide. In olden time, when all Semerdale and most of Wensleydale was wild forest land devoted to the service of the wild boar and of deer both red and roe, and infested with herds of wolves, the nightly horn served to guide travelers to a place of safety and refuge.

Our Story Teller.

Written for the Blade.

ATLANTIS.

BY HENRY LONGFELLOW KINER.

Prolog.

It may be said, not without reason, that the people of this history act and talk very much like Nineteenth Century people. The writer's knowledge of the human family being based chiefly upon his observations of an intercourse with that portion of it now existant, he will forestall criticism by pleading guilty to the charge. Human nature has, in all stages of the world's existence, been pretty much the same, the difference being found chiefly in its historians. An opinion of the people of old, based upon the records made by their chroniclers, would certainly be a gloomy and heavy one. We find in these chronicles, both sacred and profane, nothing that would lead us to believe that gaiety and lightsome hearts existed then. Albeit we think there did live in those days just as merry people, and just as sad people, as inhabit the planet on this pleasant evening in June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty-three, the writers of then took note of only the weightiest facts, and recorded only the proceedings of the most stately and solemn persons—prophets, kings, divines and generals. The people were grouped together as the mere "multitude." They composed the audiences, ate the loaves and fishes, slaughtered each other on occasion, and passed much of their time in "marveling exceedingly." Of the lives and performances of the prophets, kings, divines and generals, we know as much as we can possibly desire to learn, in some instances perhaps even more. But of them who composed the multitudes, who loved and hated, laughed and cried, and finally died, we can learn nothing from those ponderous records.

And it is of those people of a by-gone age in the history of this lively world of ours, that we write. In all human probability they differed but little from us who comprise the multitudes of to-day—were not much better and not much worse.

CHAPTER I.

DOOM.

There is a weird enchantment in doom. It impregnates the atmosphere; it sleeps on the waters; it shudders in the earth.

When the doom of death, or disaster worse than death, forecloses upon a human life, that life is marked. It, in a marked degree, steps aside from the ordinary routine of human affairs and dwells sadly apart The victim struggles at first to cast off the spell, but finally succumbs to a feeling of dumb despair and accepts the fiat of fate.

Doomed vessels there are, as is well known to those who go down to the sea in ships, and the rats desert such. Cities have been doomed. The ruins of vast Cities, stone-walled and many-turreted, bestrew the earth in Yucatan and other States of Central America. Then there are Jerusalem and Babylon! The curse came upon these. The dismal wings of doom overshadowed them, and they became the abodes of bats and owls.

On many a palace-wall, on many a noble ship, on many a human forehead has been written the mysterious "Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin" that startled the monarch of old.

And no Daniel was needed to interpret the fatal words.

CHAPTER II.

A CITY BY THE SEA.

The sun was setting sullenly in a waste of waters. A number of ships lay "still as painted ships upon a painted ocean," in the harbor of a great city. No wave undulated over the glassy waters; no breeze kissed its surface. Barnacles and sea-moss clung to the sides of the ships. There was a mold, fungus-like and ghastly, upon the ropes in the rigging. In truth, this ghastly mold prevailed everywhere. It was apparent upon the decayed wharves, upon the pavements of the town, upon the walls of the buildings, upon the waifs and stray articles in the streets.

There was a universal dampness, too, a boggy, soggy, warm, smothering dampness A singular wreathing of steam arose along the shore, as the night set in. It drifted moodily away over the Town, and rode aloft in the windless heavens. There arose, too, from the apex of a mountain to the southeast, a spiral stairway of smoke, that lost itself in the sullen sky.

There were few people upon the streets. An old man, a priest arrayed in the robes of his calling, came slowly down the moldy pavements to the wharfs where lay the ships. He chanted a solemn ritual as he walked.

It was almost dark now, and a few dim lanterns began to appear among the rigging of the ships. They glowered in a strange and unearthly manner among the steam and the mists. Here and there, at long intervals about the town, other dim lanterns began to glow. All these lights took one course. That was toward the wharf.

Thus, by an hour after sunset, a vast crowd had gathered down by the sea. There was a cluster of anxious faces about the old priest.

"What is the news to-night, Father Vesta?" queried one.

A hush, deep as midnight, rested upon the throng. Father Vesta's words, though spoken low, were heard by half the people assembled there. They were repeated to others who had not heard, and were muttered over and over again by many faltering and ashy lips.

"The sea has gained a foot upon the shore!"

"Citizens," said Father Vesta, slowly and solemnly, as he held his lantern aloft and looked into the faces near him, "I would not unnecessarily alarm you; but there are occasions in this life when it is better to exercise those precautions that are fostered by alarm, than to stolidly await a disaster that precautions might avert. The constant encroaching of the sea upon the shore; the mysterious signs and tokens both upon land and sea, indicate that some unaccountable and awful event may be awaiting us. The bellowings in the earth, and the tremblings and upheavals of the ground, news which reaches us from all parts of the Province, is additional cause for alarm. What all this may portend, I, of course, know not. I know, however, that it is wise for us to be prepared for that great change which must befall all of us sometime."

As the priest paused, a low, heavy thumping was felt, rather than heard, in the ground beneath the feet of the throng. The ghostly vessels in the harbor rocked slowly to and fro a moment, then settled back to their former rigidly quiet attitude.

Father Vesta made his way through the crowd, which opened silently to let him pass, and immediately closed again. As if in some instinctive manner relying upon the priest's protection, and unwilling to lose sight of him, the crowd, moved by one impulse, followed him.

CHAPTER III.

AT THE FANE.

Father Vesta glided silently and rapidly on, till he stood before the great temple of Caledon. It was a large, gloomy building, full of vault-like echoes and damp, earthy smells. The tower seemed to pierce the heavens, to prepare a way thither for the suppliant souls below.

Somebody with a lighted taper was guarding the portal of the fane. A dim light illumined the gloom of the interior.

The priest waved the guard aside, and entering the temple walked straight up the echoing aisle to the altar. The throng followed, and in a few moments the auditory was filled.

Not a man uttered a word. After the multitude was seated a mighty hush reigned.

The priest kneeled before the altar, and raised his face to heaven in silent supplication. The people bowed their heads. The silence of death was upon all. Not a sound broke the awful quiet. They might have been an assembly of dead men just risen from the sepulchers near the church.

When men face deadly dangers on battle-fields, the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the pounding of drums, the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying act as stimulants. These sounds intoxicate and make the brain reel. Thus many men not naturally brave, in the din and tumult and accompanying frenzy, perform deeds of astonishing valor. The latent forces within them are brought to the surface. They become newly-acquainted with their hidden energies, and frequently marvel thereat.

But when a great, unseen danger comes, when it is felt to be hovering like a nameless horror in the air, when none know how to expect it, or avert it, or grapple with it, then the latent forces of men are useless. With a silent and universal impulse they turn for succor to Him who rules the world.

While these men were thus appealing to an invisible power for protection from an invisible foe, a fragment of a song, sung by a low, sweet voice, floated in from some remote cloister of the great building. It seemed to come from an immeasurable distance, yet the words were marvelously distinct.

With their souls all in communion with the unseen powers that rule the destinies, this far-off, plaintive voice startled many of the kneelers in the fane. Was it the voice of an angel? Would the words of the song cast a ray of light into the universal gloom? They did not. It was a simple ballad expressive of sorrow for the death of some young girl, a friend of the singer:

Let the dead and the beautiful sleep!
 Let her rest,
With her lily-white hands on her breast,
 In her slumber so sacred and deep.

Let the dead and the beautiful sleep,
 And the while
Mourn not that her eyes do not smile.—
 Rejoice!—they will nevermore weep.

Let the dead and the beautiful sleep.
 Ah, thank God,
That her heart can not now feel the rod,—
 That no sickle her roses may reap.

Let the dead and the beautiful sleep,
 Pale, pallid, cold,
Till the sun and the stars shall grow old,
 And darkness dwells over the deep.

Let the dead and the beautiful sleep
 Through the long night;
Let her rest in this raiment of white,
 In this placid and exquisite sleep.

This was sung in a quiet, self-communing voice. To the fear-haunted minds of the suppliants in the fane, there was something prophetic of death in the song. When the voice died away the multitude, moved by one impulse, arose and silently dispersed. No parting word was said. Like men for whom the light of hope had been extinguished by the breath of doom, they went their ways.

CHAPTER IV.

CALEDON.

At one time in the history of this changing world a vast continent extended eastward from the line where the waters of the Mexican Gulf mingle with those of the Atlantic Ocean to the present northwestern coast of Africa. Many ancient writers mention it. Plato gives a long account of the con inent, calling it Atlantis. By this name it has since been known. The outlines of the submerged continent have been distinctly traced by nautical engineers. Portions of the continent are still above the waters, and are inhabited by men. Yucatan, a State of Central America, is believed to be the link that connected this drowned world with the American continent. Yucatan is a peninsula, extending into the Gulf of Mexico. Cuba, Key West, the Bahama Islands, Jamaica, Hayti, Santa Cruz, the Virgin Islands, St. Martin, Barbuda, Antigue, Gaudaloupe, Dominica, Martinique, Barbadoes, Grenada, Trinidad, and a wilderness of smaller islands, all grouped on modern maps as the West Indies, are the still unsubmerged western portion of Atlantis. Following the line of these eastward is a vast extent of shallow sea, dangerous to mariners owing to the innumerable reefs and rocks, which are the peaks of mountains of the lost Atlantis. Eastward still we came to the Cape Verde Islands, which were formerly high table lands. Eastward still are the Canary Islands, and the Peak of Teneriffe, off the coast of Morocco. Here is where Atlantis and Africa were wedded ere they were divorced by the remorseless sea.

This is a skeptical age. It is an age that scoffs at all assertions unsustained by existing, visible, undeniable proofs. Even sacred history is not free from these demands.

The assertions of Plato and other ancient writers, concerning Atlantis, are branded as fabulous. The soundings and published discoveries of modern mariners are taken with large grains of allowance. "Sailors," it is said by these doubting Thomases, "are the most superstitious class of men under the sun. Their stories relative to tracing the outlines of a submerged continent, stretching from Eastern America to Western Africa, and joining these latter, as well as their stories of vast stone cities, seen with the naked eye, on still, clear days, but a few fathoms beneath the keels of their ships,—these are tales in which fancy and superstition blend."

Well, admit the superstition and exuberant fancy of sailors; the fact that the outlines of the continent have been well-defined, cannot be reasonably denied, as they exist to-day on the charts used by navigators, as plainly as do the outlines of any of the unsubmerged continents of the earth.

The age demands facts as hard as rocks, ere accepting a theory. Well, here are facts graven on rocks; in Yucatan are the remains of vast stone cities and pyramids. The people who inhabit those regions now, know nothing of the builders of those great towns, and turrets, and towers The stones of which those ruins were built are so massive that no machinery known at the present time could bring them from the quarries and put them in their places. No structures like these have been built since man began to record the acts of his fellow man. Follow the outlines of Atlantis to its conjunction with Africa. What is found there? The stone remains of a mighty civilization. When these Titanic structures were erected is merely a matter of conjecture. These in the points of size, architecture, workmanship and design, in the marks of tools on the stones and in the quarries, are identical with the stone remains in Yucatan. All this is known to be true. This is history, engraven on the undying rocks, and more reliable than histories written with pens.

These vast stone cities, pyramids and obelisks were the work of a peculiar people. They are found in no other portion of the planet. The conclusion is forced upon us that the builders of Yucatan and Egypt lived at the same time, used the same material, wielded the same tools, and had ideas of design and architecture in common.

At that time the mariner's compass had not been invented. Navigation was confined entirely to coasting vessels, that dared not get out of sight of land for fear of being lost. Still the people of Egypt and Yucatan have left precisely similar records, and these two countries are now separated by thousands of miles of water. They did communicate with each other, were one and the same race of men, and they traveled back and forth over the lost Atlantis.

Is it so much matter for sneering, then, that ignorant sailors, from widely-separated parts of the earth, who had no knowledge or thought of either Egypt or Yucatan or the drowned Atlantis, should assert that they have beheld the ruins of vast stone cities but a few fathoms below the keels of their ships? And their descriptions so exactly accord with the appearance of the tunnels and towers, the walls and pyramids of Yucatan and Egypt, that we sometimes think the sailors did see what they describe.

One thing, however, while it corroborates fully all the foregoing, has sadly puzzled some antiquaries. It is the frequent recurrence on pyramids, on the ends of huge blocks of stone, upon the time-worn facules of obelisk and pillars, of the word "Caledon." It is not always spelled alike in the mysterious hieroglyphic carving of the time. Here it is Caledon, there Caledayne, and elsewhere Calydonne. Most antiquaries agree in pronouncing it Caledon. Some cling to the hypothesis that the words mean a great being, but most believe it to be the name of a great City. The latter seems the most reasonable theory. Suppose that some dire and universal calamity should befall the region in which this is written, whereby all the people should perish. Many ages hence, if ink and paper and marks of brush and paint were as enduring as carvings in stone, a new people coming here would be astonished to behold so often the word "Chicago," on boxes, bales, letters, signs and the many forms of commercial papers. In eastern North America the words "New York" would prevail; in England, "London;" in France, "Paris;" in China, "Pekin."

It is not unreasonable then, to assume that this mysterious word is the metropolis of Atlantis. As all the Egyptian cities still retain their ancient names, and there is no Caledon among them; and as the stone Cities of Yucatan are all so nearly of one size that no one of them could rank as a metropolis over the remainder, it is reasonable to believe that Caledon was in Atlantis, probably on the seacoast, in a central position, which is the most natural site for the metropolis of a country.

CHAPTER V.

THE MAGIC CIRCLE.

No event of real importance to the human race has ever died in the minds of men. History and tradition, written or oral, is much more prone to develop than dwindle. A great battle, a great volcanic eruption, a great flood, grows in the imaginations of man like plants in a hot-bed. Legends and traditions, as they roll down the ages, differ essentially from the axiomatic rolling stone. They do gather moss.

The dwellers in Egypt and Yucatan, then, should have some great tales to tell of their wondrous sires—giants intellectually and physically.

But, on this subject, the people of Yucation and Egypt have been dumb since the dawn of history. They have no legends, no traditions, no theories in any manner connected with the relics of the past, so lavishly strewn about the lands. They gaze upon them with stoical indifference. The degenerate miscreants demand pitiful "backsheesh" in Egypt, and miserable pennies in Yucatan, for exhibiting these grand works of the old-time giants. Such men, or the sires of such men, however, remote, could not have accomplished works that are the wonder and despair of all modern men of thought and culture.

A different race lived then, What has become of that people?

There has never been a plague or epidemic so terrible as to doom to death a race of men. There has never been a fire so terrible as to consume the people of any considerable region. There is but one element in nature that will exterminate all living things save fishes and amphibious creatures.

Fire cracks, chars, consumes and destroys. Water preserves. A stone, a piece of timber, any solid inanimate substance, when submerged in water and kept from the air, will endure indefinitely.

That the people who built the great pyramids and Cities of stone were utterly exterminated there can be no doubt. That their death was caused by water is equally certain.

Some mighty tidal wave, caused by the conjunction of great planets in our constellation or some tremendous upheaval or downsinking of the earth's surface caused the seas to leave their ancient confines and sweep across the lands. After unknown cycles of years they receded from portions of the country. By and by strange new tribes pushed their way into the scene of desolation left by the retiring waters. They found great structures of stone, of which they knew nothing, nor have their descendants known.

Was this great inundation the flood of Noah?

The great stone Cities of Yucatan, Atlantis and Egypt tell us of a mighty energy and of a wealthy and powerful people. Atlantis was probably the most populous and powerful country on the planet.

A remarkably narrow belt girdles the earth, in which all of the human race, the animals and the vegetables that amount to anything, are found. It is a very narrow belt, and outside of it is produced no poet, no statesman, no thinker. The outside regions are for the most part inhabited by hordes of barbarians, or are uninhabited.

From the evidence already considered, we judge that this magic belt is shifting northward incessantly. Ofcourse these climatic changes are caused by our relations to the sun. The planet is constantly tipping to the south, bringing the magic belt further north. First, Atlantis, Central America, Egypt, Syria, Babylon, were in the center of the belt. They flourished and ruled the earth. Ages rolled away and these lands dwindled, because the magic circle-center moved northward. Then came the era of Spanish glory. Spain and Portugal, Greece and Rome ruled the world. Ages rolled away again, and the circle-center left these countries, and they sank back to their original insignificance. It was then ruled Germany, England, France, and the United States of North America. In the United States the process has been more rapid. Indeed, within the memory of living man the South ruled the Nation, lost her sway, the magic belt moved north so that its center passed through New York, Chicago and San Francisco. In this magic circle center deeds were done that could not have been accomplished north and south of it. Chicago was burned utterly and rebuilt within three years. Could New Orleans, or even St. Louis pass through such an ordeal so grandly? Here was the greatest display of human energy and might ever seen since the building of the pyramids! And the pyramids could not be duplicated now by the Egyptians, simply because they are outside the central circle.

And even now the magic circle is moving northward again. The new life and energy in the geographical parallel of Minneapolis, finds no longer an industrial parallel here.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

Written for the Toledo Blade.

PIONEER LIFE.

Recollections of Early Days in the West.

BY DR. H. SCOTT.

No. 11.

Concomitant with the erection of the pioneer mills was also the inevitable copper distillery still house, an institution which it has been not very complimentary charged, goes hand in hand with the march of Christian civilization. Many of the first little mills had still houses in connection with them, and legitimately they became places of idleness, drinking and rowdyism, and not unfrequently of bloody rough and tumble fights. Whisky was cheap. A bushel of corn would pay for a gallon of it; and many a man went to the mill in the morning with his grist of corn, and before night had traded it off for whisky, got drunk, and probably went home late in the night with black eyes, to find that his wife and children had gone to bed hungry for the lack of the meal he should have carried to them. Such occurrences were not uncommon. Men got drunk then as they do now, and as they always will while whisky is made and sold.

The writer recalls a scene that occurred when he was a boy 12 years old, waiting at the mill for his grinding. It was Saturday. There were a good many men there all day, and there had been several fights. Towards evening a woman came there on foot, with her baby in her arms. Her cowardly husband slipped away and hid himself when he saw her approaching. She went to the miller, who told her that her husband had swapped his corn for whisky. She became excited and sobbed pitifully. She told the miller that her children were hungry and there was no meal in the house. She remonstrated with him, and, finding no sympathy, she used some strong words. He was a brutal fellow, and took hold of her to put her out of the door. A bystander, who was a stout, resolute man, and himself half drunk, but with a human heart, struck the fellow a blow that felled him to the floor and then told the woman to go home and he would see that she should have meal, and, mounting his horse, he rode to her cabin and gave her half of his grist—a grist was a bag full of either grain or meal. Many similar occurrences might be related.

On one occasion a tall, muscular Virginia woman went to the little wayside tavern where her husband was in the habit of staying late at night, drinking, for the purpose of bringing him away. She was not very complimentary to the landlord, who was a small man. They got into an altercation and he undertook to eject her. With a single blow of her powerful fist she floored him. His wife came rushing in to his assistance, brandishing a large wooden poker. Another blow placed her *hors du combat* beside her husband. The half dozen drinking fellows present, either manfully or intimidated by Virginia pluck, cheered the woman, and she left for home with her husband.

The exchange of visits between the frontier settlers and their relatives in Kentucky, Pennsylvania and Virginia, were made on horseback, over distances varying from 100 to 800 miles; even as distant as East of the blue ridge, weeks were required in making these journeys. It will sound strange to the present generation, but women actually made these long trips, sometimes with a baby on their lap, and a larger child sitting on behind. There were ferries over the Ohio, but the smaller streams were forded, and this, when the water was up, was perilous. I have rode across waters sitting on the horse behind my mother, when I was no more than 5 years old, while she held a younger one on her lap, and when the water came up on the saddle skirts. Nothing was thought of it. And besides, great portions of these rides were through the wilderness, with only an occasional settlement or cabin; sometimes over mere bridle paths, and other times over narrow and rough wagon roads.

The outfit for one of these journeys, besides the horse and saddle, consisted of a pair of old-time saddle-bags, a reticule hung on the off horn of the side saddle, and a meager change of underclothes stored away in the saddle-bags. The reticule perhaps contained the requirements of the baby for the entire trip. A second dress was seldom taken. The calico, or linsey, or flannel dress the woman started in, she came back in, with rare exceptions. Little money was needed, which was well, for little was to be had. The hospitalities of the early settlers was proverbial and travelers were seldom turned away from any cabin where they asked for a night's lodging. A very common rule was to put a few ears of corn in one end of the saddle-bag each morning, for the horse's food at noon, and this he eat off the ground at some convenient spot, or out of a sugar trough, if one was accessible at the stopping place. But women did not make these journeys alone. Usually the husband and wife went together; if not, a grown up boy, or some intimate friend. Such was the primitive mode of traveling during the early years of the settlement of the West. There were no Saratoga trunks and no means of transporting them.

The early West was very little infested with burglars and thieves as in these modern times of advanced civilization. Beyond horse thieves, which early spread themselves throughout the West, every species of property besides was comparatively secure. It was no rare thing for families to go off and leave their cabins alone for weeks together, with neither lock nor fastening of any kind to the doors, with a perfect assurance of finding them on their return just as they left them. There was no such thing known, or practiced, as locking cabin doors.

The first attempt at improving the roads throughout the new country, was in the form of what was denominated pole bridges, as they were facetiously called, "corduroy roads." These were constructed across the swales and low marshy lands, in the following manner. Poles, or small logs, were cut from the forests, of the length of 10 or 12 feet. These were placed side by side across the wet lands, and covered with a foot or more of earth, either dug up along the sides, or if it was through water, hauled on. When this earth became well packed by traveling, and by a little annual repairing, it made good passable roads. Roads were in some instances constructed in this way of the extent of from a hundred yards, or so, to a mile, or more.

The first bridges over streams of water were very simple structures. The butments and sills were rough logs cut from the woods. The sills were hewn to a line on the upper side with the broad ax. The platform was laid with slabs split from the trunks of trees and brought to a level by scaring and hewing, and then notched down on the sills so as to bring the upper sides to a level. Some of these primitive log bridges were very substantially built, and were found to be doing good service as late as 1825-30, before they gave way to more artistic structures.

There were foot-paths, bridle paths, and wagon-roads, which were the first avenues of communication between the settlers before County and State roads were opened by authority of law. "Blazed paths" was a familiar term in early pioneer life As a means of intercourse between families, a line of blazes were made on opposite sides of trees, at intervals of a few rods apart, leading through the woods between cabins, by hewing off the bark with a chopping ax, thus exposing the white wood. These blazes were followed by the eye until a path was worn that could be followed without their aid. But when snow fell in Winter, it became necessary again to have recourse to the blazes, until one or two persons had passed over the route. These were denominated blazed paths. An old gentleman recently told the writer, that when he came with his father to Ohio, a little boy, at the beginning of the present century 1802 he fixed the time, they were obliged to make a blazed path to the corn field and another to the spring.

Wagon roads were made through the settlements, and to the County seats, by cutting away the brush and removing the fallen timber, of sufficient width to allow of the passage of wagons or sleds. This work was done by associated labor, and always without any regard to whose land it passed over. In opening these roads convenience only was consulted; and sometimes it became necessary to cut down considerable green timber.

Humor.

A BASEBALL BALLAD.

J. Smith is dead. That fine young man
  We ne'er shall see him more,
He was a member of our club
  Since 1861.

His private virtues were immense,
  His manner was free and bluff,
He wore a paper collar, and
  Was never known to muff.

He rarely took a drink more strong
  Than lemonade or pop;
He hated drunkards, and was a
  Magnificent shortstop.

His nose was Roman, and his eyes
  Continually were peeled;
He made a splendid umpire, and
  A beautiful left field.

His hair was red, and shingled close;
  Much sunburned was his face.
He never showed with more effect
  Than on the second base.

Being a man, he had his faults,
  As likewise have we all:
He felt a preference for the New
  York regulation ball.

Though not a matrimonial man,
  He dearly loved a match,
And, like his sisters, had but few
  Superiors on the catch.

He had a noble mind, as eke
  A very supple wrist;
And when he pitched he gave the ball
  His own peculiar twist.

Of politics and church affairs
  He held restricted views;
His feet were usually encased
  In canvas, hob-nailed shoes.

But he is gone. With ins and outs
  Forever he is done;
He broke his heart and hurt his spleen
  In making a home run.

His body we have planted now,
  His soul is in the sky;
The angels reached from heaven down
  And took him on the fly.
—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Bill Nye's Hornets.

Laramie Boomerang.

Last Fall I desired to add to my collection a large hornet's nest. I had an embalmed tarantula and her porcelain-lined nest, and I desired to add to these the gray and airy home of the hornet. I procured one of the large size after cold weather and hung it in my cabinet by a string. When warm weather came something reminded me of it. I think it was a hornet. He jogged my memory in some way and called my attention to it. Memory is not located where I thought it was. It seemed as though whenever he touched me he awakened a memory—a warm memory with a red place all around it.

Then some more hornets came and began to rake up old personalities. I remember that one of them lit on my upper lip. He thought it was a rosebud. When he went away it looked like a gladiolus bulb. I wrapped a wet sheet around it to take out the warmth and reduce the swelling so that I could go through the folding-doors and tell my wife about it.

Hornets lit all over me and walked around on my person. I did not dare to scrape them off, because they are so sensitive? You have to be very guarded in your conduct towards a hornet.

I remember once while I was watching the busy little hornet gathering honey and June bugs from the bosom of a rose, years ago, I stirred him up with a club, more as a practical joke than anything else, and he came and lit on my sunny hair—that was when I wore my own hair—and he walked around through my gleaming tresses quite awhile, making tracks as large as a watermelon all over my head. If he hadn't run out of tracks my head would have looked like a load of summer squashes. I remember I had to thump my head against the smoke-house in order to smash him, and I had to comb him out with a fine comb and wear a waste-paper basket two weeks for a hat.

Much has been said of the hornet, but he has an odd, quaint way after all that is forever new.

Taking His Ease.

Boston Courier.

"Now that Tom Thumb is gone old anecdotes are of course expected. One which is not well known here is told in France of a country notary who made a journey of 300 miles especially to see the little man. Arriving by mischance too late for the last public exhibition, they told the notary at the place of exhibition that he had some chance of seeing Tom Thumb at the hotel whence the Barnum company was soon to depart. He came, however, even there too late, and, being shown to Tom Thumb's farmer apartment, he found in the sitting-room a later arrival in possession. Unaware, of course, of the evanishment of the former tenant, or of the installation of the later one, he knocked at the door.

"Enter!" responded a stentorian voice.

"Monsieur, I should like to see Tom Thumb."

"I am he, monsieur."

The notary is nonplussed, for the man who addresses him is a giant of six feet two, with a formidable mustache.

"Mon dieu, monsieur! I beg pardon, but they told me of a stature—of a stature quite lilliputian!"

"In public, yes, monsieur; but when I am alone I take my ease a little, you know."

"Oh, exactly, monsieur, I understand. Oh, certainly. Good morning, monsieur."

The notary goes away in meditation.

Not the Occasion.

Wall Street News.

The other week, when everything took a tumble and it seemed as if the bottom had dropped out of Wall street and left a hole big enough to take in the whole country, a holder who was being pinched and scraping his soul for more margins, was informed that a visitor desired to see him.

"Can't see anybody," was his reply.

In five minutes the messenger came back with the announcement that it was very important business.

"Can't help it—I'm in no condition to see my own father."

A third time the messenger disappeared, but a third time returned to say:

"He says it is a case of life or death, sir."

This decided the operator to admit the unknown. He entered with an easy step and a pleasant smile, and after mature deliberation, softly inquired:

"My friend, how is it with thy soul?"

"My soul? Halifax and Texas! Do you think a man who has $60,000 worth of stocks shriveling up on him like a cabbage-leaf on a hot stove has any time to fool away on his benighted soul? You git!"

Crushed.

Wall Street News.

"I don't mind telling you a little sunthin' in strict confidence," he said to the party behind him as they went up the river on a train the other day.

"All right; go ahead."

"The Western Union absorbs every telegraph line started, don't she?"

"Yes, nearly all."

"She won't have no competitor?"

"No."

"She'll buy every new line out and squelch it."

"Yes."

"Well, my son Daniel and me have bought two miles of wire and organized the Atlantic Ocean & Rocky Mountain Mutual Union Telegraph Company. We are going to put up the [illegible] make a great hurrah, and pocket $50,000 in cash for our rights. What d'ye think, eh? Old W. U. will have to come down, eh?"

"My friend," replied the other, "there is money in it if you can only hold out."

"Hold out? Why, we kin hold out till doomsday."

"Yes, perhaps; you will first have an injunction served upon you; then your right of way will be questioned; then you will be sued for infringement; then you will be arrested for conspiracy; then will follow suits for damages, then,——"

"Hold on, stranger," said the old man, as he put out his hand. "If you happen to run across some idiot who wants a mile of telegraph wire to pen up calves, send him to me and Daniel. Three minits ago I had old Western Union whar' the ha'rs short; at present I'm crushed out, and Daniel's mopped all over the farm."

Watterson Visits David Davis.

Burlington Hawkeye.

In company with Mr. Henry Waterson I made one more political pilgrimage, this time to the beautiful home of Judge David Davis, in Bloomington, Ill. I had been prepared, by Henry's vivid descriptive powers, for meeting a man of remarkable physique, but I must confess my astonishment when, in answer to our ring, Mr. Davis himself came creeping through the keyhole to welcome us.

"It's a way I have," he said, laughing, "when I am in too much haste to unlock the door."

The day was too beautiful to desert for the parlors, so we wandered about the grounds where grow, I think, the most beautiful hedges in Illinois. Under the shade of a tree we passed, and as Mr. Davis, motioning Henry and I to seats on a castiron lawn settee, seated himself on a swaying spray of purle-hearted fuschia, I had leisure to observe him.

A slender man, only redeemed from emaciation by the perfect symmetry of his limbs and body, with fair curling hair that drooped about his delicate shoulders like the escaping tendrils of a wayward vine, a faint flush just tinging his boyish cheeks, he produced upon me an impression of etherial lightness, that I half wondered if the fragile, spirituelle creature before me, were really a mortal, or the spirit of the flower which he had made his resting place. You could not call him effeminate, for his figure has not even the robust development of a healthy woman. He does not appear weak or in ill health. He is a visible Ariel, belonging to the realms of the air as much as the gaudy butterfly which he left our side to chase, and which moved with a wing scarce less light and noiseless than the flying feet of the graceful statesman who pursued him.

As we came away, I turned to watch him swiftly climbing a slender, swaying tree to peep into a nest of wrens far out on a slender branch, and, thinking over our conversation with this effervescent, rippling young creature, I said to my companion:

"Henry, I think this absurd. The people of the United States do not want a boy, a child, who chases butterflies and climbs to look into birds' nests, a boy who walks on his hands and turns sommersaults in the parlor, for a President."

"Look here," said Henry, suddenly looking so supernaturally wise I feared he had had a rush of brains to the head. "Look here, there is a hidden meaning to all this tree climbing and butterfly chasing business, and I am surprised that you newspaper men haven't found it out."

He Got Left.

Moniteur des Touristes.

"I am just starting for Italy," said a rich master builder to me yesterday, smilingly. "I am going—guess where?"

"To make the round trip, taking in Rome and Naples?"

"I haven't time. I am going directly to Casamicciola."

"To bury the dead?"

"To buy land, if you please. It ought to be had just now for almost nothing. In five or six years it will recover its full value. It is an excellent speculation. I expect to make at least a million."

"Ah, my friend, keep your million. The place is taken. Others have had the same idea before you and the lots for sale are for sale no longer. You will get there too late. I know three or four of your confreres who left for Ischia the day before yesterday."

At this revelation the real estate dealer stopped a moment. Then, raising his head, he replied with an injured air:

"There are some people who have no shame. They might at least have had some respect for the dead?"

Wanted to Settle.

Wall Street News.

Among the passengers in a stage coach, stopped one day last Spring by road-agents in Montana, was a Buffalo man who was out there to look over the ground with a view of establishing a clothing store. He was the last one out of the coach, and as he was ordered to hold up his hands he called out:

"Shentlemen, I like to settle dis case like an honest man!"

"Keep your hands up!"

"If I can't make an assignment to my brudder Moses I settle mit you for 20 cents on der dollar."

"You shut up and shell out!" was the stern command.

"Shentlemens," continued the victim, as he wriggled around, "I haf made three assignments and failed seex times in peesness, und I nefer vhas treated like dis before. I shall now offer 30cents on der dollar, und if you doan' take him I'll go into bankruptcy und my wife puts all der cash in her stocking!"

It Can't be Helped.

"You're in an ice box!" remarked the oyster to the crab, as he gazed at him in the refrigerator.

"Yes; and pretty soon you'll be in a nice box stew," answered the crab.

"You needn't be so crabbed about it," suggested the clam.

"What makes you so clamorous?" asked the lobster.

"Wait till you get boiling over and you'll turn red too," remarked the eel.

"You're too offishus. It takes a good eel to get me mad," said the smelt.

"I shad think so, but when our friend here get on his muscle," remarked the porgy.

And then the proprietor of the restaurant came along and told them not to be shell-fish, and asked:

"Are you going to be fried this evening?" and when they answered, "Not this Friday," he snuffed and said:

"Good fried, eh?"

It Was All Right.

Wall Street News.

A man who was looking through a second-hand store in Brooklyn, with a view of finding a bedstead to suit him, finally examined one, and asked:

"Are you sure there are no bugs in this?"

"Bugs! Vhy dot pedstead was oudt of my own family! We got it vhen my brudder Moses vhas here, und now he has gone away I sell it for half-price."

"Say, I believe it has had bugs in."

"Ompossible, my frendt. My wife vhas so neat dot if she knew of such tings in der house she go grazy."

"And I'll be hanged if here isn't proof!" exclaimed the customer, as he pointed to an unimpeachable evidence.

"Vhell! vhell!"

The customer was going out with a heartbroken look on his face, when the other detained him, and said:

"Dot's all right, after all. Ef you puy dot pedstead you know you have bugs from a respectable family! Moses vhas head clerk in Rochester, und you know I vhas here 27 years in peesness."

Paid According to What He Knew.

Boston Transcript.

"I have been with you now three months," said the junior clerk, "and I think I ought to have a salary something nearly commensurate to my services."

"H'm!" replied his employer; "well, times haven't been very good; you haven't had very much to do, you know. Couldn't think of giving you more than $50 a month." Clerk—"Beg pardon, sir; I am not to blame because you haven't done business enough to keep me busy. I expect to get paid for what I know, not for what I do." Employer—"Oh! that puts the matter in a new light. I shall give you $5 a month hereafter."

Miscellany.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Gen. Grant wears an old-fashioned watch fob.

Joseph Jefferson has been visiting the spot where Rip Van Winkle took his long nap.

Gov. Butler is a successful fisherman because the fish can't tell whether he is looking at them or the top of the mast.

The Prince of Wales has accepted a painting from Ernest Longfellow. The Prince wouldn't refuse anything that's worth taking.

"One is alone in a crowd when one suffers, or when one loves," says a philosopher. It is different when one has corns.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

"I'll drink no more," the young man cried,
 "Of brandy, beer or rye,"
And as his sweetheart bowed her head
 She echoed: "No, nor rye."

At Battle Creek a woman stole a watch from her employer, and, while her premises were being searched, slipped the watch into his pocket, and then had him arrested for slander.

A new steamer, "Maid of the Mist," is being built at Niagara. The other has been missed very much since it went down the rapids. The new steamer will not be made of the missed boat.

A snake 12 feet long wrapped itself around the fore and hind wheels of a Nevada stage the other day, blocking progress until killed. The cork was then put in the bottle and the party proceeded.

Carlyle, Disraeli and Emerson are not in the Encyclopædia Britannica, on account of its rule not to give biographies of living people, and they all were alive when their place in the alphabet was passed.

Fred Archer, the English jockey, with an income of $25,000 a year, and a large invested property, in order to keep his riding weight down, has to live principally on tea and toast, with a siedlitz powder by way of dessert.

About 300 stray cats are killed weekly by the agent of the City Refuge for Lost and Suffering Animals in Philadelphia. Old Uncle Tom courting his mews on the backyard fence, is not counted a stray cat, and is not disturbed.

Chester A. Arthur, jr., has a great reputation as a salmon fisher among the Canadians, and the Marquis of Lorne granted him permission to cast his flies in the Upper Cascapedia, which he had set apart to be used only by his friends.

A common looking, uneducated bug, the locust, can lay eggs that keep perfectly for 17 years, while all the science of the 19th century hasn't produced a plan whereby the egg of the hen can be kept fresh through a single Winter.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

Mr. Courtney says he has no doubt he would achieve much glory in the prize ring if he were only younger. This reminds one of the remark of one Archimedes, who believed he could lick Mr. Sullivan if he only had a place on which to rest his lever.

A rich sensation has just been spoiled in St. Louis. A wealthy young lady of that City had fully made up her mind to run away with and marry her father's coachman, when at the last moment she discovered that the coachman wouldn't have her.

An ingenious mechanic of Jamestown, N. Y., has completed a perfect locomotive, said to be the smallest in the world, being only 8¾ inches long. The pump throws a drop of water per stroke. The mechanic was at work on it at intervals for eight years.

The number of watermelons shipped by steamer from Savannah to the Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston markets was, for the season, 797,101. The freight averaged six cents, and the average price at which the melons sold was 25 cents.

It is said that a scheme is on foot to secure from Congress the right to build a four-foot gage railroad through Yellowstone Park. The object of advocating this particular gage is to give a private corporation a monopoly of all travel and transportation through that region.

It was not Longfellow who said: "In this world a man must be red flag or bellowing bull." He said something much neater, to the effect that a man must be anvil or hammer, which is also not true, for lots of men stand around and blow, as if they were only the bellows of the shop.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Georgia has just completed a building, containing 500 rooms, for her colored insane citizens at Milledgeville. After the colored lunatics were transferred to their new quarters the work of remodeling their old asylum began, in which the white lunatics will be cared for.

Nothing more disgusts a party of Newport fox (anise-seed bag) hunters than to have an old cow get ahead of them and go racing and snorting along with her tail in the air and terror in her soul. It looks as though they were chasing the cow, and that's not an English custom.

Sen. Logan lost his valise at Deadwood, and during his four days' stay among the Sioux Indians, his hair turned a beautiful gray. Since his return to civilization, however, his hair has regained its natural color. Some of the effects of altitude and climate are indeed remarkable.

Bill Nye, the humorist, has been rusticating in the Northwest for several months in the hope of relief from chronic or continued cerebro-spinal meningitis, but has returned to Laramie in a worse condition than when he went away. It is now feared that he will never be any better.

The Saddle Rock oyster exists only as a tradition. It originated at a place called Saddle Rock, on Long Island. A New York dealer says: "When customers ask for Saddle Rocks, we merely give them the largest oysters on hand, without regard to the waters they are taken from."

Victor Hugo told an American visitor recently that he regarded Edgar A. Poe as "the prince of American poets." He thinks that Mr. Whittier is "a womanly versifier;" Mr. Lowell as a "smart chatterer" (*hablard habile*), and of Oliver Wendell Holmes as "afflictingly laughable" (*comique a faire pleurer*).

A "tenderfoot" from the East wrote the following on a postal card, dated Bismarck, Dakota: "I Saw with my owne eyse A dogg without a Hare onn itt And was Tole bi a Mann that I no to Be Al Rite that the Doggs hare was Al blode off by a Siclone or a Blizerd, as ta call Them here it betes Hel dosent It William."

At a recent wedding of a Troy lawyer, besides numerous and costly gifts to the bride, there was one to the groom, consisting of a policy of accidental insurance dating from noon of the wedding day and expiring at noon of the following. Upon its face, in due form, was endorsed a "permission to marry not exceeding one time during the life of this policy."

The foreign postage stamp mania at one time raged so fiercely that it was almost impossible to receive a foreign letter or paper without the stamp being carefully cut from it. Some clerks in the New York postoffice recently got into trouble by cribbing stamps that had been canceled. Although the stamps are valueless the penalty is $100 fine or imprisonment for six months.

The number of Israelites in a Polish Town creates the wealth of the place. The more Jews the more it considers itself opulent. In each there is sure to be at least one who deals in everything, from a sheepskin cloak to a stemwinder, who buys provisions, keeps a public house, and knows by heart the history and lineage of all the families of the country round.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* remarks that since the reorganization of the State militia the commands have been greatly improved, and being under stricter discipline, no longer expose themselves to the ridicule which "before the war" made the life of the militiaman an unhappy one. The guardsmen are now recognized as being capable of great service to State and Nation, and their labors in drill room and camp are appreciated.

Henry Study, on dying at Ransom, Ill., has left a strangely acquired fortune of $65,000. He was a cripple from birth. At the close of the war he donned the uniform of a soldier, made up a pathetic story of having been wounded in battle, and went on a tour as a beggar. He was wonderfully successful, by reason of his clever talk and miserable appearance, and in three years accumulated the sum mentioned. He ever afterwards lived idly on the interest.

The popular belief that the concentric rings in the cross-section of a tree show its age need not be shaken by a recent argument to the contrary, according to an Ohio lawyer's letter on the subject. "In the trial of a large number of land grant cases," he says, "it very frequently became important to show the date of the servey. This was shown by the endorsement on the document and corroborated by an examination of the hacks on the line and corner trees of the survey. These hacks invariably left a scar, which, to the practical surveyor, was readily detected, even after the lapse of 60 years. By 'blocking' the tree and counting from the hack made by the surveyor to the outside of the tree, it invariably corresponded with the dates as they appeared upon the returns made by the surveyor."

Enrich and revitalize the blood by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

FOR THE LADIES.

Lady Archie Campbell's divided skirt at the Prince of Wales's ball was considered as not being unlovely.

Lady Ossington has presented a coffee tavern to the Town of Kilmarnock, Scotland, which will cost £4,000.

The squaws of Wyoming are said to gaze in open-eyed wonder and ill-concealed admiration of Pres. Arthur's manly figure.

Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute princess, has written a book concerning the habits of the Piutes, which will be issued by a Boston house.

On her birthday the Condessa de Barral e Pedra Branca, of Brazil, gave liberty to 40 of her slaves, the last she owned, having then freed 100 in all.

One of the ladies who petitioned the New Hampshire Legislature in favor of woman suffrage lives in Concord and pays a tax of over $3,000. Women in Dover pay taxes on property worth $1,000,000.

The Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the West is to send a petition to the Queen of England and Empress of India petitioning her to abolish child-marriage in India. The petitions will have many thousand signatures.

Mme. "Ouida" wishes to contradict the rumor, to which the American press has recently given a wide circulation, that her health is delicate; and she characterizes as absurd another rumor to the effect that she entertains one shadow of prejudice against America or Americans. This probably undoes, also, the story related by a London journal in regard to an interview between "Ouida" and a party of Americans.

"I'd give $500 for a voice like yours," pleasantly remarked a Chicago man to a middle-aged Boston woman with a keen eye, a sallow visage and a long jaw. A smile of grateful vanity illuminated her face at the implied compliment, as she coquettishly asked:

"And what would you do with it?"

"I'd use it to frighten my wife's mother away from the house," answered the prairie bred brute.

A SOUTHERN DUDE.

What They Think of Him in New Orleans.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Recently a dude walked into the Louisville & Nashville ticket office—not a New Orleans dude, but one of the important sort, which is seldom seen here. On his closely cropped, bullet head was perched a mammoth white beaver, the wide brim of which curled up like a scoop, and formed a roof for the protection of a large pair of pigeon-toed ears. The tail of his delicate coat flirted around his suspender buttons, and entirely failed to cover the southern exposure of his tight fitting pants, which were so small (in the legs) that they looked like two umbrella stalks. Below the bottoms of the pants, which clasped the ankles like a Langtry glove were a pair of feet which the Smithsonian Institute has been trying to find for a long time. They simply stood straight out from the rest of the dude as if they belonged to another family. While the ticket clerks were wondering how the dude managed to slip his feet through his pants' legs without using a shoe horn, he leaned both elbows on the counter, and, with a gentle smile, said:

"Cawn't you sell me a sleeping caw ticket to Atlantaw, Georgaw?"

"Yes," responded the ticket clerk.

"Aw! well do so, me deah fellah, please. Aw! but I forgot to ask the price, you knaw."

He was told the price of the ticket, and handing out the money he began drumming on the counter with his fingers and singing:

We nevah speak as we pass by,
 Although a teah drop—

"Aw, but I say, are you quite suah the sleepaw will go right through to Atlantaw?"

"Yes; it goes right there without fail."

"Well, you knaw that's what I look out for when I take a sleepah. I hate a beastly change you knaw—

We nevah speak as—

"Aw, my deah fellaw, tell me, there is no danger of a lay ovaw?"

"No, sir."

"You're quite suah you stand pat on it, you knaw?"

"Yes; how many times do you want me to tell you?"

"Aw, you have a full hand, old fellow, haven't you?"

The ticket clerk could stand no more, and was in the act of reaching for a paper-weight when the dude, with a dainty wave of his hand, said:

"Aurevaw, I must get my things down to the caw," and as he passed out of the office he once more sang:

"We nevaw speak as we pass by."

As he glided down the street the people stopped and looked, and wondered if they could buy the thing to play with.

Mr. Robertson's American Tour.

Life.

Mr. Cephas F. Robertson recently came to this country from England. He carried 11 hat boxes and a valet, and was full of brandy and soda and enthusiasm. Three days after he arrived in New York he met an old friend in the usual way on the Bowery. The meeting cost Mr. Robertson $1,100. He left the following day for Chicago. The morning of his arrival in that porcine City he met another old friend who obtained from him a loan of $650 on $1.95 worth of glass diamonds and a certified check on a Canadian bank which failed two years ago. Mr. Robertson then undertook to do St. Louis, and it cost him $20 to have a lawyer explain to a Judge why one glass of pale sherry which he had taken with a casual acquaintance should have so muddled his brain and tangled up his legs that he lost his watch and reputation for sobriety on the public street at 11 A. M. Mr. Robertson got into Louisville just in time for the most exciting horse-race of the season, and was fortunate enough to secure a "pointer" from a too-confiding friend, which enabled him to lose $2,700 in five minutes on what is called in that depraved region a "whip-saw." He then drifted to Texas and got into a friendly argument with a cow and into the surgical ward of a hospital on the same day. Flying to New Orleans he went down with the "breakbone" fever, and then spent $2,900 trying to win the lottery. He will now return to England and will write a book which will convey accurate impressions of this country to the British public.

An Affecting Scene.

London Truth.

When the curtain fell on the last performance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth, which on the 30th, brought the celebratioh month to a close, the enthusiasm of the audience found full vent in applause. The curtain was once lifted, but no calls would induce the performers to appear a second time or receive any individual homage. This is entirely in accordance with the tone of these exceptional representations. On each occasion the only applause permitted has been at the end of the drama, and throughout not a single actor has answered to a call or received any personal tribute. Behind the scenes there occurred a touching incident. The Banker Gross led Wagner's children up to the assembled actors and in the name of their dead father thanked the assembly for the care and labor of love expended by each and all in producing the last work of the great dead master. Siegfried, Wagner's son, then, in a few simple words stifled with sobs, thanked the actors personally, and all the children shook hands with them. The financial results of the month being highly satisfactory, a surplus in hand was declared and the Committee decided to repeat the performances next year.

The Prices of Divorces.

An Indianapolis paper thus summed up the divorce market in that locality: "Brisk competition among our local lawyers has brought down the prices of divorces. We quote: Common separation, $15; small alimony, $25; large alimony, $50 to $100, according to circumstances. Business good and increasing."

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. MORRISON, PLUMMER & CO., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ills., and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

FOOTLIGHT QUEENS' MEMORIES

Actresses Who Study Parts in a Twinkling and Forget Them as Soon—One Part Madness.

New York Journal.

As a rule women study parts for plays faster and better than men, but do not retain what they learn as long. They seem to learn for the emergency of the moment, and they learn well. The emergency over, the whole thing goes out of their head. Charles R. Thorne, sr., "the father of all the Thornes," last year was called upon somewhere to play *Jaffier*, a part he had not seen for 40 years, for "Venice Preserved" is no longer in the repertoire and has long ceased to be. He glanced over the part once and it all came back to him. He played it without a hitch. No actress could do that. Here is Sara Jewett, who has just found the tomb of her hopes as a "star" with the George Edgar Company, who has played *Lillian* in the "Banker's Daughter" several hundred times. When she has varied the monotony by playing something else and goes back to *Lillian*, it is just like taking up a new *role* and she has to go all over the words as if she had never seen them before. Sara Jewett is not peculiar in that. Many actresses have to be sure a better memory, but many of them have even worse.

You will notice that on the first night of a new play it is never the ladies of the company who are at a loss for the next word. The hitches in the performance are always caused by the men. Some of our best actors are usually far from being "letter perfect," as it is called, on first nights, and bad effects are sometimes caused by whole sentences leaving them without a moment's warning. This is never the case with the ladies of the dramatic profession. As, however, the men increase in their proficiency with successive performances, the women seldom make any progress. They are apt to deteriorate.

When Effie Ellsler left the Madison Square Company last season, after playing Hazel Kirke over 1,000 times, she said the strain of repeating the same lines night after night had become so great that her brain appeared at times to form a vacuum in which every word of her part seemed to be engulfed. The familiar lines went away from her, and her husband, Frank Weston, used to keep near her on the stage as he could so as to prompt her. She has known the time when she would break down completely and feel as if dazed. This sensation grew on her so that she came to hate the part, and begged to be put in something else. And the reputation she had made on the role impelled the management to insist that she should remain it, and she finally resigned her position, by advice of her physician, who feared that she would succumb to nervous exhaustion.

Nellie McHenry, the clever soubrette, and star of the Troubadours, has a marvelously quick study. She has been known to read a part over twice and go the stage and repeat it without missing one word of the correct text.

Some instances can be seen in this way of very remarkable feats of memory. One night a season or so ago, Catharine Lewis was taken suddenly ill, while in the performance of "Madame Favart." It was not known one day until about noon that she could not appear in the title role that night, and some substitute had to be found. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon Dora Wiley was given the part (it is very long and has two or three concerted pieces of music that are quite difficult besides innumerable solos). She did not believe she could do it, but to save the performance consented. That evening at 8 she went through the whole of the music without a hitch, and knew most of the words, having to read them only during the last two acts. This was a most remakable feat, for there was the double effect of remembering music and words both. Contrast this with Mr. Bangs who could not master the *Dei Franchi* in the "Corsican Brothers" in less than five days, though the role is not a long one and he had been rehearsing in the play for weeks and must have been more or less familiar with that part.

Rose Coghlan has a very quick and perfect study. In the many dozen parts she has played in New York during the past few years I have never known her to be tripped up once. She is absolutely reliable in this.

It is said Mrs. Wilkins, the famous *Mother Frochard* in the "Two Orphans," that she never mastered the part completely in all the times she played it. There was always some trouble with her cues.

Those who learn best learn without depending upon "cues," which are the last few words of the actor ahead of one. The preferable way is to study by rotation, as it is called—that is to say, to number your speeches in your mind and speak them in their order. Then, if your interlocutor is astray in his part, you go on when he stops without reference to his cue. This system saves many a hitch, and the attention is not distracted by words in the part and having nothing to do with it.

Actresses generally agree that nothing so spoils facility of study as to play a round of parts for a certain time. Miss Clara Morris, who used to be a leading lady out West, when she would have often four or five parts a week to study, says that the habit of playing half a dozen parts only, as she has done these late years has destroyed her aptitude. She would play more new parts if it were not that it had become almost impossible to retain them. Miss Kate Forsyth says the same thing. For several years she has acted only with John McCullough and has been confined to half a dozen parts all that time. Now she finds the difficulty of studying any new part to be most intense. She does not go with John McCullough this year and will have to get back in the old way.

Beer and Water Contest.

Amesbury, a small Town in Wiltshire, was the scene on Friday of a very peculiar trial of endurance between two farmers, one a votary of beer, the other of water. Mr. Terrell, the beer man, bet Mr. Melsome, the water man, £5 that he could cut 15 acres of grain in less time than it would take Mr. Melsome to perform the same task. The bet was accepted and the respective champions of blue ribbonism and good English ale went to work with a will, one drinking beer or spirits whenever he felt like it, the other sustaining himself by drafts from a demijohn of oatmeal and water.

The contest was close for a long time, but finally the powerful effects of the national beverage began to tell in favor of Mr. Terrell, who had imbibed quarts of Bass's, and he ran away from his opponent at the finish, beating him by an acre. The match was looked forward to with deep interest by Temperance people, and no little disappointment and disgust is felt at the defeat of their champion. They charge that he was not a good specimen, and that alcohol could always be defeated by water, all things being equal. Mr. Terrell's success on the other hand is attributed by the majority solely to his drinking capacity, and he is upheld by his neighbors as a true representative of the good old English stock.

Braces or Waistband?

Nature.

Having worn a Spanish sash for some time many years ago while walking in the Pyrenees, I am decidedly of opinion that the weight of the trousers is supported much more easily and pleasantly by a sash than by braces; these last are narrow, about 2 inches wide, and though custom enables us to wear them without conscious inconvenience, I think any one using them for the first time would find them very unpleasant. The sash worn by the middle and lower class in Aragon is of wool 8 or 9 inches broad, and (if my recollection is correct) about 4½ feet long, when of such width and length it does not need to be drawn tight, but only closely wrapped round the waist and the end tucked in. I should certainly wear one constantly but that I do not wish to have an eccentric appearance. Medical men, I believe, attach much value to the wearing of sashes or bands round the stomach, especially in hot countries. A narrow silken sash which must be drawn tight is I should suppose, far less pleasant to wear.

From Our Readers.

GEN. PATRICK.

The History of the Martinet of the Soldier's Home.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK CITY, Aug. 27, 1883.

In your paper of August 23, your Dayton, O., correspondent gives a very amusing account of Gen. M. R. Patrick, Governor of the Soldier's Home at that place, but fails of telling the facts in one or two particulars. Gen. Patrick saw considerable field service, but he was never a popular officer. His overbearing manners and dictatorial habit being often exhibited to his superiors as to his inferiors. Previous to the civil war he had seen service in Mexico, and was for a time Military Governor of the City of Mexico. His record as an officer is a good one, but he has always been an insufferable martinet, as self-important and opinionated as any old turkey gobbler, and as vain as a graduating school miss. During his residence in Jefferson County, New York, he disgusted all of his farmer neighbors by his brusque and ungentlemanly ways, and as a result he became almost completely isolated, so much so that his family felt their ostracism very keenly.

Gen. Patrick usually had a "blessing" asked at his table when serving in the field, and was understood to encourage prayer-meetings, but when he was Provost-Marshal General of the great army operating under Gen. Hooker, at Fredericksburg, he forbade a fire in the prisoners' tent, near his own warm headquarters, and it is a fact that a private soldier named Reed, belonging to Patrick's brigade, and confined on the charge of desertion, was frozen to death in his tent one bitter night in the Winter of 1862-3. Gen. Patrick held that prisoners should be treated as such, and not enjoy any more comforts than the laws allowed them.

To illustrate his vanity this is told of him: One day Gen. Hooker sent for Gen. Patrick in great haste upon a very important matter. Search was made everywhere near headquarters, but there was no Gen. Patrick to be found. His favorite black charger was also gone. After an hour's hard hunt it transpired that the old General had been found down behind a large barn having his photograph taken seated on horseback, in full regimental costume, chapeau, broad sash, epaulets and all. Your correspondent afterwards saw one of these pictures. It was a sight to bring tears to the eyes. Another good story was told of him. At another time he was badly wanted by Gen. Hooker (who, by the way, knew Patrick from A to Z) and again diligent search was made for the old greybeard. This time he was found down behind the same barn drilling a Sergeant's squad (eight or 10 men) in the manual of arms. These two incidents illustrate his vanity and his meddlesome way of having his nose pushed into everything.

To illustrate his patriotism and sympathy with the North, I will repeat what a Rebel farmer near Fredericksburg said to your correspondent. Gen. P. rode by. "That," said the farmer, "is Gen. Patrick, a good officer and a friend of the South. Why, if it was known along our Southern lines who he was, he could ride from here into Richmond without molestation, with only his riding whip in his hand." And that man undoubtedly told the exact truth.

The following will show his brutality: One day his brigade was out for inspection. There was a man in the 35th N. Y. Vol. Inf. who had an extraordinary large head. His old cap was too ragged to wear. His Captain had earnestly tried to get him a new one of proper size, but refused to excuse him from duty on account of having no cap; so the poor fellow had to parade with his Company. Patrick rode down between the lines. Passing by this man, he halted. "Where is your cap, sir?" he bellowed out. The man, a very mild soldier, not replying as quick as Patrick thought he ought, he, in full fury, his horse and brought down, in full fury, his gloved hand on the soldier's head. "You, you, sir, I mean!" I fully expected to see the man run him through with his bayonet, but he was one of the patient kind. He tried to explain, but burst into tears. His Captain stepped up and told the General the man was not to blame in the least, but the old tyrant rode away without apology. He has not forgotten the incident, nor has any one who saw it.

The idea of putting such an arbitrary, unfeeling old curmudgeon as Governor of an old soldiers' Home is so absurd that it could have emanated from any source except a meanly partisan one, and even then it could not have emanated from any one who knew Gen. Patrick's characteristics or appreciated the work he was expected to perform.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

"Nigh Onter 30 Years."

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

My chum and I left St. Louis early in September, 187—, for a few days' sporting in the vicinity of Little Rock, Ark., the place, as we were informed, that abounded with game of all kinds. We had been riding many days through the most dilapidated country imaginable, when the conductor opened the car door and shouted, "We're 'most thar." This being the usual call for stations, we did not pay any attention to it until our car stopped in front of the depot, when my chum looked out to read the name of the station, which was the only way to find out the name of stations on the route. Imagine our surprise and chagrin at the appearance of the place. We grabbed up our guns, game-bags, accouterments and bade farewell to the rickety old cars, which began to screak and move off. We went to a hotel to get lodgings for a week. The landlord seemed surprised, (the cause of his surprise, we afterwards learned, was that no one ever stayed in Little Rock more than one or two days), and said:

"You'ns must be from the States?"

We found the quarters bad enough (but one must expect that when traveling.) Next morning we went up town in hunt of a livery stable to get a buggy and team for the day. At each corner we passed were five or six men and boys standing with their hands in their pantaloon's pockets up to their elbows and a quid of plug in their mouths as large as a biscuit. Each said "mornin'" as we passed them. After searching all over town we finally found a stable. My chum approached the proprietor and in a business-like way said:

"We want to hire a piano-box buggy and a good team that will stand fire."

"Stand fire!" shouted the awe-struck stableman. "The jumpin' Judas, how long?"

"All day."

He eyed my partner for a few seconds and broke out with "that are just beats all. The man, spects a hoss to stand fire a hull day."

"You don't understand me. We want a team that will stand still and let us shoot out of the buggy, without running away."

The man stood for a minute, then turned to a negro near by and said:

"Sambo, git out old Swayback and Mike an hitch em on ter the hack, quick."

We got in the hack behind the worst looking team of horses it hed ever been my lot to see. As we started he said:

"Ye kin cut a gad, ter drive with arter ye get inter the bushes round the corner thar."

We at last started for the much sought for game. We had not progressed far when the old hack began to screak and scream, making as much noise as a saw-filing establishment. Evidently it had not been oiled since the war. As we progressed our spirits fell at seeing no sign of game. On we went, rattling over stones and stumps and through brush that was so thick one could not see a rod from the road. We had traveled some eight or 10 miles, but it was in a circuit, and we were probably not more than six miles from Little Rock. We were going on a trot, when all at once our horses stopped. I raised up and saw just ahead of us a large skunk. I called out to my chum to get his gun ready, that here was game. He immediately cocked his gun, when the "old, sway-back horse" began to run sideways, edgeways and jump up and down. My partner laid down his gun with the remark that he evidently remembered "war times." We however did not press the case farther, but drove on in quest of better game. Just at this juncture the bark of a dog near by gave indications that we were near a settler's cabin. We drove up to the gate where an old man stood with his hands in his pockets. He wore striped pantaloons, checkered shirt, a hat that had gone to seed at the top, and a pair of suspenders, home made. He said, "How d'ye," as we stopped.

"How far is it back to Little Rock"

"Wall, I guess, I don't know 'zackly, but it must be—indeed—I can't tell you really how far it mout be; was nhver thar, sur."

"You have not been in this part long then?"

"Wal, guess I have bin here nigh onter 30 year."

"Where did you come from to this place?"

"Wall, sur, I was born rite here sur."

"But you are more than 30 years old, are you not?" (He was evidently 75, but it is no uncommon thing for people to not know their age in the South.)

"Wall, sur, I don't know 'zackly for sartin. Sam has got a boy as big as that dorg thar," (pointing to a large hound sitting near, who was looking circularly at a fly that had been bothering him for some time.

"Samuel is your oldest son, I suppose?"

"Na'o, got seven older nor him."

"Is there any game in this County?"

"Wal, yes, thar's plenty and heaps o' kines an posams an skunks and foxes an mush-rats."

At this juncture we held a "council of three," and decided to go no farther, but return to Little Rock, and take the first train for St. Louis. We reached the depot just in time to catch the 4:30 P. M. train, north bound.

"Git onter the cars, we 'mos' ready to be goin," was the first thing we heard when we got to the car platform. Looking up we recognized the conductor as being the one we had come down with the day before. "Hoot, hoot," and the train began to move, the axles to scream and we were off for St. Louis.

"SO-AND-SO."

Polk County, Missouri.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

It has only been within the past year or two that the great and varied resources of Southwest Missouri have become known. While as a grain-producing country it may not, and probably does not, equal such prairie States as Iowa and Kansas. Southwest Missouri possesses so many other advantages denied any purely prairie country, as to make it infinitely more desirable as a place in which to build up a home. The writer, having resided in both of the above-named States, knows whereof he speaks. In Iowa the long, severe Winters, with lack of fruit, is the principal drawback. In almost every other respect it is a splendid State. The most serious objection to Kansas—and they are serious ones—are the scarcity, and generally poor quality, of the water and the high winds which so constantly prevail. No one without the actual experience can have an adequate idea of the force with which the wind sweeps across the country, filling the air with dust, especially in the Spring of the year. Southwest Missouri, although adjoining Kansas, is an entirely different country, the Ozark range of mountains affecting the physical character of a large portion of it. Naturally, there is a great deal of rough and barren country, but the greater part of this rough land is found along the railroad lines. A large part of this section is covered with timber, much of which is of a scrubby growth. The chief attraction of this whole region is the excellent and abundant water everywhere to be found. Countless springs are found in every County. Polk County lies in the third range of Counties from the Kansas line and in the fourth from that of Arkansas. Nearly one-half of the County consists of prairie land, most of the remainder being timbered, some of which, especially that along the streams is good only for grazing purposes. The County is well watered, having several large streams with many tributaries. Four distinct grades of soil are found; a red (or "mulatto") soil, a black loam, an alluvial soil and a hard clay soil, called white ash. The latter is almost worthless for cultivation, and is mostly covered with scrub timber. The "mulatto" soil is the best for wheat, being of a lime-stone nature, though it will produce well all other crops. The black loam and alluvial soil which are found respectively in the prairie tracts, and in the bottoms along the streams and in the valleys, are better adapted to corn and oats. About one-half of the lands of the County are improved. Improved farms are held at $10 to $25 per acre; wild land, some of which is as fine as can be found in any country, from $3 to $12 per acre.

The County has a population of about 18,000, and should have double that. This County, with a number of others in this section of the State, is without railroad facilities, which accounts for the low price of land. But this condition of things will probably not long continue. There has been a line projected through here for several years, about 50 miles of which has been graded, but the company failed to complete it. Work on this line has recently been resumed by another management, who announce it as their intention to speedily complete the road. When railroads come, as in the nature of things they must before long—there will be a rush of immigration and land will treble in value. Those who secure a foothold now will reap the benefit of this advance. The crops this year are excellent, with exception of wheat, which was partially Winter-killed. This season's corn crop of the County will probably approximate 300,000 bushels. Stock raising is largely engaged in also, the abundant water, and the timber lands which are generally open to the public, affording excellent facilities for this profitable occupation. Blue glass flourishes well in this soil, and also clover.

Fruits of all kinds do well, and the supply is usually so great that a profitable market cannot be found for the surplus. Fruit evaporating establishments are going up in almost every County. The climate is healthful, the Winters are mild, rendering life here much more desirable than on the bleak prairies of the West and Northwest.

Bolivar, the County-seat, is a place of about 1,500 inhabitants. In addition to the school, it has a college which is one of the leading features of the place; has four church organizations, two newspapers, and the usual business houses, though not a single saloon, and but one in the County. The people are whole-souled and hospitable and cordially welcome new comers. There are many people now here from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and the object of this communication (the writer being a Buckeye) is to induce more of this class to come. But it is a significant fact that perhaps the largest proportion of land-seekers come from Kansas.

Politically the County is Republican, a small majority having been cast for that ticket at every Presidential election since the war, though the Democrats sometimes elect a portion of their ticket in "off years."

Now, Mr. Editor, the only notice I have in writing this article is to introduce to those of the readers of the BLADE who may be thinking of making a change of location, a section of country whose merits are too little known and which, I believe, taken all in all, offers greater inducements to the intending settler than any other in the West. In conclusion, I beg to say that any further information that may be desired will be promptly and cheerfully given, only requesting that the necessary postage be sent for that purpose,

H. Z. WILLIAMS,
Editor Bolivar *Free Press.*

The Minnesota Cyclone.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

GRAND MEADOW, Minn., Aug. 27, 1883.

The chief topic of conversation everywhere is the great cyclone of the 21st, and how to alleviate the suffering of its victims. A great portion of the beautiful little City of Rochester was totally destroyed, and everywhere in and about the City may be found traces of its ravages.

Rochester is situated in a fertile valley of the Zumbrota River through which the cyclone swept with terrific force, carrying everything with it. Great trees were torn up by the roots and the few remaining ones are twisted and torn—nude of both bark and limbs. Houses with their contents, people, animals, everything in its path was but the toy of the moment in its terrible power.

There were about 35 persons killed and nearly 100 more injured. Three hundred families—about 1,000 persons—are rendered homeless and destitute. Two churches, one school, two bridges (one being the railroad bridge), depot, engine and many more buildings were utterly demolished, while the Court House, mill and several business blocks, etc., were unroofed. Estimate of property destroyed being $700,000, and all the work of 20 minutes.

The call for help has been very generally and liberally responded to throughout the State, there being on hand $22,000, and and more aid promised.

The country people have suffered not a little also. Many farms have nothing but the acreage remaining. Handsome, convenient and substantial farm houses, with barns, granaries, crops, and even the stubble in places have been swept away for miles around.

Many minor towns towns suffered severely, much property being destroyed and a few lives lost.

Sunday seemed a general "going in" day to view the scene of disaster. People from 25 miles distant were seen by the scores on the streets.

The reception to be tendered Pres. Villard and his distinguished guests by the citizens of St. Paul and Minneapolis promises to be a grand success.

The killing of J. A. Reilly at Stevens Point, Wis., has excited a great interest here. It has vividly brought to mind the attempted assassination of Judge Page, of Austin, in 1881, who was shot at through the window while sitting reading by his own fireside. This notorious ruffian was charged with the crime, arrested and tried, but finally discharged for lack of evidence.

CARRIE APPLE.

A Statement to the Public.

ROCHESTER, Minn., Aug. 24, 1883.

On the evening of August 21, a terrific cyclone struck our City, completely demolishing 136 dwellings and totally destroying their contents. A large number of others were unroofed and otherwise damaged. In the City, 19 persons were killed, (this is strictly accurate) and about 100 wounded, several of them fatally. The ruined houses were nearly all owned and occupied by mechanics and laborers, who have lost everything they had in the world except the clothing upon their persons and the naked lots. In many cases the heads of families are injured. The cyclone entered the County at its western border, and in its course destroyed the crops and buildings on about 40 farms. Others lying contiguous were damaged, and five persons were killed outside the City. The relief committee has a detailed list of 124 families, in the City alone, entirely destitute. We appeal to the public for aid. The leading business men of the City are all heavy losers, and cannot, therefore, do as much for the sufferers as they would wish. They have, however, contributed liberally. None of the public buildings have escaped damage. One school building is destroyed, the Court House is unroofed, the churches are seriously injured, one of them—the Methodist—demolished; the elevators and warehouses are all wholly or partially in ruins.

Provisions are plentiful. Money, clothing, and carpenters are needed. One hundred thousand dollars expended in tools, lumber, etc., for the penniless would scarcely put them on their feet sufficiently to enable them to help themselves. All contributions are placed in the hands of a thoroughly organized committee of 21 citizens, and may be forwarded to the undersigned.

S. WHITTEN, Mayor

Newspapers will please copy.

Phelps County, Mo.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

ROLLA, PHELPS CO., MO., Sept. 20, 1883.

Having received many letters of inquiry in the past month in reference to Phelps County some of the parties desired a reply through the columns of the BLADE. With your permission I will reply briefly—those who have written me will get the information desired:

First—The St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad runs through the County. Rolla is the County seat, 113 miles from St. Louis.

Second—It is very healthy; none more so in the United States. Pulmonary diseases are rare—only as imported. Many who settle here troubled with catarrh and kindred diseases receive almost immediate relief. Chills and fever are not troublesome, in fact are unknown to those who take ordinary care of themselves.

Third—The County is well watered by springs and creeks; no marshes or malarial pools. Water both hard and soft, principally hard.

Fourth—The surface of the county rolling—in places broken and rocky. The timber is principally oak of the various kinds. Soil is clay-loam, sandy-loam and alluvial on bottom, valley and up-land, and produces corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, potatoes, fruits, vegetables of all kinds, and grasses—such as timothy, red-top, orchard grass, blue grass, and red clover. All do extremely well, more especially red clover when it once get thoroughly seeded it eradicates all other grasses.

Fifth—The Summers are long and not oppressive; the Winters are short and mild; the climate is not as changeable as in many of the Eastern and Northern States. Three months is a long time to feed stock, it caring for itself the balance of the year.

Sixth—Our pasture lands are unsurpassed—the valleys and side hills being covered with luxuriant growth of native grass called "blue stem," being very nutritious; combining this with the large supply of pure water makes it second to no county for stock-raising. Diseases among stock are of rare occurrence.

Seven—The average yield of wheat is 20 bushels per acre, corn 40, but this season corn will be far above the average. Markets good for all products offered for sale, being only six hours from St. Louis, one of the best markets in the United States.

Ninth—Lands are low in price and are rapidly advancing. Large tracts of these unoccupied lands are being taken up for stock purposes, which has a tendency to improve the value of farms. Farms vary in price from $6 to $20 per acre. Wild lands from $2.50 to $5 per acre. There are many reliable citizens here who would take pleasure in giving all the information parties would require regarding the condition and location of lands. Among these I would mention F. E. Dowd and Henry Dean, the latter is a large farmer and stock grower.

Tenth—Our County is well supplied with schools and churches. We have the School of Mines and Metallurgy, a branch of the State University, and the Western Musical Conservatory. Both institutions are well patronized from abroad as well as by our own citizens.

There is less crime committed in this County, and I may safely say this part of Missouri, than any locality to be secured in any State in the Union. Through the farming district we never hear of personal property being molested. People sleep with open doors and windows. No losses are reported by the stock men, law and order is noticeable in this County, even on circus days. We have only three whisky saloons in our City; they have nearly all been licensed out of existence. No one need be afraid to come here, for fear of being mistreated. The right hand of fellowship is extended to all good wholesome immigrants, and they are bid glad welcome.

E. A. MACGREGOR.

King Og.

SANTA MARIA, Cal., Aug. 24, 1883.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

As a subscriber and reader of the BLADE I am much interested in the "Answers to Correspondents," in which I find many things very interesting and valuable. As I have never before troubled your columns with correspondence, will you permit me to call attention to one of your answers? In the paper for Aug. 9 I find this question and answer:

B. W. G., Romulus, N. Y.:

Will you please tell me who the King of Jericho was at the time Joshua took it?

Og was the last of the Amorite Kings, 145 B. C.

This is hardly an answer to the question. Og was King of the Amorites (the word means mountaineers or hill dwellers), a powerful people living chiefly at that time on the east of the Jordan, though there were some cities of them in the high country west of the Jordan. (See Joshua x. 5. But Og, together with his friend and ally Siban, lived in the country east of the Jordan, known by the general name of the Land of Gilead.

The people of Jericho seem rather to have been Canaanites, (meaning lowlanders), and Jericho was, like most Towns of any importance in that country and age, governed by its own petty ruler or Sheikh—dignified with the title of King, though that word by no means meant—as they used it—what we mean by such a title. A "City" able to maintain its independence among its neighbors would have its "King," who would rule in it, not much more than our Mayors, and who also would govern as much of the surrounding territory and villages as he could subdue. Such was the "King of Jericho" at the time of its capture by Joshua. His name is not known.

S. B. KING.

Dakota.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

WHEELER, CHARLES MIX COUNTY, DAK., August 27, 1883.

I have read in some of the papers that Dakota is parched with drouth. This is not true of this part of the Territory. Southeastern Dakota has a heavy crop of small grain, and the corn and potatos promise well and hay is abundant. This is a grand country. As I sit in my shanty on my claim and look to the east and north, as far as the eye can reach is one vast rolling prairie, stretching away like the billows of a boundless sea, dotted here and there with the houses of the settlers, while to the south of me rise the bold bluffs of the Missouri, affording a pleasing contrast. The soil here is well adapted to raising crops, corn in particular doing well. Sugar-cane, peas and potatos also do well, but wheat does better farther north. The water is good and is found at a depth of 15 to 25 feet. Wood can be bought for $2.00 a cord of the settlers along the river.

This is a good stock country, the prairie furnishing plenty of pasture and the best of hay. Last Winter cattle run on the range in the bluffs all Winter and looked well in the Spring. Stock does well on the buffalo grass whenever there is no snow on the ground. The deepest snowfall at one time last Winter was two inches, and as that blows off of the ridges where the buffalo grass grows, it gives the stock a good chance.

JEPTHA CALDWELL.

A Puzzle.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

We have lately had introduced into our midst a performance which puzzles the boys greatly as well as all older heads who undertake it. We have tried the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and they cannot touch it, so now we come to the BLADE, which we should have done at first, for we are sure that if any can cut the knot the BLADE is the thing. The performance is this: One person sits in a chair with his arms folded firmly across the breast and the body bent well forward. Four others stand on the sides with bodies bent forward likewise, the hands clasped with both index fingers extended. At a word all bodies straighten with a full inspiration, then the former position is instantly resumed with a forced respiration, the bodies being raised and lowered three times as quickly as possible. The extended fingers are then instantly placed under the arms and legs of the sitter and he can be thrown to the hight of as much as seven feet without the exertion of a pound of power, no difference how heavy the person raised may be. Care should be taken not to let him fall, as a seven-foot tumble across a chair would be unpleasant. Please explain fully giving the cause and all the "reasons why" that you can muster.

ONE OF THE BOYS.

Fordsville, Ky., Aug. 1, 1883.

When you have had Catarrh long enough just send 10c. to Dr. C. R. SYKES, 181 Monroe street, Chicago, for his "True Theory of Catarrh."

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

W. R. B., Genoa, O.: Address E. F. Gambs, St. Louis, Mo.

F. S., Neosha Falls, Kan.: Send $1 to Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

J. D. N., Hinklineville, W. Va.: Address President Oberlin College, Oberlin, O.

R. J. B., LaPlatte, Neb.: Address Commissioner of Emigration, New York City.

F. E. G., Cyrus, Kan.: The Stove and Hardware Reporter is published in St. Louis.

F. S. J. (no postoffice): Address President Oberlin College, Oberlin, O., for particulars.

P. C., Sioux Rapids, Ia.: Send for Kindergarten Guide. We think it is published by Harper Bros., New York.

D. D. D., Butler, Ind.:
1. Is Wild Bill dead? 2. Is Buffalo Bill dead?
1. One Wild Bill is dead. 2. No.

C. S., Fremont, O.:
Is the internal revenue tax on medicines removed?
Yes.

J. F. K., Martin, Tex.:
In what year was the Spanish Fort, below New Orleans built?
In 1702.

Because the BLADE published a price list of old coins some readers imagine that we are paying the prices. The BLADE is not in the old coin business at present.

Subscribers who wish to advertise for the address of friends or army officers are reminded that the charge is 50 cents for three lines, under the head of "Wants, Exchanges," etc.

W. S. H., Richland Center, Wis.:
How many miles is it from St. Paul, Minn., to Portland, Oreg., via the Northern Pacific Railroad?
One thousand nine hundred and twenty miles.

V. D., Cannelton, Pa.:
1. Where can I get a reliable work on horsemanship? 2. Who is the author of the Spoopendyke lectures?
1. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 2. Huntley, one of the editors of the Brooklyn Eagle.

W. C. J., Barnesville, O.:
Give vote at the last Congressional election in the Cincinnati Districts.
First District—Butterworth, Republican, 13,721; Follett, Democrat, 14,549; Benton, 22. Second District—Smith, Republican, 14,156; Jordan, Democrat, 15,983.

A. J. K., St. Paul, Tex.:
1. Where can I obtain the play entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin?" 2. Has the capital of Louisiana been removed from New Orleans? If so, what was the reason?
1. American News Agency, New York. 2. Yes; the people of the State voted to remove it when they adopted the new Constitution.

H. B., Plain Grove, Kan.:
1. Is the Government of the United States doing anything to revive the American merchant marine? 2. What is the number of American merchant ships against those of 1840-50?
1. Very little. 2. The total tonnage in 1840 was 2,180,764; in 1850, 3,535,454; in 1882, 4,165,933. The percentage carried in American vessels in 1840 was 82.9; in 1850, 72.5; in 1882, 16.2.

Reader, O'Connee, Ill.:
1. How much does a soldier of the regular army receive? 2. What are the qualifications of a person to become a soldier? 3. Who should a person apply to?
1. Thirteen dollars a month for first two years. There is a slight increase after that time. 2. Good health and the proper size. 3. There are recruiting offices in nearly all large Cities, including Chicago.

S. F. G., Driftwood, Pa.:
Please describe the madstone, if there is such a thing.
Following is the description of one owned by an Illinois farmer, for which he claims to have paid $2,000: The stone is about three inches long, one inch wide, nearly one inch thick in the middle, and tapers down to either end to a point. It looks like black marble, having a few white veins, and with the naked eye looks smooth, but through a magnifying glass it looks porous like a fine sponge.

P. F. H., Bald Mount, Pa.:
1. Why is Slade, the pugilist, called the Maori? 2. Why was Lake Erie so named?
1. The primitive inhabitants of New Zealand are known as Maoris. 2. Probably from the tribe of Indians called Eries who in early times dwelt near the Niagara River and the Lake. They were overthrown by the Iroquois in 1656, and the remnant of the tribe was incorporated with the Senecas. Their country abounded in wild cats, and the Eries were called Chats by the French. Lake Erie was known as the Lake of the Cat from its discovery up to the beginning of the 18th century.

E. E., Grant, Ia.:
Please give the method of softening steel?
For a small quantity, heat the steel to a cherry red in a charcoal fire, then bury it in sawdust with ashes. Let it stay until cold. For a larger quantity, and when it is required to be very soft, pack the steel with cast iron (lathe or planer) chips in an iron box as follows: Having at least one-half or three-quarters of an inch in depth of chips in the bottom of the box, put in a layer of steel, then more chips to fill spaces between the steel, and also the space between the sides of box and steel, then more steel; and, lastly, at least one inch in depth of chips, well rammed down on top of the steel. Heat to and keep at a red heat for from two to four hours. Do not disturb the box till cold.

H. C. D., Bartlett, Iowa:
What led to the discovery of the royal mummies at Thebes? How many were found?
The existence of an important deposit among the hills west of Thebes had been known for many years to the Arabs, who carried on a lively trade in the relics they took from it, and carefully kept the knowledge of its situation to themselves. The attention of Daoud Pasha was drawn to the matter by the appearance of an unusual number of relics in the market, and he secured the arrest of the Arab who appeared to be the leading dealer, and extorted from him a revelation of the hiding place. In a rock chamber, hitherto unknown, behind an ancient temple, were found 22 mummies, of which seven were of Kings, nine of Queens and Princesses, and five of persons of distinction, many of them with the flower-wreaths which were deposited on them at their burial, still lying withered on their breasts, 3,700 mortuary statues, a large leather tent or canopy, and a number of papyri, four of which were very large and quite perfect. The mummies had evidently been brought to the place in haste, and had been deposited there in some confusion. Some of them were in cases not their own, and several cases were without occupants. The list was arranged by dynasties, from 1750 to 1110 B. C.

L. W. H., Arnesville, O.:
1. Will you please inform me the exact dimensions of "Jumbo?" 2. Is there any way of distinguishing between a butterfly and a moth? 3. Please describe the American cuckoo.
1. Hight, 12 feet; weight, 10 tons; length of trunk, 10 feet. He is still growing. 2. It is rather difficult; the brilliancy of coloring, however, in butterflies, belongs to the under as well as the upper sides of the wings, while the beauty of moths and hawk-moths appears chiefly on the upper side. 3. Three species are described belonging to North and Central America. The yellow-billed cuckoo has a length of 12¼ inches and an extent of wings of 16 inches; the bill is an inch long, for the most part yellow. Its notes resemble the word "cow, cow," repeated several times with increasing rapidity; hence one of its names, cow bird. It migrates southward, generally beyond the limits of the United States, as cold weather approaches. The black-billed cuckoo is a little smaller than the yellow-billed, does not frequent the interior of deep woods, but prefers the edges of forests on the

ter a desperate struggle, by a man Morgan. Efforts were made to revive the woman, but without avail, and the body was taken to the Morgue. The husband did not go near the place for two days, and then manifested no feeling about the matter. Saturday there was an inquest, at which the man, whose name was given as Charles Hazzleton, testified that his right name was not Hazzleton, but Cornwall, and that, though he and the woman had been living as man and wife, they were not married. He cooly said that she was subject to nervous fits, and probably jumped off the pier while suffering from one of them. It is the common opinion that there is something more back of all this, and a rigid investigation is to be made.

THE THEATRES.

Amusements are rather dull, the season opening very dismally. Oscar Wilde's play "Vera" has fallen flat, and after a brief career of one week has been taken off the boards. Marie Prescott, a charming actress, has lost a great deal of money in this unfortunate speculation. But she is very plucky and is going to attempt getting some of it back by inflicting the trash on the confiding people in the provinces. It is doubtful, after the reception the alleged play met in New York, if it will be a go outside. The one big attraction is "Excelsior," at Niblo's. The ballet was produced last Winter in Milan, and Florence, Italy, and was a great success. Then when the new Eden Theatre, a perfect jewel of a place, was built in Paris . . . making a month; 20 months were a year, and 20 years an age. Succession was in the female line. They cultivated maize, potatos, and quinoa, and made a spirituous liquor of maize; used rafts and balsas in fishing; raised cotton and spun and wove cloth, in which they were decently dressed. They were ingenious carvers of bone, wood and stone, and worked in precious metals. They were a commercial people, had a rude kind of money, and carried on a trade in painted mantles, gold ornaments, salt and emeralds. They taught parrots to talk, and sacrificed them instead of human beings. Their houses were of wood and clay, with conical roofs, surrounded by a palisade. The floor was covered with mats, and benches were ranged around as seats. Chibcha seems to have been their real name. The language is generally represented as having been lost about 1765, but it is still spoken by some bands on the Meta, who represent this ancient civilized race.

A. M. C., Reed's Landing, Minn.:
I see it stated that an ostrich farm has been started in the United States. Will you give some idea of the profits of an ostrich farm?
An ostrich of two years old costs about $375. The cost of four-year-old birds is estimated at $1,200 per pair, and for breeders, $1,750 per pair. By the process of incubation it is expected that 60 chicks will be annually raised from a pair of breeders. The first plucking of feathers, at the end of nine months, is worth $5 or $6 per bird, and every six months thereafter the yield is from $28 to $120 per plucking, according to the age of the bird. As a rule, each wing of an ostrich produces 24 to 26 long feathers. In the male bird they are all pure white, except two, which are black and white. In the female the long wing-feathers are perfectly white and gray. In addition, the male bird produces at each plucking three ounces of smaller black feathers; the small feathers of the female are gray and drab in color. From the tail are plucked 40 ounces of feathers, those from the male being white, and those from the female white, and white and gray. They thrive on clover, grass, weeds, grain of any kind, acorns, corn, potatoes, beets, turnips, onions, carrots, salt, small pebbles, and chopped bones. It is asserted that the product of feathers from one bird annually is worth $50, wholesale, in London. Where the pasturage is very good, the yield of one plucking has reached $150. There being two pluckings a year, it is deemed reasonable to expect at least $120 worth of feathers from each bird annually in the United States.

D. J. T., Isleton, Cal.:
1. What Provinces constitute the Dominion of Canada? 2. Please give area and population of each Province, religion, etc.
1. Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba, British Columbia and Prince Edward Island were brought together under one Parliament by act of the British Parliament in 1867. The act contains provisions for the admission of New Foundland into the Dominion. The other parts of British America are administered as a Territory by the Dominion Government. The Parliament consists of a Senate with 77 members, nominated for life by the Governor-General, and a House of Commons with 221 members, elected for five years. The system of government is substantially the same as that of Great Britain. The executive authority is exercised by the Governor-General, under the advice of his Privy Council, in the name of the Queen. 2. From the Dominion census of 1881 the following figures are taken:

Provinces.	Sq. Miles.	Population.
Prince Edward Island	2,133	108,891
Nova Scotia	20,907	440,572
New Brunswick	27,174	321,233
Quebec	188,688	1,359,027
Ontario	101,733	1,923,228
Manitoba	123,201	65,954
British Columbia	341,305	49,459
Territories	2,665,252	56,446
Totals	3,470,393	4,324,810

Vancouver Island comprises 16,000 square miles of the territory of British Columbia, and 17,292 of its inhabitants. The Island of Cape Breton comprises 4,375 square miles of the territory of Nova Scotia, and 84,500 of its inhabitants. The religious sects are divided as follows: Baptists, 297,525; Roman Catholics, 1,791,982; Church of England, 574,818; Methodist, 742,981; Presbyterians, 676,165; Adventists, 7,211; Brethren, 8,831; Congregationalists, 26,900; Disciples, 20,193; Reformed Episcopalians, 2,596; Jews, 2,393; Lutherans, 46,350; Pagans, 4,478; Protestants, 6,519; Quakers, 6,553; Unitarians, 2,126; Universalists, 4,517; religion not given, 86,769.

THE DYING NUN.

(By Request.)

Let the air blow in upon me,
Let me see the midnight sky,
Stand back, sisters, from around me;
God! it is so hard to die!
Raise the pillow up, oh, Martha,
Sister Martha, you were kind;
Come and stand alone beside me,
Ere I leave you all behind.

Hold my hand, so cold and frozen;
Once it was so soft and white,
And this ring, that falls down from it,
Clasped my finger round so tight;
Little ring they thought so worthless
That they let me keep it there,
Only a plain golden circlet,
With a band of Douglass' hair.

Sister Martha, are you near me?
You were kinder than the rest,
Lift my head, and let me lean it,
While I live, upon your breast,
I was thinking of some music
That I heard long, long ago;
Ah! how sweet the nuns are singing
In the chapel, soft and low.

Oh! my father; oh! my mother!
Will you not forgive the past,
When you hear a stranger tell you
How your stray lamb died at last?
Out of all that used to love me,
Who will weep when I am dead?
Only you, oh sister Martha!
Keep the last watch by my bed.

But a strain of heavenly music
Drowns the holy midnight dream,
Still I hear the wild waltz pealing,
And I float away with him;
I am coming, Douglass, Douglass,
Where you are I too am there,
Freed at last, I come, my dearest,
Death gives back your little Clare.

Sister Martha, sister Martha,
Has the moon gone down so soon?
Ah! the cell seems cold as winter,
Tho' I know that it is June.
Sisters in your white beds lying,
Sleeping in the June moonlight,
Thro' your dreams comes there no message,
Clara dies alone to-night.

T. J. B., Hawk Mine, N. C.:
1. Please give a short history of mica, and what it is used for. 2. Give the process of making lager beer. 3. Give a recipe for curing itch on an infant, without danger to the child.
1. The composition of the most common micas is from 45 to 50 per cent. of silica, 32 to 33 of alumina, 10 to 15 of alkali (rarely soda), and 2 to 4 of fluoric acid. Muscovite, the most familiar form of mica, is a constituent of granite, gneiss, mica slate, and some other kindred rocks. It is found disseminated and in veins, and in many of the stratified rocks it is an incidental constituent derived from the destruction of the orginal formations to which it belonged. The mineral is thus seen to be very generally distributed; but certain localities are distinguished for the production of large plates of it. In Siberia they have been found more than three feet across, and they have been obtained of great size in Sweden and Norway. This is also the case at Acworth, Grafton and Alstead, N. H.; and mica has been found in some of the other States and in Canada sufficiently large to be quarried for economical purposes. Mica is used mostly for the doors of stoves and the sides of lanterns. It has been used as a substitute for window glass, and its toughness recommends it for this purpose on board vessels of war. It has also been used for spectacles, optical instruments, bronzing powder, etc. Extensive mica mines were discovered in Mitchell County, N. C., in 1867, which had evidently been worked centuries ago. 2. The art of brewing consists of five operations—mashing, boiling, cooling, fermenting, and cleaning. The first process is simply to obtain an infusion of the malt. In the second, this infusion of malt is further impregnated with the flavor of the hops in the boiling, which is requi- preservation of the beer. In the Mysteries is cooled down

Pool.

New York World.

The little unpleasantness whic place on board the "Brittanic," White Star Line, on its last return New York in connection with the of pools on the number of miles m the vessel in a day, has called gene tention to the gambling, often for stakes, going on on board most ocean steamers. Mr. Louis H. Lo lost $2,000, but does not care to ma explanation of how he came to l while Mr. Curtis, an actor, wh $1,500, says there was, in his o some unfair dealing, but that his had departed with the color money."

These pools are what is known as Calcutta Pools," and are played morning at about 11 o'clock, or a before the noon reckoning of the n of miles the ship has gone the last 24 is made. A number of gentlemen desire to participate in the pool, gat the smoking-room, and if it is as that the ship will make, say 370 mile pool is made to embrace the numbe to 385 inclusive. The former n covers all the number of miles whic be made below it, while the latter a miles above it. The numbers are in a hat and on paying a small en fee, usually 10 English shillings person is entitled to a draw. money so obtained forms the of the pool. After the numbe drawn the intermediate ones betw first and the last are put up at auc rotation and the person who has dr must defend its possession aga higher bidder. If the bidding ru high for his inclination or the len his purse he lets the number go, in case the purchaser pays the former one-half of the amount of the pre bid and deposits the other half in the If the holder of the number is the h bidder he need pay in only one-half bid. The same person may purch many numbers as he chooses, his ch of winning being thereby incr as is also the expense. end numbers are then up at auction and naturally bring highest prices on account of the range which they cover. In the po which Mr. Curtis was interested he b the lowest number, 365. A Mr. G bought the number 380, paying th tremely high price of £19, or $95, The chance of that particular nu winning in a perfectly fair game hardly one in a thousand, and Mr. H. Lorillard thought he had a sure of it when Mr. George was willin make a bet of one to ten that he held winning number. Mr. Lorillard put $2,000 against Mr. George's $200. peculiar coincidence the number 380 the favorite that day in four diff pools going on at the same time, an a still more peculiar coincidence it p to be the winning number.

The New York *Truth* promises to duce a story of political corruption un alleled in the history of the Republic refers to Tilden's operations in 1876.

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The Sunday School.

A Praying Mother.

LESSON 12, SUNDAY, SEPT. 16, 1883.

Golden Text.—I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord.—1 Sam. 1: 28.

LESSON TEXT.

1 Sam. 1: 21-28.

21. And the man Elkanah, all his house, went up to offer unto the Lord the yearly sacrifice and his vow.

22. But Hannah went not up, for she said unto her husband, I will not go up until the child be weaned, and then I will bring him that he may appear before the Lord, and there abide forever.

23. And Elkanah her husband said unto her, Do what seemeth thee good; tarry until thou have weaned him, only the Lord establish his word. So the woman abode, and gave her son suck until she had weaned him.

24. And when she had weaned him she took him up with her, with three bullocks, and one ephah of flour, and a bottle of wine, and brought him into the house of the Lord in Shiloh, and the child was young.

25. And they slew a bullock, and brought the child to Eli.

26. And she said, O my lord, as thy soul liveth, my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto the Lord.

27. For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him.

28. Therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord. And he worshipped the Lord there.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

This lesson has the title of "A Praying Mother;" but there is more in it than that title shows. It presents father and mother as well as child, a whole household in fact; and it discloses to us:

THE ELEMENTS OF A GOOD HOME.

1. The Husband Devout (v. 1.)
2. The Wife Faith-filled (v. 1.)
3. The Parents Co-working (vs. 23-25.)
4. The Child Consecrated (vs 26-28.)

1. THE HUSBAND DEVOUT.

The man Elkanah, and all his house went up to offer unto the Lord the yearly sacrifice, and his vows (v. 21.) "Husband" is the old Saxon word for "house-band;" the one who binds the members of the household together. He who would bind his house securely, must himself be bound to the house of God. A system of planets is safe only while in its right relations to the central sun. A home where God is forgotten by the husband is like a cluster of planets with out the tie that should bind them to the centre of the universe. No man can be the husband he ought to be, unless he is faithful in the service and worship of God. To neglect God's house is to neglect the highest interest of one's own house. He is most likely to be a devoted husband who is a devoted child of God; and he will show his devotedness by leading his household to the house of God.

2. THE WIFE FAITH-FILLED.

Hannah said, I will not go up until the child be weaned, and then I will bring him that he may appear before the Lord, and there abide forever (v. 22.) Hannah's faith was alike strong in her house and in God's house. She was not afraid of displeasing God by stopping at home when her child needed her there. Yet while in her house she had God's house in her mind. She would stay at home when duty called her to do that; but she would go to God's house when she could do that consistently. At her house and God's house, she and her's were the Lord's. A wife must sometimes stay at home with her child. Then let her be glad that her husband can go to God's house for the whole family, to bind the members of the household closer to each other and to God. Let only those stay away from God's house who cannot now get to it. And let those who must stay away at present confidently look by faith, to a place there by and by; a place that is better than one's own own home to those who are privileged to get there.

3. THE PARENTS CO-WORKING.

Elkanah her husband said unto her, Do that seemeth thee good; tarry until thou have weaned him. And when she had weaned him she took him up with her; and they brought the child to Eli (vs 23-25.) A good husband or a good wife cannot do half as much for a home as a good husband and good wife could do for that home in loving co-work. Elkanah made no complaint of his wife for staying at home when her child needed her there. Nor on the other hand, did he say that if she must stay at home their family must be unrepresented at the house of God just then. He felt that his wife knew her baby's needs, and he spoke approving words to her, in expression of his confidence. But while the baby needed the mother at home, both mother and baby needed the father at worship. And that is one way in which the husband and wife can co-work for the household's good; the mother staying at home on the baby's account, the father going to church on the mother's and the baby's account, and on his own account also. And when Hannah could go with her child to the Lord's house, Elkanah went also. They joined in the public worship of God when that was a possibility. Husband and wife being together at church is quite as important a mode for the co-work for the household, as one going and the other staying back.

4. THE CHILD CONSECRATED.

She said, For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition, therefore, as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord (vs 26-28.) It is an ungrateful home in which more requests are made of God than thanks are rendered to God. And thankfulness toward God is shown even more by acts than by words. If parents have received the longing of their hearts in the gift of a child from God, their thankfulness ought to find expression in the consecration of that child to God. Hannah did not ask how long she could keep her only child away from God; her only question was, how soon she could give that child up to God. Until the child was weaned, she must hold on to it. As soon as the child was weaned, she surrendered it up to the Lord. And then she was not thinking how soon she could get that child back again; her determination was to have that child in the Lord's service just as long as he lived. And she did not even wait until the child was weaned before this was planned as the prevailing purpose of her soul. That child was consecrated to God from his very birth consecrated to God forever. And so ought every child to be in every godly home.—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

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A Diamond Shod Dancer.

The cynosure of all eyes at a recent fancy ball at the Countess of Stanhope's, in London, was the niece of Mr. Lowell. The most wonderful things about Miss Emerson were, it seems, the shoes she wore upon her tiny feet, adorned with insteps "too aristocratically arched" for a fair republican. These shoes were made of yellow Spanish velvet, with high French heels, and laced up the side. The eyelets for the cord to pass through were trimmed with solid gold, and to the side of each was set a precious stone, first a ruby, then a sapphire, then an emerald, then an opal, and over again in the same order. The tops of the shoes were finished in the same fashion, and in front were 16 tiny gold chains, caught by a luster diamond pin.

MARIANNA, FLA.—Dr. Theo. West, says: "I consider Brown's Iron Bitters the best tonic that is sold."

Inevitable.

Norristown Herald.

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LADIES ON THE BALL FIELD.

Lovely Costumes of the Players—A Novel Game and Good Deal of Talk.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 19.—There was a novel game of base ball at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, yesterday afternoon, in which 16 young ladies, aided by two young lads, took part, in the presence of 400 or 500 people, of whom a few were ladies. The players were modestly attired, one side wearing dresses of white, with blue trimmings and extenuations of a light green color, while the other had red trimmings and stockings. All wore jaunty little white cloth hats and base ball shoes of the regulation style, and all had untanned belts around their little waists. Miss Williams, who acted as captain of the reds, had a full suit of that color, and Miss Evans, who held similar command on the other side, sported a lovely outfit of cerulean blue and a little hat that had a flaunting blue ribbon. When game was called the reds went to the bat, each girl clamoring about the scorer's table to know when it would be her turn to go in. Finally Miss Poole, a dumpy little girl of about 17, took the bat, which she handled much as if it were a doll baby. When they had all been shown to their places Miss Evans delivered a high one to Miss Poole, who hit it full and sent it back to the pitcher with a whizz. Miss Evans dodged it cleverly, and, left field coming in to cover her, Miss Evans got her hat knocked off and giggled hysterically. Meanwhile the plucky hitter had run three bases, and was standing on the third puffing like a porpoise. It was evident from the start that the diamond of the regulation size was entirely too large for the girls, either for running or throwing. A ball thrown from pitcher to second base almost invariably fell short and was stopped on the roll. The throw from first to third base was an utter impossibility. The throw was a novelty at Pastime Park, and excited the spectators who watched the game to uncontrolable laughter. All the girls handled the ball in the same way. The right arm was doubled and the hand brought near to the face. Then a sudden jerk threw it 30 feet or so. In catching all the girls held their hands out in front of them with the palms up, and if the ball was well directed and came in a nice curve they caught it well enough, but if it came straight and fast their courage failed and they got out of its way without delay.

THE FIERCEST HITTER.

Capt. Williams was the fiercest hitter on the field, sending one ball far past center-field, and making three bases on it. But in the field she was evidently afraid of her pretty hands; indeed, they were all afraid of hot ones. Of the blues, Miss Evans was probably the best batter, but her catching and throwing were far below par. In throwing she held her right elbow close to her side and flung the ball with a ladylike jerk that raised it seven or eight feet in the air and propelled it probably 10 yards. Most of the fielders on both sides played badly. The most promising flies slip through their lovely little hands like water through a sieve, but still they smiled and contentedly ran after the playful ball as though it were just as well to deliver it at one time as at another. There was no unladylike hurrying about their play, and they never condescended to the excitement that inspires the other sex when engaged in this interesting game. Speed was of no great moment, and no young lady in running the bases was seen to sprawl flat on her face and crawl, as it were, to the bag—a thing that may be seen any day when men are playing. Dignity and perfect modesty characterized these players, who seemed to enjoy their game greatly, and to pay little heed to the jocose advice of the admiring spectators, who gave frequent hints and suggestions as to the play, and often urged them to run and hit harder, and to "Hold on to her, Mary," and so on.

There were nine innings played, in which Capts. Williams and Evans covered themselves with glory and applause. Miss Miller as a pitcher was gentleness itself, and sent such lovely full balls that it was a pleasure to hit them. Miss Williams succeeded her, but her pitching was not equally effective. The reds made 23 runs and the blues 8. The young ladies have been only 10 days in practice.

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Americans in Europe.

Vanity Fair has been quoted by cable as making a savage attack on American tourists. It says that as a rule they are "ill-dressed, ill-mannered, and ill-voiced; uncouth, saucy, irreverent, and without decent breeding." The horde of vulgar Americans, it says, who overrun Europe during the Summer, are bad enough; but those who remain permanently in England, and try to force themselves into good society, amount practically to a plague. This nuisance, it believes, is growing every year, and is enough to prove that the discovery of America was a great mistake.

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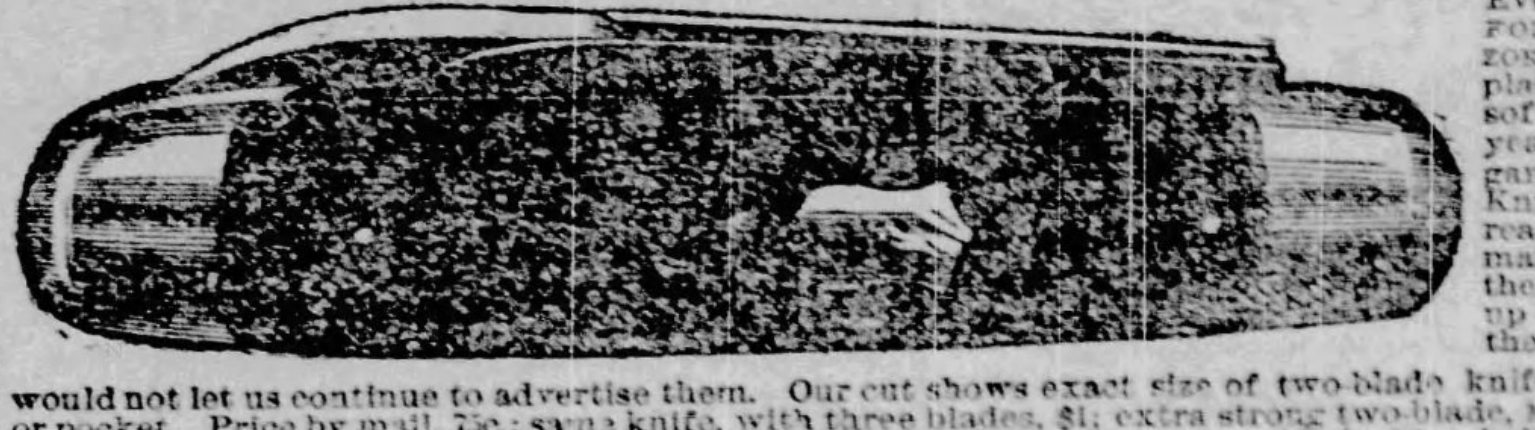

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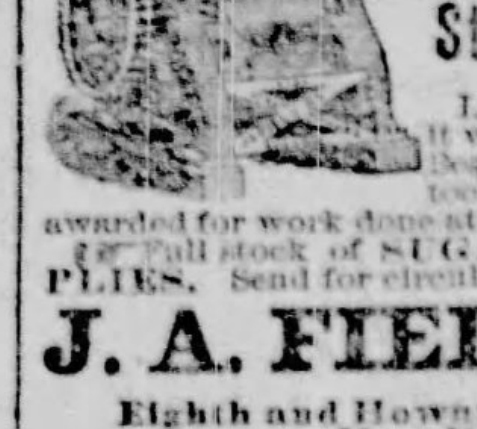

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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, September 6, 1883.

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Circulation Last Week, 110,000.

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In view of the importance of the pending campaign in Ohio, which is of importance from a National as well as State point of view, we have prepared four "Campaign Leaflets," each of four pages, for general circulation. The four are as follows:

"A Conversation Between Farmer BROWN and Farmer JONES on the Scott Law."

"A Talk Between a Beer-Seller and a Beer-Drinker."

"Sixteen Reasons for Voting for FORAKER and Republican candidates for the Legislature."

"Mr. NASBY on the Ohio Scott Law."

These leaflets will be furnished at $1.25 per thousand. Lots of 200, designed for neighborhood circulation, to any address, postage paid for 25 cents.

During the memorable campaign of 1880, we published four leaflets, similar in nature, which the National Committee circulated by the million, using 1,000,000 in the State of Indiana alone. They will be printed in very large type, and will prove the most effective campaign workers that can be used.

NEW ORLEANS *Picayune*: A barrel of money makes a hog set in society.

THE conscience fund at the United States Treasury now amounts $186,459.09.

CUSTOMS officials say there is just as much smuggling from the American to the Canadian shore as there is the other way.

OVER 3,000 Iowa ministers have notified the State Temperance Alliance that on Sunday next they will preach cold-water sermons.

GALLANT old "DICK" OGLESBY is rising to the surface of Illinois politics, with the probability that he will become the next Governor of the State.

THE Island of Java, which has received such a terrible visitation, is about twice the size of the State of Ohio, and has about six times the population.

THE new silver vault for the New Orleans mint, the plans of which have just been finished, will have a storage capacity of 20,000,000 standard dollars.

THE new four cent, or double rate stamp is to be green, a shade darker than the present three cent stamp. It will bear a profile likeness of Andrew Jackson.

FIVE Chinese whose cues were cut off when they were sent to a New Jersey prison, purpose going to law about the matter. They claim that the said shearing was an unconstitutional interference with their religious faith.

ATTENTION is called to our announcement of "A Golden Opportunity" in another column. We are giving the BLADE to agents for three months at so low a price that it is a very easy matter to raise clubs of 20, 50, and even 100, in a few hours. Indeed this is just what our agents are now doing everywhere. Any person who wishes to canvass for a few hours at a profit to themselves, may become our agent. Simply drop us a postal card asking terms, and we will advise you the special price, which is so surprisingly low that you can easily take at the rate of 20 subscriptions in an hour. Try it.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The political atmosphere is decidedly more sultry than it was when we went to press last week. The fight between the "Short Hair" and the "Swallow-Tail" Democrats—the Pendleton and *Enquirer* factions—in Cincinnati, has grown very savage. It is now a war of extermination—either PENDLETON or McLEAN will be so badly defeated as to be politically dead for the future. Discouraged and frightened, HOADLY has fled to Philadelphia "for medical treatment." His physician says he is suffering from "extreme nervous prostration," and forbids him even talking about politics for some time to come. The loss of their leader at this critical time must have a very discouraging effect on the Democrats.

They are having trouble everywhere in State—especially in the large Cities. In Cincinnati the fierce quarrels between the *Enquirer* and Pendleton factions make Republican success certain beyond a doubt. In Columbus, Cleveland and Toledo, grossly unfit nominations have disgusted the thinking men of the party, and produced an apathy that will reduce immensely the Democratic vote. Meanwhile the Republicans are constantly gaining ground. Capt. FORAKER makes votes and friends wherever he goes, and the Republican attitude on the liquor question, attracts all those Democrats who are properly alarmed at the growing power and insolence of the Liquor Power.

THE campaign in Iowa is also becoming very earnest, with a corresponding brightening of Republican prospects. During the week some sensation was caused by the report of a plan for withdrawing Judge KINNE, the Democratic candidate for Governor, so as to unite all the anti-Republican strength on Gen. WEAVER, with the expectation that he would be elected triumphantly, when the Senatorship would be given Judge KINNE.

MAHONE speaks very confidently of the outlook in Virginia. The rule of the Bourbon Democrats in the State was so very bad as to make the administration of the Readjusters seem brilliantly good by comparison, and the consequence is the backbone of the old party has been broken beyond any hope of recovery.

IN Indiana the indications point to the nomination of Congressman CALKINS, for Governor, by the Republicans, with VOORHEES looming up as the probable Democratic candidate. The blunders of the last Democratic Legislature have increased the Republican chances of carrying the State very materially.

The strife between the "Young Democrats," and the "Old Democrats" in Maryland, has become still further embittered by the indictment of ex-Sen. PINCKNEY WHITE and his fellow members of the Police Board, by the Grand Jury. Whatever the political result of the quarrel, it can not help bringing about investigations and exposures that will cure many long-standing evils and abuses in Maryland's Government,

AN official report shows that there has been 27,318 deaths from cholera in Egypt since the breaking out of the epidemic.

THE report of the death of the Queen of Madagascar has been confirmed. She is succeeded by her niece who hates the French intensely.

THE treaty of commerce between Germany and Spain passed its third reading in the Reichstag last Saturday. The measure indemnifying the Government for carrying the provisions of the treaty into immediate effect was also passed.

AN opinion still prevails of the improbability of China and France avoiding a conflict. Both Powers desire it, but the underhand tactics of the Chinese in Tonquin will probably force France into open hostility. If it is true that the French Admiral's demonstration before Canton was to bully China instant war will follow.

SOUTH AFRICAN affairs do not wear a bright appearance. CETEWAYO blames the English Government for all of his troubles and refuses longer to listen to their advice, while he demands their protection. His enemies are equally angry, charging England with creating anarchy by sending CETEWAYO back. There are, meanwhile, indications of a coming struggle between the Dutch and the natives, the old chief being thought to be making private overtures to the Boers.

THE anti-Jewish disorders continue in Hungary. Martial law has been declared in some parts but it does not seem to suppress them. The peasants are threatening to attack the landlords and a band of 400 of them set fire to the property of Jews at Sgoctoer and would not allow the firemen to put out the flames. Acts of incendiarism are increasing in number, while bands of peasants parade the street singing the songs of 1848, and proclaiming communistic sentiments.

THE principal and engrossing foreign news during the week post is that relating to the terrible volcanic disturbances in Java, by which 30,000 people lost their lives, whole towns were destroyed, a mountain sunk out of sight and another split into seven parts. At present writing all eruptions have ceased, and there seems to be no fears for the immediate future. Navigation of the Straits of Sunda is rendered exceedingly unsafe and will have to be given up until new surveys and soundings are made. The efforts of the Government and people of the island are now entirely directed to burying the dead and preserving the health of the living. The scenes everywhere are represented as terrible. The disturbances were felt thousands of miles away from Java in the shape of tidal waves and tempestuous storms upon the ocean.

THE Orleans Princes who have gone to Vienna in order to be present at the funeral ceremonies of the Comte de CHAMBORD were received by the Emperor of Austria with regal ceremonial. The Comte de PARIS was treated as the heir to the throne of France. His prospects are in many directions considered extremely favorable of becoming the next President if he will accept the position. It is known that a substantial section of Republicans, wearied of enterprises of CHALLEMEL-LACOUR's school, would welcome the Comte de PARIS as the next President. The French are already displaying signs of irritation concerning the concessions respecting Madagascar. There are likewise indications of anxiety to terminate the Tonquin enterprise. They are beginning to question the value of a treaty with a Pretender and to reckon the cost of maintaining a protectorate over Anam and Tonquin by force. These symptoms of public uneasiness touching the restless policy of the men in office improve the Comte de Paris's prospects. The recent foreign aggressions of the French Government would make a moderate chief like the Comte de Paris acceptable to England and Germany.

THE TARIFF AND WAGES.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

You say that a "home market" is best for the producer. If that is so, why do we export? Why do we rely on the demand of foreign markets for prices of agricultural products? To be sure, if we surround home markets with certain conditions your statement is correct, but in a country where labor produces more than it can possibly consume it is not true. And you must admit that Protection does not protect the farmer nor the laborer. It protects capital and there it ends. The wages of a workman bear no relation to the profits of the business, for you must admit that a man working by the day or month receives but a bare subsistence. He is not holding his own in the fight for existence. He has to compete with the labor of the world by the importation of laboring men who will work for anything they can get, and then is prevented from buying in the best market and compelled to pay a heavy tax on the products of his own labor, through a so-called "Protective Tariff." Protection is good for infant industries, but has not the infant grown up and able to care for itself with the help of a 3,000 mile ocean freightage? But if we protect capital we ought to protect labor as well, and not import it so lavishly.—D. R., Dexter, N. Y.

"D. R.'s" arguments are the usual ones of Free Traders, and are constantly reiterated, and as constantly refuted. The answer to him is very simple. We "export" mainly because we have not enough consumers at home. For example, we sent abroad in the 12 months ended June 30, 1883, 103,383,000 bushels of wheat, which was nearly all intended to feed workingmen employed in making cloths, iron, pottery, and other articles of daily consumption. Inasmuch as these producers could have produced quite as well within 100 miles of where the wheat was grown as 4,000 miles away, it is an enormous waste to have to carry both kinds of products so far to exchange them. In an ideally perfect commercial and industrial condition, we would only export such things as were necessary to buy what we could not raise or produce ourselves. If there is any profit in raising wheat, corn and cattle to sell to men who make cloths, ironware, boots and shoes and paper, we want that profit for our own people. If, on the other hand, there is any profit in making cloths, ironware, boots and shoes and paper, we also want that profit for our own people. We will try to so adjust matters that one portion of our people will raise all the food that the other portion needs, and the other portion will make all the manufactured goods the food-raisers need. This is perhaps selfish, but it is normal, natural and legitimate.

We do not admit for an instant that "Protection does not protect the farmer." On the contrary, he is the one that in the first instance and the long run receives the most benefit from Protection, because it steadily improves his market, and as steadily decreases the cost of the goods he must purchase.

Nor do we admit for an instant that the "wages of a workingman bear no relation to the profits of a business." They bear a very intimate and close relation, on the other hand, and the laws of supply and demand in the skilled labor market, reacting with the profits of a business, fix the rate of wages.

As for the disastrous effects upon the American mechanic of competition with the imported mechanic, experience shows that to be an unfounded fear. We have received several million European mechanics and laborers since we became a Nation, yet the fact is undeniable that not only has the price of a day's skilled or unskilled labor steadily risen, but also the purchasing power of the money paid for labor has risen, so that the workingman now receives more dollars for his week's work than he ever did, and each of those dollars buys him more of the comforts and necessaries of life than it ever did.

We challenge "D. R." to make up a schedule of the expenditures of an average American workingman, and keep it from showing that, taken altogether, his dollar buys him more of what he needs and enjoys than the same amount of money will buy his fellow-workman anywhere in Europe,

SOUTHERN ILLITERACY.

The proposition has been renewed to appropriate the surplus revenue of the Government to aiding education in the several States, and is being earnestly advocated in some parts of the country, especially in the South. The papers there are showing a willingness to forego some of the stiffness of their ingrained States Rightsism and permit the "Government to enter their States," when it comes to spend money. The main obstacle is the diversity of opinion as to how the money should be expended and by whom. Shall it be simply remitted to each State Treasury, to be put in with the rest of the school funds and expended by the State officials in extending the common school systems already established, or shall the Government itself superintend the expenditure and exercise some control over the work done with its money?

The Southern papers, which generally represent empty State Treasuries, are in favor of having the State's allotment given them in bulk, and expended by the State officials. The perversion of the school funds to entirely different uses which occurred in Virginia and North Carolina, and the heaping up of an immense fund in Texas, which is not used for any purpose, are not calculated to give this proposition great acceptability in the minds of the people.

There is no doubt that no better use could be made of many millions of our revenue than to apply it to extinguishing at least the more frightful forms of the illiteracy of the South. In the decade of 1870-80 education made great progress in the South, but still it can only be said to have invaded the domain of gross ignorance—and not to have fairly begun its conquest. The following figures from the census of 1880 show thus:

States.	No. persons 10 years of age and upwards.	No. unable to read.
Arkansas	531,876	153,229
Florida	184,650	70,219
Georgia	1,043,840	446,683
Kentucky	1,163,498	258,186
Louisiana	649,070	297,312
Mississippi	753,693	315,612
Missouri	1,557,631	138,818
New Mexico	87,966	52,994
North Carolina	999,951	367,890
South Carolina	667,456	321,780
Tennessee	1,062,130	294,385
Texas	1,064,196	256,223
Virginia	1,056,034	360,495
West Virginia	428,587	52,041

If this fearful showing of ignorance can be modified by the use of some of our surplus revenues for a few years, it would seem as if it was above all things that which should be done.

THE STRICKEN ISLAND.

The terrible disaster which has come upon the island of Java, the news of which is confirmed, fills one with unutterable horror when its meaning is even faintly realized. That thousands of people should be swept out of existence in the twinkling of an eye, their homes utterly destroyed, a mountain swallowed up and the sea rolling where it stood, seems impossible, but yet this is what has happened.

It is as if in different parts of Ohio the earth should suddenly belch forth great volumes of smoke and ashes, mingled with showers of red-hot rocks that, descending, would bury whole towns with their people, while the waters of the Lake roll in and finish the work of destruction.

Java is the fourth island in size in the Indian Archipelago and considered a most important possession by the Netherlands to which it belongs. It has long been looked upon as one of the most fertile and prosperous islands in the world, its principal products being coffee, sugar and rice, of which large quantities are annually exported. The population is dense, being, according to the census taken 10 years ago, 337 persons to the square mile. The climate in the mountain valleys is delightful and has drawn thither a large number of European residents.

The strait of Sunda where the disturbance first began bounds Java on the west and separates it from Sumatra. At first, altho the deep rumblings were heard, little alarm was felt until the showers of stones began to fall even as far away as Batavia, the Capital, 22 miles distant upon the north coast. The agitation continued to spread and increase, one crater after another beginning to vomit forth flames, and later, rocks and mud, while the waters of the Strait hissed and foamed violently, a tidal wave finally rolling in and completely engulfing the Town of Angier, leaving nothing to mark even its site. Two or three other places were also destroyed, while many suffered terribly. The crops of coffee, sugar, rice and tobacco were all swept utterly away.

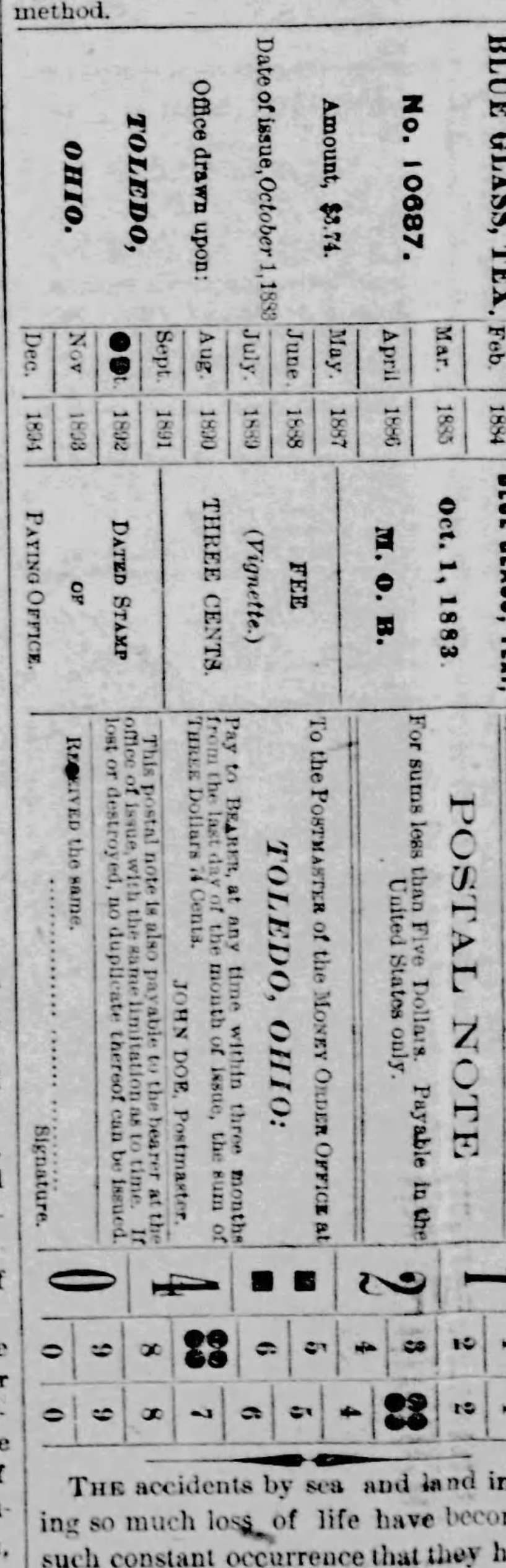
The Tenger, which is in eruption, has been quiet until now since the year 1800. It is the largest crater in the world except Kilauea, in the Hawaiian Islands, being four miles and a half across one way and three miles and a half the other. Of the island's 38 volcanos most of them are now in eruption.

This is not the first time that Java has suffered severely from volcanic disturbances. As late as July, 1822, the volcanic Gaiunggong destroyed everything within a radius of 20 miles, and 20,000 persons lost their lives. And yet these possible horrors do not prevent people swarming thither to make their homes, or drive away those already there, as upon an area of 51,336 square miles there dwelt at the last census over 17,000,000 people.

THE POSTAL NOTES.

Below we give a diagram of the new postal notes, which are intended to furnish facilities for the sending of small amounts of money by mail which are not given by the postal money order system. The notes are very handsomely engraved, and will be a great convenience to the community. The subscribers to the BLADE will find them especially handy in transmitting individual subscriptions:

The postal note in a measure takes the place of the money order for sums under $5, and will be sold at all Postoffices where money orders are issued, for three cents. Each postmaster who issues a postal note under the authority of the Postmaster-General will make the same payable to bearer, when duly receipted at the money order office selected by the remitter, and a postal note in like manner be payable to bearer when presented at the office of issue. After a postal-note has once been paid the liability of the United States for any further claim for the amount ceases. After the expiration of three months from the last day of the month during which the note was issued, it becomes invalid, and to obtain the amount stated the holder must forward it to the Superintendent of the money-order system at Washington with an application for a duplicate, and an additional fee of three cents will be charged. While for small amounts the postal-note may be used in preference to the money-order, it does not do away with that system of sending money through the mails, the remitter at his option selecting either method.



BLUE GLASS, TEX.
No. 10687.
Amount, $3.74.
Date of issue, October 1, 1883
Office drawn upon:
TOLEDO,
OHIO.

Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov	Dec.
1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894

BLUE GLASS, TEX.,
Oct. 1, 1883
M. O. B.
FEE
(Vignette.)
THREE CENTS.
DATED STAMP OF PAYING OFFICE.

BLUE GLASS, TEX. No. 10,687.
POSTAL NOTE
For sums less than Five Dollars. Payable in the United States only.
To the POSTMASTER of the MONEY ORDER OFFICE at
TOLEDO, OHIO:
Pay to BEARER, at any time within three months from the last day of the month of issue, the sum of THREE Dollars 74 Cents.
JOHN DOE, Postmaster.
This postal note is also payable to the bearer at the office of issue, with the same limitation as to time. If lost or destroyed, no duplicate thereof can be issued.
RECEIVED the same.
.... Signature.

Dolls.	Dimes	Cents.
1	1	1
2	2	2
■	3	■
■	4	4
4	5	5
0	6	6
	■	7
	8	8
	9	9
	0	0

THE accidents by sea and land involving so much loss of life have become of such constant occurrence that they hardly challenge more than a moment's attention, except in the immediate neighborhood of their happening. This is true of the terrible catastrophe upon the Red River yesterday afternoon when an excursion steamer blew up, hurling numbers into eternity and injuring many. Hardly a ripple of excitement is caused by what would once have aroused the whole country.

FIFTEEN of the crew of the practice ships "Dale" and "Constellation" are to be tried by court martial for hazing members of a lower class during the recent trip. It is high time this practice should be wiped out.

UNCLE RUFUS HATCH is trying to get rid of his guests by circulating rumors of the approach of the yellow fever to the Yellowstone region.

HOADLY'S MELODRAMA.

In all the tortuous history of Hamilton County Democracy there never has been anything quite so tortuous as the course of events since HOADLY began his intrigues to be Governor of Ohio. From the first to the present moment there has been backing, and filling, playing at cross-purposes, treachery and deceit, buying and selling, until the brain reals in its attempts to keep track of the devious thread of selfish striving that runs all through the tangled mass of double dealing and betraying. We will try to make a few of the more salient features comprehensible, and in the order of their occurrence:

I. PENDLETON incurs the enmity of the *Enquirer*, THURMAN, PAYNE and others by standing in their way.

II. He intensifies that enmity by beating them. HOADLY is his ally.

III. BOOKWALTER appears on the scene, under the patronage of the *Enquirer*. THURMAN, PAYNE, etc., dissolve partnership with the *Enquirer*, and are therefore taxidermatized and put away in a museum of relics and antiquities.

IV. PENDLETON, HOADLY, etc., help to slaughter BOOKWALTER. The world thereupon becomes too small for the *Enquirer* and BOOKWALTER, and PENDLETON and his crowd to exist upon it simultaneously.

V. A new Democratic paper in Cincinnati becomes a want long and earnestly felt by PENDLETON, HOADLY, THEODORE COOK, etc. They buy a Hoe press, import from the Blue Grass region an aggregation of gentlemen suckled on the Resolutions of '98, and weaned on Kentucky Neutrality, and start the Cincinnati *News*.

VI. The Gubernatorial fever which has been burning unnoticed in HOADLY'S veins for some time, develops unmistakable symptoms. PENDLETON, and the rest of the clique much disturbed thereat, The Beer-bosses, whose employe and willing tool HOADLY is are much delighted, and talk encouragingly about money support. The *Enquirer* rages; BOOKWALTER begins accumulating funds in bank for emergencies, and THURMAN, PAYNE, and the other Mossbacks brandish flint-lock, muzzle-loaders, and threaten savage things.

VII. With the brewer's money HOADLY buys up the Hamilton County delegation, and enough others through the State to give him a majority. With BOOKWALTER's money the *Enquirer* buys off 25 of the Hamilton County delegation. The BOOKWALTER pole is too short; it won't reach the persimmons. HOADLY buys back 15 of the delegates, and secures the nomination. It is "monkey and parrot" between the *Enquirer* and *News*.

VIII. The *Enquirer* with BOOKWALTER's money buys up the Hamilton County Democratic Convention and nominates a full ticket.

IX. HOADLY becomes frightened at the exhibition of the *Enquirer's* power and wants to make peace on any terms. He offers that if the *Enquirer* will only stop fighting him—he does not dare ask it to support him—he will betray his associates, and muzzle the *News Journal*. He carries out his part of the contract, has several columns of editorials in the *News-Journal* denunciatory of the *Enquirer's* corruption of delegates suppressed.

X. Intense indignation on the part of PENDLETON, and the other owners of the *News-Journal*. Movement to bounce HOADLY out of the directory of the paper, and to cut his throat at the polls.

Now, as the authors of melodramas and sensational novels say, here is a "situation."

It is as thrilling in plot as a dime novel, and HOADLY's efforts to extricate himself will afford people a world of amusement during the rest of the campaign.

HEALTH AND HUMBUG.

It is undoubtedly true that there is nothing about which people can be more easily humbugged than by health contrivances, something which promises to cure the ills that flesh has invited by continually disobeying nature's laws. No matter what the absurdity upon its face there are always enough to grasp it as a drowning man seizes a straw. The facility with which any patent medicine finds a market, is due to the fact that humanity hates to use self-control in order to prevent disease, but will rather swallow quarts of medicine, or try any number of experiments, no matter how costly, to cure it. If this readiness were not universal, every place in the country, no matter how difficult of access, where human eyes would be likely to rest would not be disfigured by great staring letters advertising some wonderful remedy, from the headache down to corns and bunions. Nothing escapes this sacrilege, and it is not likely anything ever will, until people learn that prevention is better than cure.

A French medical journal tells an amusing story of a piece of quackery in England, and relates it with the greatest gusto imaginable. A fellow stationed himself upon Westminster bridge with a tube of water in his hands, declaring that he had there the true test of consumption. Breathing into its open mouth, should the water remain clear the breather's lungs were sound. If, however, it became clouded, the lungs were affected and needed the treatment which he only could administer. That he could cure them he demonstrated by pouring a few drops of something into the tube, when the water instantly became clear again. Crowds gatherd around him. Golden ducats poured into his pocket, and he was on the high road to fortune.

The beauty of the whole thing lay in the fact that the tube was simply filled with lime water which the carbonic acid gas of the breath entered, and uniting with the lime formed carbonate of lime which rendered the liquid cloudy. By putting in a few drops of acid it was made clear again.

It was a very simple thing, but the man showed his shrewdness by using it in this way, knowing well that people convinced they were in danger of disease leading to death, they would stop at nothing to obtain a cure. This seems silly but it is no more so than a thousand other health crazes that sweep over the Country of enthusiastic followers and advocates.

The venders of patent medicines will find the newly awakened interest in sanitary reforms militating somewhat against the profits of their trade, but there will always be enough liking to be humbugged, who will swallow their doses and declare a firm belief in their efficiency.

EVERY scripture reading family should have the "Illustrated Bible Biography." This beautiful and useful illustrated book was always sold at $3, but the Blade Co., have a limited number which they will mail to any address, on receipt of $1.25. Only a few copies remain, and at this price they will soon be exhausted.

NASBY.

Our Readers.

GEN. PATRICK.

The History of the Martinet of the Soldier's Home.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK CITY, Aug. 27, 1883.

In your paper of August 23, your Dayton, O., correspondent gives a very amusing account of Gen. M. R. Patrick, Governor of the Soldier's Home at that place, but fails of telling the facts in one or two particulars. Gen. Patrick saw considerable field service, but he was never a popular officer. His overbearing manners and dictatorial habit being often exhibited to his superiors as to his inferiors. Previous to the civil war he had seen service in Mexico, and was for a time Military Governor of the City of Mexico. His record as an officer is a good one, but he has always been an insufferable martinet, as self-important and opinionated as any old turkey gobbler, and as vain as a graduating school miss. During his residence in Jefferson County, New York, he disgusted all of his farmer neighbors by his brusque and ungentlemanly ways, and as a result he became almost completely isolated, so much so that his family felt their ostracism very keenly.

Gen. Patrick usually had a "blessing" asked at his table when serving in the field, and was understood to encourage prayer meetings, but when he was Provost-Marshal General of the great army operating under Gen. Hooker, at Fredericksburg, he forbade a fire in the prisoners' tent, near his own warm headquarters, and it is a fact that a private soldier named Reed, belonging to Patrick's brigade, and confined on the charge of desertion, was frozen to death in his tent one bitter night in the Winter of 1862-3. Gen. Patrick held that prisoners should be treated as such, and not enjoy any more comforts than the laws allowed them.

To illustrate his vanity this is told of him: One day Gen. Hooker sent for Gen. Patrick in great haste upon a very important matter. Search was made everywhere near headquarters, but there was no Gen. Patrick to be found. His favorite black charger was also gone. After an hour's hard hunt it transpired that the old General had been found down behind a large barn having his photograph taken seated on horseback, in full regimental costume, chapeau, broad sash, epaulets and all. Your correspondent afterwards saw one of these pictures. It was a sight to bring tears to the eyes. Another good story was told of him. At another time he was badly wanted by Gen. Hooker (who, by the way, knew Patrick from A to Z) and again diligent search was made for the old greybeard. This time he was found down behind the same barn drilling a Sergeant's squad (eight or 10 men) in the manual of arms. These two incidents illustrate his vanity and his meddlesome way of having his nose pushed into everything.

To illustrate his patriytism and sympathy with the North, I will repeat what a Rebel farmer near Fredericksburg said to your correspondent. Gen. P. rode by. "That," said the farmer, "is Gen. Patrick, a good officer and a friend of the South. Why, if it was known along our Southern lines who he was, he could ride from here into Richmond without molestation, with only his riding whip in his hand." And that man undoubtedly told the exact truth.

The following will show his brutality: One day his brigade was out for inspection. There was a man in the 35th N. Y. Vol. Inf. who had an extraordinary large head. His old cap was too ragged to wear. His Captain had earnestly tried to get him a new one of proper size, but refused to excuse him from duty on account of having no cap; so the poor fellow had to parade with his Company. Patrick rode down between the lines. Passing by this man, he halted. "Where is your cap, sir?" he bellowed out. The man, a very mild soldier, not replying as quick as Patrick thought he ought, he wheeled his horse and brought down, in full fury, his gloved hand on the soldier's head. "You, you, sir, I mean!" I fully expected to see the man run him through with his bayonet, but he was one of the patient kind, He tried to explain, but burst into tears. His Captain stepped up and told the General the man was not to blame in the least, but the old tyrant rode away without apology. He has not forgotten the incident, nor has any one who saw it.

The idea of putting such an arbitrary, unfeeling old curmudgeon as Governor of an old soldiers' Home is so absurd that it could have emanated from any source except a meanly partisan one, and even then it could not have emanated from any one who knew Gen. Patrick's characteristics or appreciated the work he was expected to perform.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

"Nigh Onter 30 Years."

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

My chum and I left St. Louis early in September, 187—, for a few days' sporting in the vicinity of Little Rock, Ark., the place, as we were informed, that abounded with game of all kinds. We had been riding many days through the most dilapidated country imaginable, when the conductor opened the car door and shouted, "We're 'most thar." This being the usual call for stations, we did not pay any attention to it until our car stopped in front of the depot, when my chum looked out to read the name of the station, which was the only way to find out the name of stations on the route. Imagine our surprise and chagrin at the appearance of the place. We grabbed up our guns, game-bags, accouterments and bade farewell to the rickety old cars, which began to screak and move off. We went to a hotel to get lodgings for a week. The landlord seemed surprised, (the cause of his surprise, we afterwards learned, was that no one ever stayed in Little Rock more than one or two days), and said:

"You'ns must be from the States?"

We found the quarters bad enough (but one must expect that when traveling.) Next morning we went up town in hunt of a livery stable to get a buggy and team for the day. At each corner we passed were five or six men and boys standing with their hands in their pantaloon's pockets up to their elbows and a quid of plug in their mouths as large as a biscuit. Each said "mornin'" as we passed them. After searching all over town we finally found a stable. My chum approached the proprietor and in a business-like way said:

"We want to hire a piano-box buggy and a good team that will stand fire."

"Stand fire!" shouted the awe-struck stableman. "The jumpin' Judas, how long?"

"All day."

He eyed my partner for a few seconds and broke out with "that are just beats all. The man, spects a hoss to stand fire a hull day."

"You don't understand me. We want a team that will stand still and let us shoot out of the buggy, without running away."

The man stood for a minute, then turned to a negro near by and said.

"Sambo, git out old Swayback and Mike an hitch em on ter the hack, quick."

We got in the back behind the worst looking team of horses it hed ever been my lot to see. As we started he said:

"Ye kin cut a gad, ter drive with arter ye get inter the bushes round the corner thar."

We at last started for the much sought for game. We had not progressed far when the old hack began to screak and scream, making as much noise as a saw-filing establishment. Evidently it had not been oiled since the war. As we progressed our spirits fell at seeing no sign of game. On we went, rattling over stones and stumps and through brush that was so thick one could not see a rod from the road. We had traveled some eight or 10 miles, but it was in a circuit, and we were probably not more than six miles from Little Rock. We were going on a trot, when all at once our horses stopped. I raised up and saw just ahead of us a large skunk. I called out to my chum to get his gun ready, that here was game. He immediately cocked his gun, when the "old, sway-back horse" began to run sideways, edgeways and jump up and down. My partner laid down his gun with the remark that he evidently remembered "war times." We however did not press the case farther, but drove on in quest of better game. Just at this juncture the bark of a dog near by gave indications that we were near a settler's cabin. We drove up to the gate where an old man stood with his hands in his pockets. He wore striped pantaloons, checkered shirt, a hat that had gone to seed at the top, and a pair of suspenders, home made. He said, "How d'ye," as we stopped.

"How far is it back to Little Rock"

"Wall, I guess, I don't know 'zackly, but it must be—indeed—I can't tell you really how far it mout be; was nhver thar, sur."

"You have not been in this part long then?"

"Wal, guess I have bin here nigh onter 30 year."

"Where did you come from to this place?"

"Wall, sur, I was born rite here sur."

"But you are more than 30 years old, are you not?" (He was evidently 75, but it is no uncommon thing for people to not know their age in the South.)

"Wall, sur, I don't know 'zackly for sartin. Sam has got a boy as big as that dorg thar," (pointing to a large hound sitting near, who was looking circularly at a fly that had been bothering him for some time.

"Samuel is your oldest son, I suppose?"

"Na'o, got seven older ner him."

"Is there any game in this County?"

"Wal, yes, thar's plenty and heaps o' kines an possams an skunks and foxes an mush-rats."

At this juncture we held a "council of three," and decided to go no farther, but return to Little Rock, and take the first train for St. Louis. We reached the depot just in time to catch the 4:30 P. M. train, north bound.

"Git onter the cars, we 'mos' ready to be goin," was the first thing we heard when we got to the car platform. Looking up we recognized the conductor as being the one we had come down with the day before. "Hoot, hoot," and the train began to move, the axles to scream and we were off for St. Louis.

"SO-AND-SO."

Polk County, Missouri.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

It has only been within the past year or two that the great and varied resources of Southwest Missouri have become known. While as a grain-producing country it may not, and probably does not, equal such prairie States as Iowa and Kansas. Southwest Missouri possesses so many other advantages denied any purely prairie country, as to make it infinitely more desirable as a place in which to build up a home. The writer, having resided in both of the above-named States, knows whereof he speaks. In Iowa the long, severe Winters, with lack of fruit, is the principal drawback. In almost every other respect it is a splendid State. The most serious objection to Kansas—and they are serious ones—are the scarcity, and generally poor quality, of the water and the high win

THE vote in Ohio in 1880 on Secretary of State was:

Republican	362,021	Democratic	343,013

Republican majority, 19,008.

The vote in 1881 on Governor was:

Republican	312,735	Democratic	288,426
Prohibition	16,597		

Republican majority over Democrats, 24,309.

This shows a falling off in the Republican vote from that of 1881 of about 50,000, and in the Democratic vote of about 55,000, Last year the vote on Secretary of State stood:

Republican	297,759	Democratic	316,784

Democratic majority, 19,025.

The Republican vote was therefore about 65,000 less than in 1880, while the Democratic vote was about 27,000 less. As the population of the State has increased since 1880, the natural increase in the votes of both parties must be considerable, and there are to-day fully 400,000 Republican, and nearly 350,000 Democratic voters in the State to-day. As the vote will be pretty fully brought out this Fall, it is clear that there can be large allowances made for secession of dissatisfied Germans, and still have enough left for a splendid Republican majority.

THE advocates of Free Trade in this country should go abroad and study the condition of the operatives in the factories in Europe. Mr. ROBERT PORTER, has been recently visiting Chemnitz, in Saxony, where cotton manufactures are carried on extensively. In a recent letter to the New York *Tribune* he shows how they can buy American cotton, carry it across the ocean, return it manufactured, and after paying the duty yet compete to the extent of $10,000,000 with our home production. He says that the operatives work in buildings without window sashes, with thick, green glass, similar to that used in pavements to let the light through, no one being able to look in or out. They labored here for 12 hours, like cattle, without being allowed to leave the building or even have drinking water during that time, and they received for itas many marks as the American employer pays dollars. Lately one of the girl operatives led a strike which resulted in a change in some of the most obnoxious of the regulations in the factory, where 1,100 hands (700 women and 400 men) were working.

THE Croatian linguistic riots are some of the most curious ever occurring. The Austrian Empire, which publishes its decrees in Croatia in the Hungarian language, posted up a number of announcements at Agram in that language, and a party of Croats tore them down and organized a respectably-sized riot, which was promptly crushed by the troops. The rioters, however, renewed the rising a few days after, and from them the disturbance has spread to other parts of the country. The contumacious sticklers about linguistic proprieties have announced their motto as "Croatia for the Croatians," and propose organizing a crusade against the use of Hungarian in their country.

THE traveling public will learn with pleasure that a company is being organized in New York for the purpose of introducing cheap cabs in the Metropolis. The plan contemplates at first a thousand coupes that will carry one or two persons anywhere within the city limits, without stopping, for 50 cents. If the venture proves a success, as it certainly ought, the number of vehicles will be increased. In Paris one company owns over 12,000 cabs, and enormous dividends are declared every month. The tariff there is a franc and a half, about 30 cents, for a course anywhere inside the fortifications.

THE conversion to Christianity of the Queen of Madagascar, who lately died, is said to have been entirely accidental. She chanced to find an old Bible around the palace and began to read and study it, ending in adopting the faith, and making bold war upon idolatry. Under her rule the country took rapid strides forward in education and all kinds of progress. She swept away many oppressive laws, and laid the foundation of a constitutional government. Madagascar has suffered a great loss in her death, for she was a woman of remarkable character and devoted to the good of her subjects.

SOME of the Internal Revenue officers in South Carolina are a little too active and they are to be investigated. According to report they have been systematically swindling the Government for some time. It is charged that the officers in question hire persons to put up old stills in remote places, and then they capture the material in the night time and obtain the Government reward of $50 for such seizure. The same material is put up in another part of the State and seized again. Of the great many stills recently captured it is claimed that only a very few had really been used in an illicit manner.

FRENCH papers are just now a trifle bitter on the subject of their neighbors over the Rhine, and seize every opportunity for a vicious fling at them. A young Berlin artist who has designed a marble group representing Germania as a young and buxom girl warding off the attacks of the Gallic cock with a switch is meeting with great success. The Berlinites like the idea and copies of the group are to be found everywhere in their City, much to the disgust of the somewhat irritable individuals who manage the Archimedean levers of Paris.

BOOK agents, male and female, and all out of employment who desire light, pleasant work with certain results, will do well to send their addresses to Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio. Their books "Nasby in Exile," "Andersonville," and "Old Dr. Carlin' Recipes," are the most rapidly selling books now on the market.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The earthquake near Java has made a complete change in the geography of that neighborhood. Towns have disappeared, Sunda Straits is much changed, and the sea flows where a mountain stood.——The treaty between France and Tonquin has been signed. It provides for a French Protectorate over Tonquin and Annam. The French will insure safety to trade by expelling the "Black Flag."——An industrial school for Indian girls will soon be established at Muskogee, I. T. Cooking, sewing and all the details of domestic arts to prepare them for thoro Christian housekeeping, as well as from textbooks in the school room, will be taught the girls.——Buffalo has had occasion to send a number of pauper immigrants back to Canada whence they came. The British Government's plan seems to be to "assist" Irish paupers to Canada, whence they may come over into the States at convenient points.——A fruit dealer in the Montgomery, Ala., market last week sold a watermelon, weighing 86 pounds, for $2.50. It grew near Montgomery.——Hanlan, the oarsman, is worth $53,000, all made within the past six years.——Since March 1, to date, Chicago packers have slaughtered and salted 1,353,000 hogs, against 1,330,000 the corresponding period in 1882.——Sen. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, is in Scotland, under the medical care of Sir Henry Thompson. His health has slightly improved, and, if it continues to do so, he will remain in Europe until a complete restoration is effected.——M. Paul Trasenter, of Liege, gives the production of coal in the world in 1882 as follows, in metrical tons: Great Britain, 158,800,000; United States, 88,100,000; Germany, 65,400,000; France, 20,800,000; Belgium, 17,500,000; Austro-Hungary, 18,000,000.——The late Judge Black is said to have received the largest fee ever paid to a lawyer for success in a suit. He defended the New Almaden Quicksilver Company, of California, in a suit in the United States Supreme Court, the opposing counsel being Reverdy Johnson, Charles O'Conor and Judah P. Benjamin. His fee was said at the time to have been $250,000. This is believed to be an exaggeration.——The establishment of cotton manufactories in the South has already proved so profitable that the business bids fair to develop into a great and permanent industry. It appears from 1860 to 1880 the increase in capital has been nearly $200,000,000; wages paid, nearly $33,000,000, and product in round numbers, nearly $500,000,000.——It is said that where a dollar's worth of goods pass the Custom House on the Niagara river, $1,000 worth are smuggled, either one way or the other. It is said it would require at least 50 night watchman on the Niagara river to prevent this traffic. Next to the Niagara as a field for smugglers comes the Detroit river.——Placards hailing the Count of Paris as Louis Philippe II. and calling upon the populace to recognize and enthrone him, were posted all over Paris, but were destroyed by the police.——Speaker Keifer believes that Tilden will be the Democratic candidate for President next year.——John W. Mackay, the California millionaire, has accepted the Presidency of the Postal Telegraph Company.——The trial of James Nutt, slayer of Lyman Dukes, will commence at Uniontown, Pa., Thursday.——The English Postoffice Savings Bank continues to be a most successful institution. A quarter of a million depositors opened accounts in the bank during the year 1882. The total number of depositors at the end of the year was thus nearly 3,000,000, the amount of their deposits being over £39,000,000—an increase of nearly £3,000,000 during the year, the largest annual increase yet recorded.——The much advertised prize fight between Slade and Mitchell has been declared "off" on account of the vigorous preventive action of the Kansas authorities.——Six Irishmen have been arrested in Glasgow, Scotland, charged with attempting to destroy buildings in that City, by dynamite, last January. Probably another informer has been earning his wages.——From the comparative summary of the Presbyterian Church in the United States just issued under the authority of the General Assembly it appears that the total number of communicants in 1883 is 600,725, an increase of 8,597 as compared with 1882, and the total number of churches 5,800, an increase of 116 as compared with 1882. Since the last summary was issued 10,397 adults and 17,728 infants have been baptized. The total number of ministers is 5,218, not including licentiates of the past year, 282; and candidates, 678. The sum of contributions for all purposes during the church year was $9,061,463.——Mrs. Alexander Campbell, the aged widow of the eminent divine who founded the Church of the Disciples, or Campbellite Church, is seriously ill, with little chance of recovery. She resides at Wheeling, and is over 80 years old.——Historian Bancroft, who is 85 years old, will be at the Newport Centennial in October.——Mr. John Russell Young, American Minister at Pekin, is said to be collecting material for a history of China.——Mr. James S. Key, son of Philip Barton Key, and grandson of Francis S. Key, author of the "Star-Spangled Banner," is preparing to build a new theater in New York.——The total number of newspapers and magazines published in the United States and Canada, according to the latest statistics, is 13,186—an increase over last year of 1,028. The total in the United States is 12,179; Canada, 1,007. There are 1,227 dailies, 71 tri-weeklies, 151 semi-weeklies, 9,955 weeklies, 23 bi-weeklies, 237 semi-monthlies, 1,324 monthlies, and 12 bi-monthlies.——Crops in the south of Ireland have been almost totally destroyed by storms, and a general strike against payment of rents is imminent.——The drouth, which is reported as affecting a limited portion of New England and the Central States, has become so severe in Texas that the grass has dried up and prairie fires are raging. Stock raisers will suffer heavy losses.——The death of Hon. M. E. Cutts, member of Congress elect from the Oskaloosa District of Iowa, may affect the campaign in that State to this degree: Gen. Weaver might be induced to withdraw from the gubernatorial race in favor of Judge Kinne, in return for the entire Democratic vote for the vacant Congressional seat.——An underground telegraph cable was experimented with last week in Pittsburg, Pa. Telephones were attached, and a conversation was carried on over 43 miles of cable-wire with as much distinctness as over any short circuit of aerial wire.——The widow and daughter of Stonewall Jackson will accompany Gov. Jarvis, of North Carolina, on his visit to the opening of the Institute Fair at Boston, on Wednesday next, and will be, with him, guests of the State.——The Greenland seal and whale fisheries have been much more productive this season than they were last year. Nine steamers from Dundee report a catch of 114 bottle-nosed whales, 22,220 seals, and 589 tons of oil, the whole valued at about $130,000.——In Cleburne, Tex., Mrs. Baylis has been excommunicated from the Adventist Church on the ground that she is "possessed with a devil." It was her custom, after coming out of a trance, to relate what she claimed to have seen going on among the communicants.——The body of the late Count de Chambord was buried with royal honors Monday.——According to John R. Lynch, Chairman of the Republican State Committee in Mississippi, the Republicans are determined not to be used by Chalmers to gratify his selfish ambition, or to promote the interests of either wing of the Democratic party.

Staff Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Future Commercial City of the World.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade:

London is now and has long been the commercial capital of the world; but there is an article in the current number of the *Century* which dwells on the commanding position of New York, describes its splendid bay, its connection with the vast water system of the country through the Erie Canal, its great climatic advantages, its rapid growth, its innumerable workshops scattered about in neighboring Cities, and concludes with these words: "Two millions of people now live within its natural limits. It is not rash to predict that, long before another century passes its population will surpass that of London and that it will be the unrivaled center of finance and commerce, of luxury and fashion, of art and literature, the heart and brain, in a word, of the civilized world." This is not a new thought, but the article of Mr. Conant calls new attention to it, and presents the facts in such a light as to show that the time is nearer than has been generally supposed, though he furnishes no date to indicate when it may be expected to take place.

Not long ago I sent to the BLADE some figures showing the marvelous growth of the United States during the century of its existence, coupled with the startling fact that, if it continued to grow at the same rate for another century it will have a thousand millions of inhabitants. Mr. Conant, in referring to this growth says:

"Whatever political cataclysms and transformations may take place, the North American Continent is certainly to be occupied and organized commercially, for an aeon to come, by one English-speaking commonwealth. In to this, it is equally certain, the excess of the Old World's vitality must continue to overflow, with enormous expansion of liberated force, until the massing of power on both sides of the Atlantic will become, at no distant day, equal."

In the letter which the BLADE published it was shown that this equality would be passed long before the end of the coming century, and that America, in population, wealth and commerce would far exceed the whole of Europe. If this is so it would certainly not be extraordinary to infer that its principal City would have a proportionate growth, and that it must soon surpass the largest and most important City of the Old World. London has existed for many centuries, but its greatest growth has taken place since the era of steam boats and railroads. In 1741 its population was only about 40,000, and at the beginning of the present century it was less than 1,000,000. In 1841 it was a little less than 2,000,000. It is now over 4,000,000. Its most rapid growth has therefore been in the last 40 years; but in that time it has only about doubled its population, while New York has more than doubled its population at periods of 20 years. If you take the population of New York as reported at the first census in 1790 and add to it one-half, it will give you pretty nearly the population 10 years later, at the next census; and if you continue this process for a series of years it will give, in 1880, not far from the actual population of that year, as the figures below will demonstrate:

Year.	Actual population.	Estimated population.
1790	33,131	33,131 16,565
1800	60,489	49,696 24,848
1810	96,373	74,544 37,272
1820	123,706	111,816 55,908
1830	203,007	167,724 83,862
1840	312,710	251,586 125,793
1850	515,547	377,379 188,689
1860	805,651	566,068 283,034
1870	942,292	849,102 424,551
1880	1,206,299	1,273,153

It will be observed that in every decade, except the last, the census has kept in advance of the estimate. But for the last 10 years there has been a falling off in the increase, so that the estimate comes out ahead. This may be only a temporary lull or it may be an indication that the rate of progress is diminishing and will not be maintained in future years. But even if it should diminish we have no reason to expect that the diminution will be very considerable. As long as the growth of the country at large is maintained we may calculate pretty surely on the steady growth of its chief commercial City. Then, it must be remembered, that the present New York is only a part of the great future City. Brooklyn and Jersey City and even Newark and Paterson are as much a part of it as the 24th ward above Harlem, in Westchester County. Our rate of estimation may therefore be applied to the future with a pretty fair assurance that it will not be far from the actual result within this century. If, then, we take Mr. Conant's view of the situation and include in the future City, not only New York but some of the population that now form its suburbs we shall not only reach his two millions, as the present number of residents, but considerably surpass it. Let us see: There are New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, Long Island City, and Mott Haven, all lying compactly together and only separated by rivers or boundary lines. Then there are Newark, Elizabeth, Passaic and Paterson lying farther away, but within the presumed boundaries. We will, however, take only the following:

New York	1,206,299
Brooklyn	566,663
Jersey City	120,722
Population in 1880	1,872,684 946,342
" 1890	2,829,026 1,419,513
" 1900	4,258,539

In 20 years from 1880 we may therefore calculate that New York will stand by the side of London in population, wealth and commercial importance, and that then, or a little later, the crown of empire will be transferred from the Thames to the Hudson. But we are also to have a great City on the Pacific. "Westward the course of empire takes its way, and the march is steady and strong. San Francisco had a population of 500 in 1840; and now—40 years later—it has swelled to 233,959. But there is no indication that she will dispute the empire with New York in the near future. There can be no doubt that the great City of the world is to be on this continent, and New York may well expect to wear the crown.

BUCKEYE.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The Close of the Summer Season—New Telegraph Company—Astor Goes Into Wall Street—General Notes.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3, 1883.

This week has seen the breaking up of the season at the watering places, and all New York is hurrying back to the City, to rest a little and prepare for the Winter season, which promises to be unusually brilliant. The Summer has been so cool that the famous resorts hereabouts have not had a very profitable time. From all the hotels come tales of woe, of enormous expenses without the necessary receipts. Some of the more sanguine hotel keepers are hoping that September will turn out a scorcher that will fill their houses and enable them to whittle down their losses. But the indications are that September will be delightfully cool. At any rate the Summer birds are returning in great numbers as was shown by a visit to the depots the other day. Every train was crowded and there were literally mountains of trunks stored up in the baggage rooms, all of them bearing the peculiar watering place stamp. Yesterday it was estimated that over 7,000 of these Saratogas were handled at the Grand Central depot, the Pennsylvania road brought in over 2,000, the Jersey Central 1,500, and the Erie 700, which proves rather conclusively that the Summer season has collapsed.

A SUMMER OF HORRORS.

This has truly been a Summer of horrors, and New York has had her full share of them, the latest being the blowing up of the steamer "Riverdale," by which 30 or 40 people lost their lives. And right on the heels of this came the news of a terrible gale off the banks of Newfoundland, by which a large number of lives were lost. There were some 2,000 dories out at their trawls when the storm came upon them without an instant's warning. So far, over 100 fishermen are known to be lost, and the telegraph will probably bring tidings of a great increase in the number.

A queer case of suicide is just now attracting considerable attention. On Wednesday last a man and woman, supposed to be married, were seen walking on the beach at Coney Island. They were talking in an excited manner, and all at once the woman ran to the west pier and jumped off into the water. The husband called for help, but did nothing toward saving his wife, who was finally brought to shore, after a desperate struggle, by a man named Morgan. Efforts were made to revive the woman, but without avail, and the body was taken to the Morgue. The husband did not go near the place for two days, and then manifested no feeling about the matter. Saturday there was an inquest, at which the man, whose name was given as Charles Hazzleton, testified that his right name was not Hazzleton, but Cornwall, and that, though he and the woman had been living as man and wife, they were not married. He cooly said that she was subject to nervous fits, and probably jumped off the pier while suffering from one of them. It is the common opinion that there is something more back of all this, and a rigid investigation is to be made.

THE THEATRES.

Amusements are rather dull, the season opening very dismally. Oscar Wilde's play "Vera" has fallen flat, and after a brief career of one week has been taken off the boards. Marie Prescott, a charming actress, has lost a great deal of money in this unfortunate speculation. But she is very plucky and is going to attempt getting some of it back by inflicting the trash on the confiding people in the provinces. It is doubtful, after the reception the alleged play met in New York, if it will be a go outside. The one big attraction is "Excelsior," at Niblo's. The ballet was produced last Winter in Milan, and Florence, Italy, and was a great success. Then when the new Eden Theatre, a perfect jewel of a place, was built in Paris, it was put on there and has been running all summer in spite of the hot weather. The Kiralfys were in Paris early in the summer and secured a full troupe of ballet girls, fine scenery and gorgeous costumes. "Excelsior" is far superior to any spectacle that has ever been given in this country, and Niblo's is packed every night. Mr. Kiralfy told me in a recent conversation that at the close of the New York run, it would be given in the principal cities of the States, with all the New York effects.

A BOLD SAILOR LAD.

Uncle Sammy Tilden who has been reported in such feeble health, is lively enough to enjoy yachting to the full. The Messrs. Roach have built a very fine steam yacht, very fast, and Mr. Tilden has been cruising around in it for the past week or ten days. He is so pleased with it that he has concluded to purchase it. It is called the "Yosemite," and is a beauty.

NEW TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

A great deal of talk has been indulged in since the recent telegraphers' strike about organizing a new Telegraph Company. This talk has at last assumed a definite shape by the incorporation of a new Company under the general laws of the State of New York, to be known as "The Citizens' and Telegraphers' National Union Telegram and Cablegram Company." The capital stock is put at $5,000,000, and no person is to be allowed to hold more than $100,000. Every employe and officer of the new Company must be a stockholder. Books for subscription will be opened on the 15th of September, and as soon as $200,000 has been subscribed, lines will be built or purchased, but no faster than the subscriptions to the stock will provide means. It is said that the new line will make it warm for the Western Union, but whether it will or not remains to be seen.

BULLING THE MAAKET.

Quite a ripple of excitement has been caused on Wall street by the announcement that John J. Astor had entered the street and joined the Gould-Vanderbilt party of bulls. All of these great financiers—that's the polite word for them—are buying great blocks of stock and hiding them away for the rise, which they are sure will soon be here. They have been bearing the market for two years, and now that they have hammered the prices down as far as they will go, they have switched over to the other side and are bulling the market for all they are worth. Operators claim that the favorable effect of the crops upon all kinds of business will be an important factor in sending prices up.

CHAPUIS.

CRISP GREENBACKS.

The Package "Lucky Jack" Received by Express—One Man Fortune Does Not Make a Fool of.

As a large number of inquiries have been sent to the *American* to know if Mr. Jack Graves, the driver of Stockell Engine No. 4, had received the $10,000 which it was announced he drew on ticket No. 97,563 in the last drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, a reporter visited the gentleman yesterday for the purpose of ascertaining the fact. The fortunate man was found in Chief Stockell's office, talking to him about buying a residence for himself and wife and daughter, which he intended to purchase with his newly-gotten wealth.

The scribe announced the object of his visit to "Lucky Jack," as Mr. Graves is now called.

"Did he get it!" replied the Chief of the Nashville Fire Department. He certainly did, through the Southern Express Company, to whom he gave the ticket for collection. He was notified last Monday to call and get his money, and he asked me to go with him. Together we called on Mr. Dorsey C. Pierce, the agent of the Express Company, who handed over to Jack the usual yellow package, with the usual number of brown seals upon it, but a very unusual amount in it. Jack cut it open and we took out ten packages of greenbacks, each containing one thousand dollars in twenty dollar bills.

"Mr. Pierce counted for the company and I counted for Jack. It was correct to a dollar. We, Jack and I, went to the bank together, and he deposited $9,500 of the money. What did he do with the rest, you ask? I'll tell you." said the kind-hearted Chief, in a whisper, as he led the reporter out into the hall. "Jack sent $500 as a present to his father and sister, who live in the country and are not in the best of circumstances. He would not like it if he knew I told you." "Lucky Jack" told the reporter that he was still going to keep his position as engine driver, as he had been in the business for twenty years, and would not know what to do out of it. He says his wife will still do all her housework, but he is glad he drew the $10,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery, as he can buy, himself a fine home and put $5,000 out at interest besides.—*Nashville (Tenn.) American, August 25.*

Lincoln's Son.

Boston Courier.

What a singular position is that of the Secretary of War? His father is already as historic as Cæsar, and nearly as remote. And yet Robert Lincoln is a young man, whose hair is not yet gray. It is as odd as if Octavius were alive—as if the Sphinx had a son moving around to-day in a Prince Albert frock. A grandson of John C. Calhoun is a farmer in Mississippi. He is a man of great executive ability and great wealth (all made by himself) and the leading planter of the State. One would think that by such an achievement a man might attain to an individuality. But no; he is never spoken of as John C Calhoun. Taking all these things into consideration it is no wonder that Fletcher Webster, of our own State, a genial gentleman of large and various abilities, said what he did. All his life, no matter what he attempted to do, he was invariably put down by comparison with the "God-like Daniel" his father. This fetish pursued him, dwarfed and minified him everywhere. Finally, when elected as Colonel of the 12th Massachusetts, he cried out, as it were in a jubilation of emancipation: "Thank God, my father was never the Colonel of a regiment." He had attained to an individuality.

The Editorial "We."

"We are feeding American pork to our children and they thrive upon it Bismarck is an ass," remarked a Cincinnati editor. When his wife heard of it she wanted to know what it meant by "our" children. He had no children as she knew of. He tried to explain that "our" was merely a plain form of expression in common use among editors. Then she got angry, said she didn't believe it; called him a liar and finally hit him over the head with a chair-rocker. The suit for divorce will be tried next Fall. Thus we see how the policy of the German Chancellor was artfully contrived not only exclude a valuable article of food from the Empire, but to destroy the peace of American homes.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, Feb. 20, 1880.

To Mr. J. W. Graham, Druggist:

Dear Sir—My case was an acute form of bronchitis, and was of one and a half year's duration. I employed the best medical aid possible, but failed rapidly until the doctors said I would die—that my case was incurable. Thrown upon my own resources, I got a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and in six hours felt a decided relief. In three days the cough almost disappeared. Now that my chances of life are good for many years, I earnestly recommend the above to every sufferer of lung or throat disease. C. G. LATHROP.

BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA cures pain in Man or Beast. For use externally and internally.

GAMBLING ON THE OCEAN.

Mysteries of the Calcutta (or Auction) Pool.

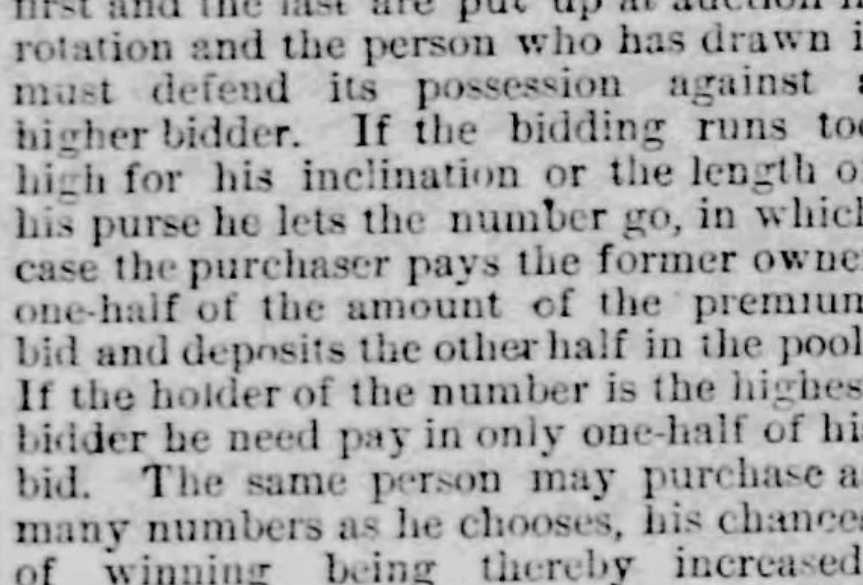
New York World.

The little unpleasantness which took place on board the "Brittanic," of the White Star Line, on its last return trip to New York in connection with the selling of pools on the number of miles made by the vessel in a day, has called general attention to the gambling, often for high stakes, going on on board most of the ocean steamers. Mr. Louis H. Lorillard lost $2,000, but does not care to make any explanation of how he came to lose it, while Mr. Curtis, an actor, who lost $1,500, says there was, in his opinion, some unfair dealing, but that his "choler had departed with the color of his money."

These pools are what is known as "The Calcutta Pools," and are played every morning at about 11 o'clock, or an hour before the noon reckoning of the number of miles the ship has gone the last 24 hours is made. A number of gentlemen, who desire to participate in the pool, gather in the smoking-room, and if it is assumed that the ship will make, say 370 miles, the pool is made to embrace the numbers 365 to 385 inclusive. The former number covers all the number of miles which may be made below it, while the latter all the miles above it. The numbers are placed in a hat and on paying a small entrance fee, usually 10 English shillings, each person is entitled to a draw. The money so obtained forms the basis of the pool. After the numbers are drawn the intermediate ones between the first and the last are put up at auction in rotation and the person who has drawn it must defend its possession against a higher bidder. If the bidding runs too high for his inclination or the length of his purse he lets the number go, in which case the purchaser pays the former owner one-half of the amount of the premium bid and deposits the other half in the pool. If the holder of the number is the highest bidder he need pay in only one-half of his bid. The same person may purchase as many numbers as he chooses, his chances of winning being thereby increased, as is also the expense. The end numbers are then put up at auction and naturally bring the highest prices on account of the wider range which they cover. In the pool in which Mr. Curtis was interested he bought the lowest number, 365. A Mr. George bought the number 380, paying the extremely high price of £19, or $95, for it. The chance of that particular number winning in a perfectly fair game was hardly one in a thousand, and Mr. Louis H. Lorillard thought he had a sure thing of it when Mr. George was willing to make a bet of one to ten that he held the winning number. Mr. Lorillard put up $2,000 against Mr. George's $200. By a peculiar coincidence the number 380 was the favorite that day in four different pools going on at the same time, and by a still more peculiar coincidence it proved to be the winning number.

The New York *Truth* promises to produce a story of political corruption unparalleled in the history of the Republic. It refers to Tilden's operations in 1876.

ELLIS'S SPAVIN CURE



TRADE MARK.

☞ The most remarkable Remedy of the age—"The only preparation THAT WILL CURE Spavin.
A valuable remedy for cure of Lameness, Removes Swellings and Inflammations.
Ellis's Spavin Cure does not blister or blemish.
We furnish positive evidence of absolute cures.
We send undisputed testimonials of Spavins removed.
Ellis's Spavin Cure WILL CURE Splints and Ringbones.
Descriptive books with testimonials sent free.
Any reader may secure free pamphlet.
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Hundreds of cures described in our book.
Read carefully and you will be convinced.
We only ask a fair trial for Ellis's Spavin Cure.
We prepare Condition Powders and Hoof Ointment,
Heave Powders, Worm Powders and Colic Powders.
All these on sale at Drug Stores and Harness Dealers.
Price of Ellis's Spavin Cure, $1 per bottle."

For further particulars, free books, etc., write to
ELLIS SPAVIN CURE CO.,
50 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.;
or 276 Fourth Avenue, New York.

A NEW DEPARTMENT.

A Bureau of Wants, Exchanges, etc.

There is such a host of inquiries for addresses of friends, officers of regiments, comrades, exchanges of articles, etc., that they trespass seriously on the space we need for matters of interest to all of our readers. The notes, on the other hand, can be of interest to but very few. We have decided, therefore, to make a moderate charge for the insertion of these requests, which will reimburse us for the cost of composition, though not for the space occupied. *Therefore after this date all matters of this kind to secure insertion must not exceed 20 words in length, including address and all—and must be accompanied by 50 cents.* As this is less than one-third our usual advertising rates, its privileges will be confined wholly to subscribers of the BLADE, for whose accommodation it is instituted, and non-subscribers to the paper, including general advertisers, will not be admitted under any circumstances. Below we give some of the matters that will hereafter be placed under this head.

Remember the terms: 50 cents for a single insertion, of not to exceed 20 words. The money to accompany the order, or no attention will be paid it. It must also come from a *bona-fide* subscriber to the BLADE:

WANTED—The address of a dealer in old coin. Address M. J. Clark, Earlville, Delaware Co., Iowa.

WANTED—By a rich young lady, a husband—a brunette—not over 30. Send photo. Address Floz Standish, Foulton, Whiteside Co., Ill.

WANTED Gentlemen correspondents, age 35 to 40. Must be strictly moral, refined and educated. Object, mutual pleasure and profit. Address Elsie Beaumont, Argusville, Cass Co., D. T.

WANTED—The postoffice address of Andrew Lady and Loyal G. Hesser, privates of Co. K, 45th Ind. Vet. Vol. Inf. by N. C. Weathers, Chase, Rice Co., Kas.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!

DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM For the LUNGS

Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough and all diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, Inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and the tightness across the chest which accompany it. CONSUMPTION is not an incurable malady. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

RAYMOND'S VACATION EXCURSIONS

ALL TRAVELING EXPENSES INCLUDED.

Two Grand Winter Trips to California.

Leaving Boston Oct. 18 and Dec. 27.

Two months' sojourn at the elegant Hotel del Monte, Monterey, Cal.; 65 days additional either there or at eight other desirable Winter resorts, including San Francisco, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, San Gabriel, San Diego, Riverside, Colton and Merced, according to individual preference, with ample time for further travel and sight-seeing; the outward journey by the Southern Route, with halts at Chicago, Kansas City, Santa Monica and Los Angeles, and the homeward one by the Central and Union Pacific Line, with a stop at Salt Lake City.

☞ Send for descriptive circular.

W. RAYMOND, 240 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

TIME CONQUERED —BY— "REX MAGNUS," The Humiston Food Preservative.

It preserves meats, fish, oysters, milk, cream, eggs, and other food products in all their freshness, purity and sweetness, in all seasons and climates.

A Trial Will Prove It.

This preparation is not to be classed with those failures which have preceded it. Scientific men like Prof. Samuel W. Johnson, of Yale College, and others, have tested it thoroughly and give it their most hearty endorsement. At a slight expense you can satisfy yourself by actual trial that it will do all that is claimed for it.

How to Get It.

You do not have to buy a county right, nor costly recipe. We sell neither the one nor the other. All druggists and grocers keep it. Sample packages sent prepaid, by mail or express, as we prefer. Name your express office.

It is Safe, Pure, Tasteless, Harmless.

REX MAGNUS is composed of simple and harmless antiseptics, and the directions for its use are so plain that a child can follow them. It does not in the slightest degree affect the taste or appearance of the food and it contains no injurious substances.

Within the Reach of All.

But a small quantity of the preservative is required for each pound of food. Meats, fish, butter, &c., can be saved at a cost not exceeding a cent a pound.

"Viandine" for meats, poultry, &c., 50 cts. per lb; "Ocean Wave" for oysters, lobsters, &c., 50 cts; "Pearl" for cream, $1.00. "Snow Flake" for milk, butter, &c., 50c. "Queen" for eggs, $1.00. "Aqua Vitae" for fluid extracts, &c., $1.00. "Anti-Ferment," "Anti-Fly" and "Anti-Mold" 50 cts. per lb each. Put up in 1 lb. and 5 lb. cans, and in 25 lb boxes. Mention this paper.

THE HUMISTON FOOD PRESERVING CO., 72 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

America's Favorite Novelist,

THE EVER POPULAR

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

NO. 45 OF THE

NEW YORK WEEKLY,

Now ready, contains the opening chapters of a charming domestic story entitled

BESSIE'S FORTUNE

By MRS. MARY J. HOLMES,

Author of "Marian Grey," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Lena Rivers," "Daisy Thornton," "Dora Deane," "Cameron Pride," "Millbank," "Hugh Worthington," Etc.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY OF "BESSIE'S FORTUNE."

BURTON JERROLD, the man who thinks as his wife thinks.
LUCY GREY, who bitterly atones for the sin of her youth.
GERALDINE GREY, whose life is all a deception, and who marries because her home is dull.
OLD MR. JERROLD, a strange man, who has a distressing secret, and tries to keep it.
HANNAH JERROLD, the little girl who witnesses a shocking scene, and becomes prematurely aged.
MISS BETSEY McPHERSON, an independent old maid, who admires the "naked truth," and is sometimes shockingly blunt.
GREY JERROLD, the boy of fourteen, who unexpectedly learns a terrible secret, and, kneeling upon the snow in the leafless woods, asks God to pardon the sin.
ARCHIE McPHERSON, poor and proud, a descendant of a family much averse to work.
DAISY McPHERSON, a pushing and aggressive young lady, who is as pretty as she is shrewd. She has a childish, affected way, that women detest, but which "takes" remarkably with the men.
FLOSSIE MEREDITH, who is as frolicksome as a kitten, and says what she thinks.
JACK TREVELLIAN, manly and generous, with a heart as light as his purse.
NEIL McPHERSON, who knows the girl he would like to marry, IF she had a fortune.
THE ROSSITER-BROWNES, who have suddenly become rich, and are anxious to let people know it.
LORD HARDY, who appreciates riches, and has also an eye for beauty.
BESSIE McPHERSON, amiable, affectionate, tender, and true; bewitchingly shy and modest, therefore very unlike her mother, the "fast" and aggressive Daisy.

Be sure to read the opening chapters of Mrs Holmes' new story, "BESSIE'S FORTUNE," just commenced and now ready in No. 45 of the NEW YORK WEEKLY, and for sale by every News Agent.

The New York Weekly will be sent to any address in the United States (postage free) 3 months for 75 cents; 4 months, $1; 6 months, $1.50; 1 year, $3.

Those sending $20 for a Club of Eight, all sent at one time, will be entitled to a Ninth Copy FREE. Getters up of clubs can afterward add single copies at $2.50 each. All letters should be addressed to

STREET & SMITH,
P. O. Box 2734. 31 Rose St., New York.

TO EVERYBODY OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

Book Agents, Male and Female, and those who have Time to Spare, and wish

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THE LOCKE PUBLISHING CO., TOLEDO, O., and BOSTON, MASS.,

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A Beautiful New Work of nearly 700 pages, profusely illustrated.

(It contains over 300 illustrations), printed upon the best paper, and bound in beautiful style. It is the record of MR. LOCKE'S (Nasby's) travels in England, France, Germany, Switzerland and Belgium, and is conceded by all to be the most instructive as well as entertaining book of travel ever published. It has had, and is having, a very large sale, and agents are doing better with it than with any other book.

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A Tale of Southern Prisons.

MR. McELROY (the author,) was a prisoner in Andersonville, and this book is the only full account of life in that hell-upon-earth ever written. It has sold already nearly 100,000 copies, and is going as rapidly as ever. Agents have no difficulty in selling it, as everybody wants to read the inside history of the great crime against humanity. It sells at sight.

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The best and most reliable Recipe Book published, and the one that is the standard in thousands of homes. It contains everything that should be known in the family, and is entirely reliable. Every recipe in the original work of Dr. Carlin has been tested, and the new ones, and there are thousands of them, may all be depended upon.

These books are all live and rapidly selling. Agents in our employ report large sales, and their testimony is that they sell easier than any other book they have ever canvassed for.

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Those out of employment or those having time to spare from their regular business will do well to correspond with us. Send postal card for particulars. Address

Locke Publishing Co., TOLEDO, O.

FOR NEW ENGLAND:
LOCKE PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON, MASS.

THIS OFFER IS GOOD TILL NOV. 15TH ONLY.

$60,000 IN PRESENTS TO SUBSCRIBERS

THE GRANDEST OFFER EVER MADE BY ANY PUBLISHERS.

A HOUSE AND LOT OR $5000 GOVERNMENT BOND FREE.

In order to increase our already large list of yearly subscribers to 100,000 more before the 15th of November, we make the following liberal and magnificent offer to every reader of this advertisement who wishes to take advantage of it at once.

FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR we will enter your name on our subscription books and forward you for One Year postage paid our old-established and well-known publication, THE HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, together with a numbered receipt, which entitles the holder to one of the following MAGNIFICENT AND COSTLY PRESENTS to be given away to our subscribers Nov. 15, 1883. Read the list, then send in your subscription and get your friends to join you; you can get your subscription free for a few hours' work.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE GIVEN OUR SUBSCRIBERS

1	Brown Stone House and Lot in New York City	$15,000
1	U. S. Government Bond	5,000
5	U. S. " Bonds of $1000 each	5,000
10	U. S. Greenbacks of $500 each	5,000
20	U. S. " $100 "	2,000
40	U. S. " $50 "	2,000
2	Elegant Square Grand Pianos $500 each	1,000
10	Beautiful 27 Stop Cabinet Organs $100 each	1,000
1	Pair Beautiful Matched Horses	1,000
1	Brewster Road Wagon and Pole	500
1	Elegant Silver-plate Dinner Set, 7 pieces	200
1	Elegant Salt Parlor Furniture	200
5	Gents' Elegant Solid Gold Watches	500
10	Ladies' Elegant Solid Gold Watches	500
25	Gents' Solid Coin Silver Watches	500
25	Ladies' Chatelaine Watches	500
10	Beautiful Solitaire Diamond Rings	200
5	Elegant Silk Dress Patterns	200
500	Beautiful Nickel Clocks, $2 each	1,000
500	Photograph Albums, $2 each	1,000
500	Silver Pocket Fruit Knives	500
500	Ladies' and Gents' Pocket Knives	500
250	Sets Silver-plated Tea Spoons	250
1000	U. S. Greenbacks, $1 each	1,000
1000	Beautiful Oil Pictures	1,000
2000	Solid Gold and Plated Rings, Lockets, Chains, Pins, Sets and Bracelets	

Also 93,577 other useful and valuable presents, ranging in value from 25 cents to $1.00 each, making a total of 100,000 valuable and useful presents, so that each and every one who subscribes will receive THE HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE for One Year and an elegant Present besides. All of the above presents will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner by committee chosen by the subscribers at our MUSICAL FESTIVAL TO BE GIVEN NOV. 15, 1883, IN NEW YORK CITY, further particulars to be given hereafter. Subscribers who do not attend can have presents sent to any part of the United States or Canada. Printed lists of the awards will be forwarded by mail to every subscriber.

THE HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE is in its seventh year and now has over 100,000 yearly subscribers; but this offer is made for new subscribers only, that we may swell our subscription list to over 200,000. The Magazine is one of the FAVORITE FAMILY STORY PAPERS of America. It contains thirty-six large pages, with elegant tinted cover, bound, stitched and cut. It is replete with beautiful illustrations and choice literature. No expense is spared to make this publication one of the finest in the world. It is ably edited, and contains an Illustrated Fashion Department, fashion letters and notes. It contains stories, poems, sketches, wit, useful information, household notes, the kitchen, garden, toilet, children's department, Sabbath reading, etc., etc., in fact everything that can be done to make this publication worth more than the subscription price.

REMEMBER, WE MAKE NO CHARGE for these presents, the $1.00 is the regular subscription price of the MAGAZINE, and some one is sure to get a Grand Present worth $15,000. OUR PROFIT must come from your future patronage, and we believe you will like our publication so much that you will always take it.

GET UP A CLUB. If you will get five friends to join you and send us $5.00 we will send six subscriptions and six numbered receipts. Send $10.00, with the name of ten friends or acquaintances, and we will send twelve subscriptions and twelve numbered receipts, thus giving you two receipts and subscriptions FREE.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR secures the Magazine One Year and a numbered receipt that is worth from 25 cents to $15,000. Do not miss this opportunity.

$5000 IN PRIZES TO AGENTS SENDING THE LARGEST LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS. With your subscription and receipt we send our CONFIDENTIAL TERMS where we offer $5000 in Prizes to the one sending the most subscribers before Nov. 15th (open to yearly subscribers only). We refer to any New York Publishers as to our responsibility. Money in sums of one or two dollars can be sent by ordinary letter; larger sums should be sent by registered letter or P. O. money order.

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CUT THIS OUT, IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE ABOVE OFFER

A HOUSE AND LOT OR $5000 GOVERNMENT BOND FREE.

NEW ORLEANS, August 1, 1883.

TO THE PUBLIC!

Investigate for Yourselves!

Postmaster-General Gresham having published a wilful and malicious falsehood in regard to the character of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, the following facts are given to the public to prove his statement, that we are engaged in a fraudulent business, to be false and untrue:

Amount of prizes paid by The Louisiana State Lottery Company from January 1, 1879, to present date:

Paid to Southern Express Co., New Orleans, T. M. Westcoat, Manager	$1,366,800
Paid to Louisiana National Bank, Jos. H. Oglesby, President	463,900
Paid to Louisiana State National Bank, S. H. Kennedy, President	125,100
Paid to New Orleans National Bank, A. Baldwin, President	88,550
Paid to Union National Bank, S. Charlaron, Cashier	64,450
Paid to Citizens' Bank, E. L. Carriere, President	57,000
Paid to Germania National Bank, Jules Cassard, President	30,000
Paid to Hibernia National Bank, Chas. Palfrey, Cashier	37,000
Paid to Canal Bank, Ed. Toby, Cashier	13,150
Paid to Mutual National Bank, Jos. Mitchel, Cashier	8,200
Total paid as above	$2,253,650
Paid in sums of under $1,000 at the various offices of the Company throughout the United States	2,627,410
Total paid by all	$4,881,060

For the truth of the above facts we refer the public to the officers of the above-named corporations, and for our legality and standing to the Mayor and Officers of the City of New Orleans, to the State authorities of Louisiana, and also to the U. S. Officials of Louisiana. We claim to be legal, honest and correct in all our transactions, as much so as any business in the country. Our standing is conceded by all who will investigate, and our stock has for years been sold at our Board of Brokers, and owned by many of our best known and respected citizens.

M. A. DAUPHIN, President.

☞ CAPITAL PRIZE $75,000 ☜
Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion

L.S.L.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early

Commissioners.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place Monthly.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. NINTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS I, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, September 11, 1883—160th Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.

100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each. Fractions, in Fifths, in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	CAPITAL PRIZE	$75,000
1	do do	25,000
1	do do	10,000
2	PRIZES OF $6000	12,000
5	do 2000	10,000
10	do 1000	10,000
20	do 500	10,000
100	do 200	20,000
300	do 100	30,000
500	do 50	25,000
1000	do 25	25,000
9	Approximation Prizes of $750	6,750
9	do do 500	4,500
9	do do 250	2,250
1967	Prizes, amounting to	$265,500

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. Make P. O. Money Order payable and address Registered Letters to

NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

Ordinary letters by Mail or Express to
M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN, 607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

Louisiana State Lottery!

For tickets or further information of the above Lottery address DAVE C. JOHNSTON, Covington, Ky.

L.S.L.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO,
B. FRANK MOORE,
127 La Salle Street, Chicago.
(FORMERLY 319 AND 212 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,)
Now Manager Chicago Office,
to whom apply for information and tickets.
160th Monthly Drawing.
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

First Capital Prize, $75,000. Tickets, $5; sold in Fifths at $1 each. See full scheme elsewhere.

Authentic Portrait of Our Saviour,

Engraved from that originally cut on an emerald by command of the Roman Emperor, Tiberius Cæsar, and found in the treasury in Constantinople on the fall of the Roman Empire, and subsequently sent by the Turkish Emperor, to ransom his brother, as a present to Pope Innocent VIII. This beautiful steel engraving, size 24x19, printed in the best manner, on heaviest plate paper, price $2.50, is sold by the undersigned to subscribers only, and on receipt from each of such of a postal order for the price, it will be carefully wrapped on a roller and shipped free of charge by Express. J. F. BRENNAN, 26 Chamber of Commerce, Toledo, Ohio.

Nervous Exhaustion, Premature Decay, Loss of Manhood.

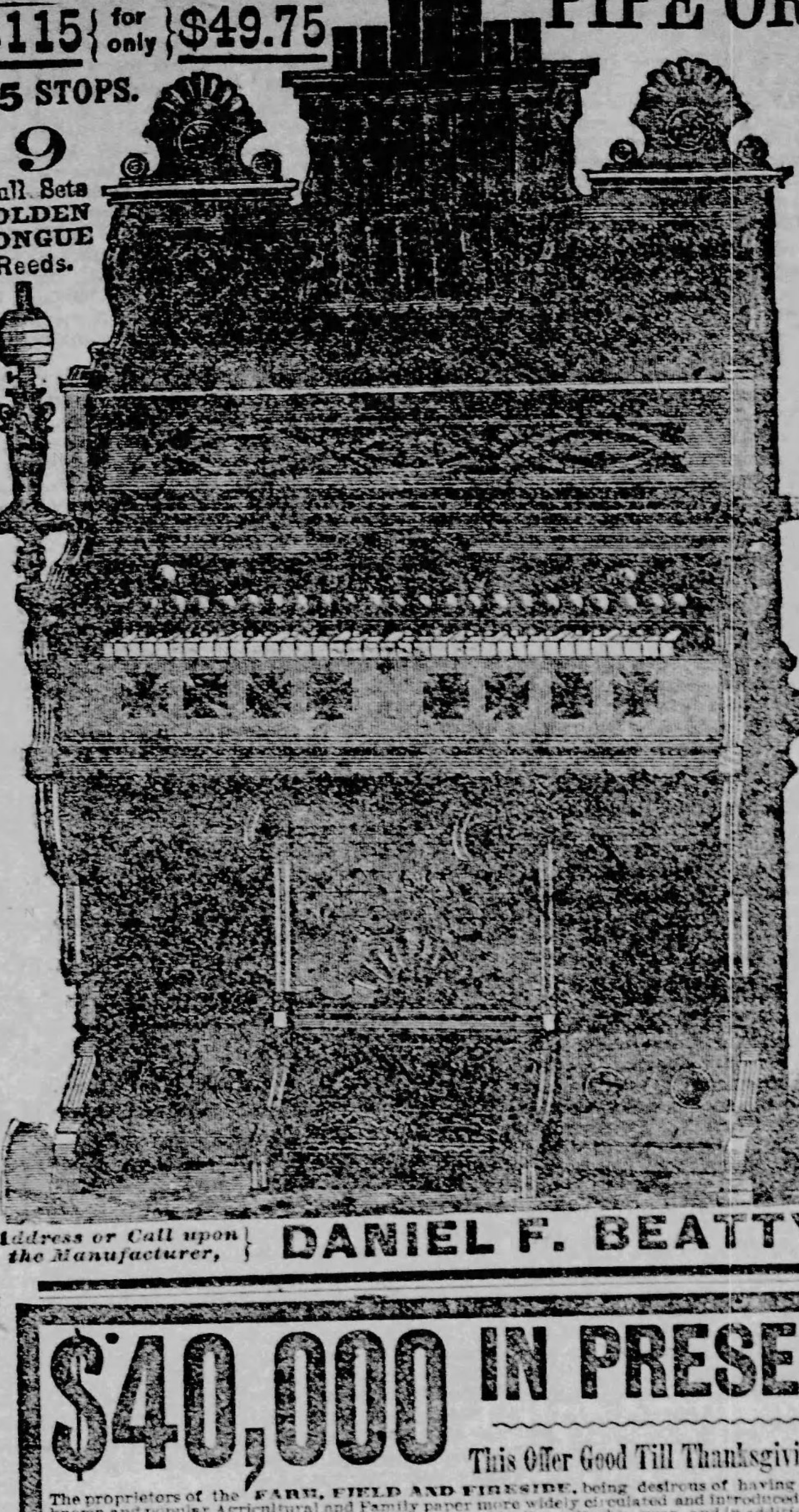
An 80 page Cloth-bound Book of wholesome Advice to Young and Middle-aged Men, by a Regular Physician. SENT FREE. Address

T. WILLIAMS & CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

"Who Was Tubal Cain?"

LIVE MASONS wanted to sell the Finest Masonic Steel Engraving ever produced in any country. Men who will give their entire time to it can clear from $5 to $10 a day, either in Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan or Wisconsin. Apply with stamp to J. F. BRENNAN, 26 Chamber of Commerce, Toledo, Ohio.

DIVORCE.—A. GOODRICH, Attorney-at-law, 124 Dearborn street, Chicago Ill. Advice free. 18 yrs. experience. Business quietly and legally transacted.



WARRANTED 6 YEARS. $115 for only $49.75. 25 STOPS. 9 Full Sets GOLDEN TONGUE Reeds.

PIPE ORGANS 25 STOPS ONLY $49.75

INCLUDING BENCH, BOOK AND MUSIC, provided you order within Thirteen (13) days from date of this Newspaper, or if you order within Five days, a further reduction of $4.00 will be allowed. I desire this Piano Pipe Parlor Organ introduced without delay, hence this GREAT REDUCTION.

REGULAR PRICE, $115.00.

If you are in want of an organ order at once advertisement, or if you are unable to buy now write your reasons why. Remember, this offer cannot be continued after the limited time has expired, as the AUTUMN AND WINTER MONTHS are fast approaching, when I sell thousands at the regular price for HOLIDAY PRESENTS. Read the following brief description, and let me hear from you anyway whether you buy or not.

25 USEFUL STOPS AS FOLLOWS:

1. VOIX CELESTE.—The sweet, pure, exalted tones produced from this Stop are beyond description.
2. Powerful BOX SUB-BASS—New and Original. Its thundering tones are without a parallel in Organ building.
3. Double Octave COUPLER—Doubles the power of the Organ. Couples octaves right and left.
4. PICCOLO.—Variety of music which makes the Piccolo the most difficult and expensive Stop to build in this Organ.
5. SAXAPHONE.—The beautiful effect is "Beatty's favorite."
6. FRENCH HORN.—Imitates a full orchestra and brass band.
7. DIAPASON.—Draws a full set of Golden Tongue Reeds.
8. DULCIANA.—A full set of Paris Reeds is drawn by this Stop.
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M. H. HAYES.

MEXICO, JuniataCo., Pa., July 24, 1883.
I herewith send you the names of fifteen subscribers to the FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE, which I secured in less than as many minutes.
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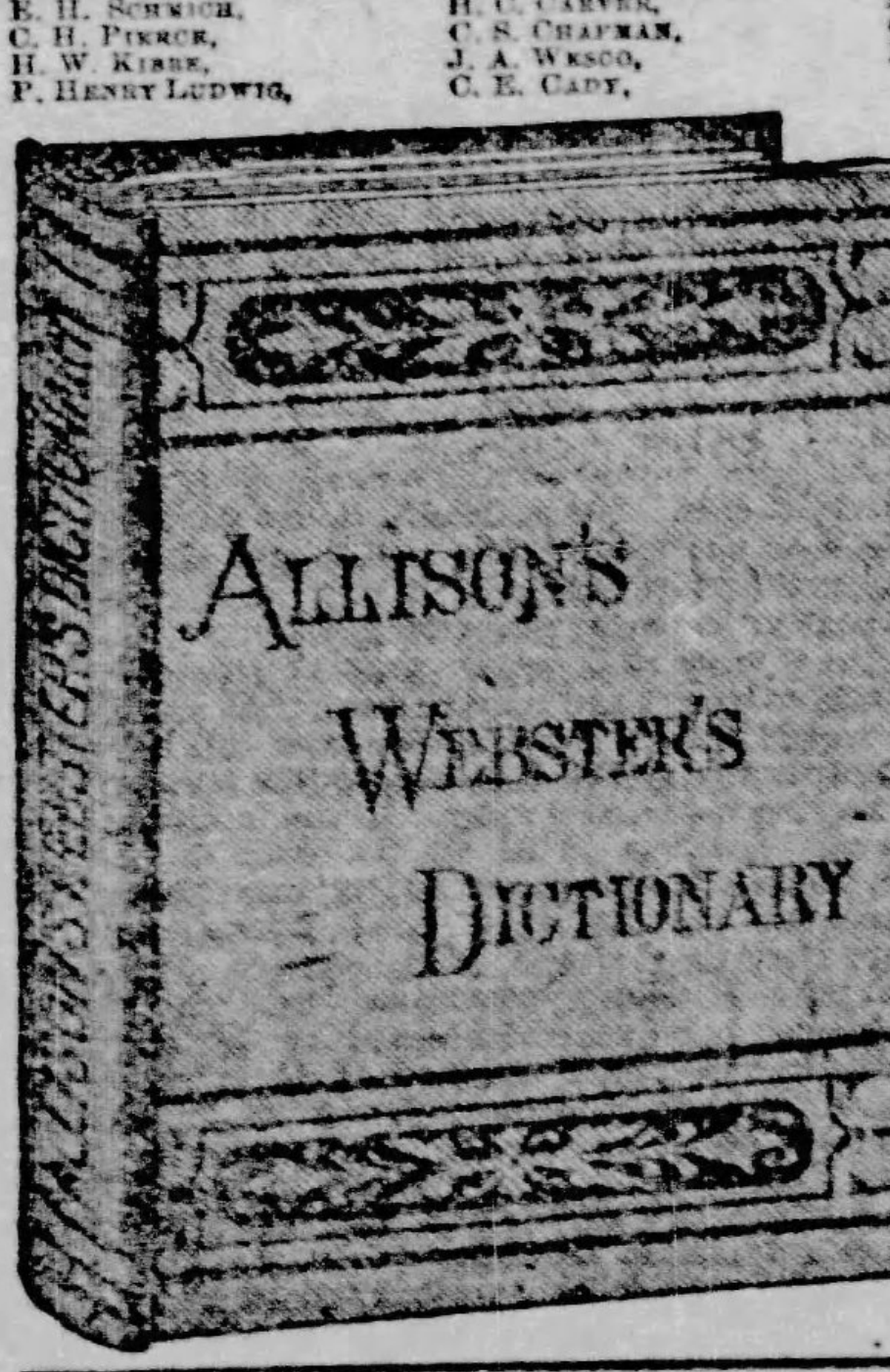

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CARDS

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Death of Little Children.

The baby is dead! A little life is ended ere it had left the sunlight and shadows of baby land, ere the wee hands had learned to grasp firmly their treasures, or the feet to tread steadily in their pathway. The sweet eyes close tranquilly upon all that they see, just as they have often closed in slumber upon the mother's breast, but this time the light goes out and the tender lids are never raised again this side of the swiftly flowing river. Very few weep for the little one, for it is but a baby who has yet achieved no place in the world—only in the home circle where the wonderment of its coming has not gone from the clustering flock, do sorrowful tears flow, and the mother's heart in which the little blossom shed sweet fragrance is torn with bitter anguish. Words are of but small avail to her. She knows how much of pain and trial her child has escaped, but none the less does every part of her nature cry out against her desolation.

Perhaps her baby lives to become a prattling frolicsome child, who, from morning till night, fills the house with its innocent merriment, its April sunshine and showers. There is no order where the little hands can reach or the little feet can go. Playthings are scattered hither and yon, and the mother sighs in weariness as she gathers them together when the day is done and lays them away to await the morning's awakening of the slumbering form that lies there so beautiful in its repose, but so sure to develop a world of mischief on the morrow. And then this child, like the baby, passes "over the river, the peaceful river," and its fun and frolic on the earth are done. There is wider mourning now, for a longer life has given that child an individuality whose presence is missed. The parents mourn with never-ceasing sorrow and tho' fleeting years may cause its outward expression to pass away, its bitterness always remain hidden in the heart.

Words in such cases are of little worth, for they seem to mean nothing. It is the unspoken sympathy, the glance of the eye, the pressure of the hand that carries a balm to the bleeding heart. Now and then there seems to come one who knows what utterances will help to heal. Of this sort appears to us the following extract from a sermon preached by the Rev. Charles Wadsworth, D. D., of Philadelphia, at the funeral of one of these broken blossoms. It is so beautiful that we gladly reproduce it in the HOUSEHOLD trusting that it may bring comfort to the sorrowing:

In his moral tillage, God cultivates many flowers, seemingly only for their exquisite beauty and fragrance; for when, bathed in soft sunshine, they have burst into blossom, then the Divine Hand gathers them from the earthly fields, to be kept in crystal vases in blessed mansions above. Thus little children die—some in the sweet bud, some in fuller blossom; but never too early to make heaven fairer and sweeter with their immortal bloom.

Verily, to the eye of Faith nothing is fairer than the death of young children. Sight and sense indeed recoil from it. The flower, that like a breathing rose filled heart and home with an exquisite delight,—alas! we are stricken with sore anguish to find its stem broken and the blossom gone! But unto Faith, eagle-eyed beyond mental vision, and winged to mount like the singing lark over the fading rainbow unto the blue heaven, even this is touchingly lovely.

The child's earthly ministry was well done, for the rose does its work as grandly in blossom as the vine with its fruit. And having helped to sanctify and lift heavenward the very hearts that broke at its farewell, it has gone from this troublous sphere ere the winds chilled or the rains stained it—leaving the world it blessed and the skies through which it passed still sweet with its lingering fragrance—to its glory as an ever-unfolding flower in the blessed garden of God! Surely, prolonged life on earth hath no boon like this! For such mortal loveliness to put on immortality—to rise from the carnal with so little memory of earth that the mother's cradle seemed to have been rocked in the house of many mansions—to have no experience of a wearied mind and chilled affections, but from a child's joyous heart growing up into the power of an archangelic intellect—to be raptured as a blessed babe through the gates of Paradise!—ah! this is better than to watch as the old prophet for the car of fire in the valley of Jordan.

Surely, God is wise in all his works. And even amid our tears will we rejoice in this harvest-feast, that among us, as elsewhere, he gathers so largely the flowers in their season.

And as of flowers, so of fruits in their order, and after their kind each "cometh in his season." Some fruits ripen early. Scarcely has the delicious June poured its full glory over earth ere some rare and delicate species are already ripened. And some ripen later. There are trees that do not even blossom till mid-summer. And there are fruits that remain hard and unsavory till God shakes them in the wild autumnal wind, and treats them with the distressful ministry of frost. And so is it in the spiritual,—souls develop and mature differently. Some are ready for gathering at life's early Summer; some come not to the earing till the time of the later rain. And God watches carefully that each shall "come in his season." We indeed sometimes talk of untimely deaths of young Christians, removed too early from spheres of usefulness, as if the Omniscient Husbandman did not know when his immortal grapes are purple and his corn in the ear. Surely, God does the whole thing wisely, gathering each spiritual growth just as it comes into condition for its immortal uses.

Oh, thought, beautiful and comforting! Death is not destruction, but harvesting,—the gathering from fields of mortal tillage ripe fruits in their season. And why then should our harvest-feast be sad over garnered immortality? Why should this sweetly tolling bell, filling the troubled earthly air with a gentle sound, so startle and appal the trustful spirit? God strengthen your faith so to behold this mysterious thing in a light from heaven that its dark veil shall seem transparent, and a face with soft eyes look forth loving and bright as the face of an angel.

Death is not destruction! Death is not even decay! Death is harvesting! Hear ye this, oh disconsolate hearts! Ye parents from whose household sweet children have been rudely parted, hear ye this: "The Beloved hath gone down into his garden to gather lilies!" Ye children, who have lost revered parents, and whose life is chilled in the shadow of the dread thing—orphanage—hear ye this: "As a shock of corn cometh in his season," so are matured souls gathered to the garner of God.

Correspondence.

AIR CASTLES.—I would like to give "Bach" my opinion of air castles. If you have ever imagined you could see yourself by the eye of imagination possessing something you knew would be impossible for you to attain, you built an air castle. If you ever thought you could see by the eye of imagination what your future state would be, you built an air castle. In fact, if you ever pictured anything in the future, you built an air castle, because they are simply imaginations of things unreal. They come and go with the wind, and are as nothing.—SOME B. ODY.

ILL TREATMENT.—I did not see the letter from "Discouraged," but have seen all the rest and do not think it quite right to tell the girl she must have forfeited her parents' confidence, because if parents are *parents*, that cannot be so easily done. A mother has no business to tell her daughter that she is the dirtiest, laziest, slouchiest *thing* it was ever her misfortune to gaze on, and that she is a miserable wretch and does not deserve the salt she eats in her vituals. I am acquainted with five mothers who make this their home talk, and one in particular who told her 15-year old girl, that it would be a happy day for her when she would see the sod close over her miserable face forever. There isn't a doubt that if you or I had stepped in at that minute she would have smiled sweetly on her daughter and said, "My dear Mary, go into the parlor and play that last piece you learned for Mrs. M.—its such a sweet thing," and then keep you entertained with accounts of the great bond of sympathy and love between herself and her beloved daughter.

The poor child came to me fairly heartbroken. Used as she was to being railed at from morning till night, this was too much. But, "Discouraged," don't get married just to get out of it, for, most likely, you will "jump out of the frying pan into the fire." I have known girls to do that very thing, and they are infinitely worse off than they were before. My dear girl, you need not have the least fear of the Lord misunderstanding you, and as long as you keep your heart pure and do your Christian duty to your mother, you will come out all right in the end.—ANN STEEN.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.—Can we not have something more upon this old, yet ever new subject? I have no doubt that there are many women who have never penned an article for a newspaper who could give advice for which young mothers would have cause to bless them. By this training I do not mean physical training, for our Editor's talks on health have taught us how to lay the solid foundation for bodily strength and development. But too many mothers think their duty accomplished when the little ones are daintily fed and prettily clad. They hurry them off to the school-room for overburdened teachers to train the dawning mind, and send them to the Sabbath-School teacher and the minister for the guidance of the bright young souls. They shirk the questions, how? and why? and foolishly close these little doorways of childhood's growing intelligence by calling them bothersome questions. How many children have their love for knowledge and nature chilled by the cross words that follow their destruction of a pretty toy, a beautiful flower or gorgeous butterfly, when they only destroyed the things through curiosity, there eager desire to know! It has been said, "A child can ask more questions in five minutes than can be answered in a lifetime." Nevertheless, I think it is a mother's duty to answer these questions, or direct the channel of thought so that they can discover the solution of the little mysteries themselves. Let us hear from others.—EMMA C. STOUT, Fairmount, Ind.

SECOND WIVES.—"M. I. S. H.," I think you make a very broad assertion when you say that second wives are the least appreciated of anything on earth. I, for one, do not agree with you at all. I am a second wife, and I have never had No. 1 thrown at me in any way. My two daughters both have married widowers, and they are living together as happily as any married people that I know, and I know of many women who are second wives, and they all get along well and comfortably. You make me think of the advice given by a father to his son to never marry a widow unless her first husband was hung. I should think that every woman would think about it seriously before she became a wife, either first or second. The remark about worrying out of existence is ill-natured to say the least of it. I should imagine that the one who has got "M. I. S. H." will find he has all his work to do if he wants to worry her to death. You are quite too hard upon those men who have been deprived, by an almighty hand, of their partners—many of them good men and true, who can, and will, and do love and care for No. 2 as well, and often better than they did for No. 1.

I have noticed tirades before now against marrying widowers, but I say, girls, don't be discouraged. Be careful, of course, but don't despise the widowers. Generally, I believe they are more likely to take care of a wife from having been married before. Anyway, I would rather be No. 2 to a good, honest man than No. 1 to some of the frivolous folks one sees nowadays. I have never yet met with such a case as this painted by "M. I. S. H."—F. H. P., Eskridge, Wabaunsee County, Kan.

ADVICE TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.—Your Superintendent cannot be well posted in the Sunday School literature of the M. E. Church works. As for myself I use the Sunday School Journal and the Berean Leaf Cluster. I teach a little class of 27. The half of them cannot read, nor I would not ask them to if they could. The hour given for Sabbath School is too precious to let poor readers take up. Do the reading yourself, then explain and talk to them. Be sure to get their attention first, and always take the time and prepare your lessons carefully and prayerfully. "Thou therefore which teachest another teachest thou not thyself?" And, remember you must ask for help from above—for every good and perfect gift comes from above—before you have true success in this work.

Never lay the BLADE aside till you have read and studied the Sunday School lessons. There is enough to talk one hour on just from this paper's lesson. How careful we should be to go in unto them with prayer and our own hearts filled with the spirit of the master, speaking out of the abundance of our own store-house, else no blessings will reward our labors. The spirit we carry into our class is contagious, and we cannot deceive their dear little souls.

I would like to see some one else write on this great work, giving their best mode of teaching, even if we must leave out some of the marriage and kissing questions.—A PRIMARY TEACHER.

FAVORITISM.—"Mrs. Montgomery" you have my sympathies, but allow me to talk a little plain talk to you. You ask "who shall I teach my children to pattern after," "my sister or myself." I say neither. I think your parents were very unjust to give one child superior advantages over the other and yet you declare you are none the worse for the treatment. Yes, you are, and when your ugly thoughts go back to the times when you were compelled to get up and get her breakfast, etc., as you say, did it never occur to you that those thoughts have permeated your being, souring your disposition that might have been better had you received the same advantages of your sister. You lack in selfesteem, and a feeling of your own inferiority to your sister prevents your showing the resentment that you should at your sister's conduct.

As to mental worth she probably possesses the studied acquirements, but lacks the first essential of "good sense." To be appreciated, we must be of some good to others. I hope your sister will read an article published in the BLADE of August 9th on the reform movement. I trust his prophesies may not come to pass but there is no telling to what extent foolish women will be carried away by fashion. No, I think when puritanism has been banished and a co-operative system supplied, we will have no need of a steam apparatus that will feed 600 babies at once, for they, too, will be out of fashion and to be seen only in pictures as ornaments of the past.—ANNIE.

GOOD WORDS.—"Going" (crazy) gravely informs us that there is no such thing as love. Doubtless in her 17 years of existence she has carefully investigated all the mainsprings of human thought and action; carefully sounded all the depths of human feeling, carefully analyzed all human sentiment, and made this, to me, startling discovery. Bah! As well might a blind man assure us there is no such thing as light, or a deaf man insist that no such thing as sound exists. Indeed, my dear girl, there is love—deep, boundless love, and not only that, it is the mainspring of most of our actions.

For love of family, the husband strives early and late, in sunshine and storm, to secure the means of making wife and children comfortable. For love of husband and children, the wife will cheerfully endure hardships, privation and toil; sacrifice health, beauty, everything that the objects of her affection may be well provided for. Ah! "Going," if you had looked around you for evidences of love, instead of looking down into your own saddened and disappointed heart, you could scarcely have come to such a conclusion. Life without love would be of little worth—something like a book composed of blank leaves.

Then there is "16-17," with his quiet sarcasm about progress and reform, every sentence of which finds an echo in my heart. And "Lillian," with her brave words in defence of her sex, has my hearty approval. To "Discouraged," and "E. W." let me say, bear bravely the troubles of your young lives. I cannot think your parents would intentionally wrong you. Often mothers are cross and petulant from sheer exhaustion and overwork. Fathers become harsh because of the wilfulness and disobedience of their children. Perhaps unconsciously you may have been largely to blame for the unhappy state of affairs of which you now complain. At all events do nothing that will give you cause for regret when the time comes, as it came long ago to me, when all that is left of parents is a name and date chiseled upon a marble slab. Remember, we are commanded to honor our father and our mother. Show yourselves willing to be governed by the wishes of your parents. Perform cheerfully the tasks they assign you. Soften by kind words any tendency toward harshness on their part, and my word for it you will be happier far both now and when they shall have passed away.—EQUITY.

THE TRUE PURPOSE.—I have noticed of late many communications from teachers, and much discussion as to methods of teaching spelling, prevention of whispering, etc. This is well, but there are weightier matters to be considered.

The true purpose of the common school, to elevate the masses, should not be overlooked. The teacher has a mission—a noble one—to plant in young minds a fearless love of *truth*, and to combine with this, knowledge which will have a practical bearing upon their lives. The country teacher is especially untrammelled, and need follow no mechanical routine.

I think there is an evil tendency among teachers to instil an ambition for earthly honors and emoluments into young minds. Nor are they alone. Writers of juvenile books delight in making their heros rise from poverty and obscurity to wealth and the topmost pinnacle of fame. There is a feverish desire among most intelligent young people to leave the path of labor and gain a place in the so-called higher walks of life. This ambition has worked much mischief in the past, and unless checked will work more in the future. I do not ignore the fact that many of our greatest statesmen, professionals and literary men, have issued from the ranks of labor. But the best and truest of them are not those who madly sought for position and honor. I will not repress the rising genius. If a boy or girl possess great gifts in particular directions, it should be fostered, but the bright child who easily learns his lesson may not possess that genius. Do not teach him to despise the ordinary avocations of life.

In a long experience in teaching districts schools, I have found that they contain, as a rule, a half dozen boys and girls who study with a will, because they aspire to be something more than plain farmers and housekeepers. The majority have no such ambition, and excuse their lack of diligence by saying: "Oh, I shall not need much education. If I wished to become a teacher or anything of that sort it would be different." Teachers, do not foster the false and harmful notion that the farmer or mechanic must of necessity be coarse and uneducated; that the man of learning and ability, who works with his hands, has hidden his talents in a napkin. Intelligent labor is the need of to-day. Your mission is, remember, to educate and elevate the masses, not to single out a few who are to strive for high positions. And remember, too, that the safety of our republic rests on the intelligence and integrity of the common people.

If teachers could impress their young charges with the grandeur, the beauty and nobleness of a true life, devoted, not to selfish ends, but to the service of others, and to the development in itself of the higher and better faculties, how much better than to incite a thirst for wealth or fame—which is very likely never to be gratified. May the day be hastened when education, refinement, and taste shall be universal in the humble homes of labor,—when the sons and daughters of toil shall have asserted their dignity, and to this end, teachers, let us strive.

Perhaps I am garrulous for an infrequent visitor, but the subject is to me full of interest. POLLY ANN PRITCHARD.

INCONSISTENCY.—I have been strongly inclined to say something in reply to "Poor Unknown" on the subject of servants. I think she is mistaken in supposing a servant is not considered "good enough" to sit at the table with the family. It is not that, at all, but anybody wishes to have everything (especially at meal time) done decently and in order, and how can it be unless some one takes the place of waiter, and whose place is that, if not the hired help? Certainly not the mistress of the house. No sensible girl would expect that and she (the help) sit at table to be waited upon.

I have had some experience with servant girls, and I have always noticed that the ones most afraid they are not good enough to sit at the table with the family are the poorest help.

Now I don't consider it any kindness to a girl, (whose place it is to be in the kitchen, heated as they must be, cooking over the stove), to ask them to sit at meals with the family, and perhaps company, too; and I am sure that no sensible girl could enjoy it.

Inconsistency, indeed! Why "Poor Unknown," don't you see you are the inconsistent one to put such ideas into the minds of those who have chosen their vocation? Why try to make them discontented with their lot?

Again, "Is it any wonder that she seeks her room when her work is done; with her poor, tired feet, aching badly enough, etc.," (read in the BLADE of July 26.) Consistency again; in that condition wouldn't she enjoy company in the drawing room?

Then, once more, "You might get your money easier than this." Oh, shame! shame! "Poor Unknown," to harbor such a thought,—your meaning is plain—much more to give expression to it through the public print. To quote your own language, "Who knows what you will have to answer for?" Then let me beg of you to turn from the error of your ways.—MRS. E. L. DOTEN.

THE REASON WHY.—Yesterday while waiting for the men folks to come to dinner, I picked up a late number of the BLADE and glancing at the HOUSEHOLD, my eyes fell upon this question, "Why should all girls be taught cooking any more than all boys be taught farming?" To my mind, the answer is plain enough, because all men do not expect to become farmers, and a knowledge of farming, tho it might at some time be very useful, is not really necessary in any other business. But there are very few women, no matter what their station in life may be—whether rich or poor, married or single—to whom a practical knowledge of housekeeping, which includes cooking, is not only useful, but absolutely necessary. Even if she is never obliged to work herself, she ought to know whether the work is properly done or not, and as it is not always possible even for the very wealthy to obtain competent help, she should know how to direct others in household matters. The comfort, health, and convenience of the entire family, depend upon the smoothness and regularity with which the domestic machinery is kept moving, and how can everything be kept running smoothly if the mistress has no knowledge of housekeeping? Let mothers train up their daughters to be good and systematic housekeepers, for neatness, system and order are the very foundations of the home.

But I hear some of the young ladies saying, "I never intend to marry," and others, "I mean to marry a rich man, so I shall not be obliged to work." All the same I say learn housekeeping thoroly and you will never regret it, for the strongest determinations sometimes change under the influence of love, and riches often take to themselves wings and fly away.

I never knew there were so many miserable people in the world until lately. Is there more wretchedness than formerly, or has it become the fashion to tell one's troubles to the world? I hope not, but if it has I am afraid I shall forever be out of style, for I have always found that I could bear my troubles best alone. Why, nearly every week there goes up from the columns of this paper a wail so heartrending that it would almost wring tears from a grindstone, and several other papers that I read are just as bad, until the HOUSEHOLD departments have become about as cheerful reading as the obituary column. Now, I don't mean to ridicule these unhappy people. On the contrary I sympathize deeply with them, especially with those girls who have such hard-hearted parents, for I can easily believe their story, as I have seen cases just like theirs; but isn't there some happy people *somewhere?* And if there are any, won't they please rise up and let themselves be heard before we conclude that this world is in reality a "vale of tears?" Why, a pleasant, cheery letter, describing a happy home, and kind, loving friends in this department, would be like a green oasis, in a sandy desert. Good friends do let us try to look on the bright side, and to get some happiness out of life, even if our lines are not cast in the most pleasant places.

I knew very well when that 17 year old wife gave us her sad experience, that some one would rise up straightway and tell her that all her troubles were due to the fact of her having married young. In my opinion that has nothing at all to do with it. I have known just as many happy marriages where the parties were both young, as where they lived single to a mature age. Not that I would advocate too early marriages, but to lay the blame of all the married unhappiness upon that is simply absurd. I have seen women of 35 or 40 make a more unwise choice, often marrying a boy 10 or 12 years younger than themselves, than girls of 17 or 18, and have just as much domestic trouble.

I think I should like very much to know that "Old Maid," who writes such a pleasant, cheery letter, and I sincerely hope the young ladies wont "crowd her out and shut the door," for I should like very much to hear from her again.

I never could see why a woman could not live single and keep the sweetness and gentleness of her womanly nature; it is not all the old maids who are so, because they were so homely or unattractive, that no one wanted to marry them. Some, as noble women as ever lived, were never married, and there is many a hidden romance and story of love and sacrifice that the world never hears. So don't speak slightingly of the "old maids," young ladies and young gentlemen. A little civility and kindly attention, which are always appreciated by a true womanly heart, will not detract anything from your dignity.—JESSIE LEE.

A WORKER.—"Maggie," you think me lazy because I can not walk four miles to church, but just now while husband is plowing I tend to two horses, two cows, calves and chickens, besides do all my housework, and am not in good health. Do you wonder if I am too tired when Sunday comes to walk four miles? I have a nice, comfortable house, and would be happy if only—It is as Richmond says—the dreary monotony of work that is so hard to bear—besides I miss the kind word which I long so much for. Some men think work can be done without any word of praise, so long as it is done well, but let it be done carelessly and they can soon tell you.—SUSAN.

SABBATH SCHOOL HINTS.—A "worker in the Sabbath School," asks for some hints, and dear fellow-worker let me say, you have the most important class in the Sabbath School, one that needs the most careful attention, and in my opinion the very first requisite is for you to love them and try to gain their love. As for teaching, if your school uses the Berean leaves and papers for the small scholars I think they are all you need. They are very much like our leaves and papers, which are the Westminster or Presbyterian. I always try to become thoroly acquainted with the lesson myself, then after reviewing a little I tell it to them in my own language, making it as plain as possible, using illustrations, simple ones. Then go back and question them and you will be surprised to see how much they will remember of what you told them. Then in your own language explain the lesson, and always bring Christ into it. A lesson is never a finished one that has not Christ in the center. Now, in the lesson for Aug. 5,—the Cities of Refuge—it will be very necessary to show the little ones how Jesus Christ is our Refuge. If we run to him we shall be safe forever. I like "Mocking Bird's" letter and would like to shake hands with her.—S. M. G., Jewett, Harrison Co., O.

WHY DON'T YOU?—Girls—you pale pets of the parlor, who grow in an unhealthy atmosphere—you don't understand it—why don't you take open air exercise? There is nothing like it. Run up hill and down again, for fun; climb trees, leap ditches, wade brooks, and after a day of exhilarating sport and unrestrained liberty go home with an appetite acquired by healthy enjoyment. The beautiful and blooming young lady, rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed, who can darn a stocking, mend her own dress, handle an army of pots and kettles, and be a lady when required, is a girl that young men are in quest of for a wife. But your pining, screwed-up, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, consumptive-mortgaged, music-murdering and novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness are fit only to mate with soft-handed, soft-headed, shallow-pated, white-livered young men. The truth is, my dear girls, you want less fashionable restraint and more liberty of action, more kitchen and less parlor, more washboard and less piano, more exercise and less ice-cream, more frankness and less false modesty. Loosen your waist-strings and breathe pure atmosphere, and become as good and beautiful as nature designed.—A. P. UKE.

THE WAY.—Belloe from Lepar wants to know how the sisters with children, get time to sew. I have four little ones under the age of six, have been having the harvest hands, have done my washing, ironing, making, mending, tending the milk from three cows, done my own churning, and general housework, besides losing sleep with a sick baby and had plenty of time to read the HOUSEHOLD. Perhaps you will say I must be stout, but I am far from it. I, like you, get discouraged, but never let my work lag on that account. You will find it a help to have a place for everything and keep them in their place. Do your work when it should be done. Never put off until to-morrow what should be done to-day. Sit down and sew if you have but half an hour. Improve every moment, then if you have time you can enjoy a rest, if not, you will have the satisfaction of knowing everything is done.—S. E. S., Buckeye, Ill.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

O men who build on the shifting sands,
That the coming floods shall sweep away,
Remember, the mills of the living God,
Grind slowly but surely day by day.

Your halls are ablaze with the glitter of gold,
And music and mirth that lure to destroy;
For whom to you build—is it yours or mine?
'Tis somebody's girl and somebody's boy.

Somebody's feet must stumble and fall
Where the pitfalls stand so deep and wide;
O better far that the way be smooth,
And fair and pure as the home fireside.

O, mothers, hold with a tighter clasp
Your children's hands, as your prayers you say,
For danger and ruin worse than death,
Are watching with you just over the way.

Danger and ruin made fair to see,
And licensed by law to kill and destroy
The fairest and dearest we call our own—
Our beautiful girl and our dear brave boy.
—E. L. H., Albuquerque.

Inquiries.

Will Miss Kate S. Burr or anyone who knows give full information to the HOUSEHOLD of the Shut-In-Society, where its headquarters are, how it can be addressed, etc?—ONE OF THE SHUT-INS.

I have been troubled for some time with those nasty dirty pimples and they are an awful trouble to me. I have tried several things but all to no good. I wish you would please send me a recipe that don't cost me all I am worth, and I will give it a trial.—MILLBROOK, Mecosta County, Mich.

We can send you no recipes other than what has been given in "Health and Beauty." Your blood is evidently out of order. Your whole aim should be to order your daily habits in such a way as to purify it. Your diet, very likely, is not what it should be, and your digestion is disordered. If this be so, no outward application will do you any permanent good.—ED.

In your notes on "Health and Beauty" about how to treat the skin, what kind of milk should one use for face-wash before retiring?—DELLA TINSLEY.

Use pure, sweet, cow's milk.—ED.

Will some one please tell me what will permanently remove superfluous hair without injury to the skin? What will remove tartar from the teeth?—HYACINTH.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE please tell me how to do stamping on goods of any kind?—A CONSTANT READER.

Will the lady that gave lace pattern in the BLADE of July 19, please look it over, as I can only make the first half come right. I have tried it over and over again.—MISS CARRIE BETTS.

I can scarcely speak in a conversational tone. Have been ailing for about two years. My health is tolerably good otherwise. Have tried patent medicines and two physicians. Am willing to be to some expense if I can be cured. Where could I get treatment, or better, what would effect a cure at home?—H., Box 24, Orange, Neb.

What faculties should be especially cultivated in the first years of a child's life?—M. T. HEAD.

What faculties do history and geography develop?—TEACHER.

Will some one tell me where I can find the poem entitled "Asleep at the Switch?"—INQUIRER.

Will "Libbie Ransom" please name some establishment where samples, illustrating the manner of working arrasenes partly worked, with materials to finish, are furnished at stated prices?—EMMA L.

Can any of the readers of the BLADE inform me what the Crosby collection of coins were. I read it sold for $10,000; that a penny of 1809 sold for $60. I have two pennies of 1809 that I would sell with others of more value; a Central American dollar, silver, of 1825; a silver quarter dollar, Mexican, a Danish coin, and others.—MARIA.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD send a good recipe for watermelon cake?—JERSEY LILY, Decatur, Ill.

Will some one tell me if white river sand is better to set house plants in than rich dirt?—INQUIRER.

Will some one give cause of hair turning gray at the age of 20, and give a harmless restorative if possible?

How can gray silk gossamers be cleaned?—A BLADE READER.

Why was Charles S. Stratton called Gen. Tom Thumb?—OPOSSUM.

I have frequently heard of the Flower Mission, somewhere in New York City, where flowers are sent for free distribution among the sick. Will some one who can give the desired information, please tell me how, and where to send the flowers, as I have a very large garden, of over an acre, and I would be very glad to send three or four dozen bouquets at a time, if I only knew in whose care to send them? Please answer through the HOUSEHOLD.—MRS. F. A. WARNER, South Saginaw, Mich.

"Kentucky Rose," will you tell us how to raise silk worms by feeding them osage orange? I live where it abounds and am anxious to engage in silk culture. Will the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD that have had success in the business give us the benefit of their experience, and after it is raised, where to sell it?

Will "Blanche Goodwin" give explicit directions how to make and use the common sense incubator, and what course you take with the little chicks when they are first hatched for brooding, etc.—SUBSCRIBER.

Will you please send the enclosed card to Mr. Bain as I want to know about the Common Sense Incubator?—ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

We do not know his address and therefore cannot forward the card.—ED.

Will some of the many readers of the BLADE give me a recipe for making wine from pie plant? I have a lot of it and do not want to let it go to waste. There is no market for it here.—J. S. LARGE.

Will anyone, who is accustomed to the work, tell me what brushes are most suitable for painting in oils, on velvet, on silk and on satin? Also the best methods of using water colors, materials, etc., and probable cost of all?

Are there any good books published on the subject of drawing and sketching, by studying which one might learn as well as from a teacher how to sketch? We have no teacher within 25 miles, and would like to learn, if I might by means of books.—SKETCH.

Answers to Inquiries.

I have made a business of raising canaries for the last seven years. Have raised hundreds and the whole secret of success lies in feeding them plentifully. Not once a day but a dozen times give them everything you eat yourself, plenty of fresh water and gravel and green food of every description. Don't be afraid of hanging them out doors. Mine are out doors all Summer. I have some that I let go free among the trees and they always return to their cages.—SUBSCRIBER.

"School Girl": William Wordsworth is the author of

Into the wards of the white washed halls, etc.

—CLARK, Cedarville, Cumberland Co., New Jersey.

There are frequent inquiries for something to remove tan and freckles. Let those interested try bathing the face each night before retiring in milk in which they have scraped some cucumber.

To my tired sisters I can heartily recommend the sponging off with a cloth that has been wrung out in salt water and dried as given in "Health and Beauty." It is so refreshing.—MRS. D. E. B.

"Industrious Jenny," strawberries will generally do best when set in rows four feet apart; the plants one foot apart in the row. At this distance an acre will require about 11,000 plants (to be exact, 10,890). Good, common practical varieties should be bought for about $2 per 1,000. Set them out as early in the Spring as the ground can be worked.—D.

As some one inquires for a remedy for pimples, I send the one that benefited me, hoping it will answer their purpose: Express the juice from 2 lemons, ½ oz. of pulverized alum, and put into a bottle with 6 ozs. of rose water, taking care to keep the stopple in tight. Apply with finger or soft rag. This seems to deaden and not scatter. Please say to "Miss Ina" I am the same—EMMA.

If the ladies who complain of pin-worms in the earth around their flowers, will repot them in May and September, using good mixed earth, and put one angle-worm in each pot, they will be more than paid for the extra work. Mixed earth, ¼ each, well-rotted manure, red earth from old log, sand and dirt from garden.—MRS. RIP VAN WINKLE.

"Veda" can color her drab-colored cashmere a beautiful black with a package of Diamond Dyes. My wife has used them on various articles, with perfect satisfaction.—F. H. D.

Tell the lady in the HOUSEHOLD I think "Thaddeus of Warsaw" the best book she can give to a young lady or gentleman. She can't but read through if she begins.—A READER.

Recipes.

To Dress Lettuce.—Have it prepared in a dish and place on it a good-sized handful of sugar, and then pour over it ½ cupful of vinegar; then put in a pie-pan as much butter as will lie on a large tablespoon and place on the stove. Let fry; then pour in ½ cupful of good thick cream; let the whole come to a boil, and pour over the lettuce. Now take your hands and stir until the lettuce is nicely wilted.

Lemon Pie.—Grate the outside of one lemon, using but half of it, and chop the remainder after squeezing out the juice, using all of one lemon except one-half of the outside part. Two cups of water, 4 eggs, taking out the whites of 2 to use for the frosting, 1¼ cupfuls of sugar, and two spoonfuls of flour or corn starch.—EMMA.

Lemon Pies.—Here is my recipe for lemon pie which all pronounce excellent: Take the grated yellow rind and juice of one lemon (the white rind makes it bitter), 1 cupful white sugar, a lump of butter, the size of an egg; yolks of 3 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls corn starch, 2 cupfuls boiling water. Mix all together in a new tin pan or earthen dish, place over a pot of boiling water and stir till smooth and stiff. Make a nice paste, line two pie plates, pick well with a fork to prevent blistering, bake to a nice brown, and add the filling. Ice with whites beaten to a stiff froth with a ½ cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of lemon. Return to the oven till a nice fawn color.—JERSEY LILY.

Orange Pudding.—Peel and cut in bits 5 oranges, rejecting the seeds. Sprinkle a cupful of sugar over it. Boil a pint of milk, to which add the yolks of 3 eggs, well beaten, with 1 tablespoonful corn starch. When it thickens pour it over the fruit. Beat the whites of eggs with a tablespoonful of white sugar. Frost the pudding and brown it in the oven. Substitute strawberries or peaches if you like.

Cocoanut Custard.—To one pound of grated cocoanut allow one pint of new milk and six ounces of sugar. Beat well the yolks of six eggs, and stir them alternately in the milk with the cocoanut and sugar. Put the mixture into a pail or pitcher, set it into boiling water, and stir all the time till very smooth and thick; as soon as it comes to a hard boil, take it off and serve in cups or glass tumblers.

Meat Balls.—Any piece of cold meat may be chopped fine, mixed with cold potato also chopped, bread-crumbs, and chopped hard-boiled eggs. Season well with salt and pepper, make into flat balls, and fry as you would codfish balls. They are excellent.

An Excellent Dish—A dish equal to the best steak, and cheap enough for any man, is prepared from a shank of beef with some meat on it. Have the bone well broken; wash carefully to remove bits of bone; cover with cold water; watch when the boiling begins and rake off the scum that rises. Stew five or six hours, till the muscles are dissolved; break the meat small with a fork, (far better than chopping), put it in a broad pan, boil down the gravy till in cooling it will turn to stiff jelly. Where this is done gelatine is quite superfluous. Add salt, and, if liked, other seasoning, and pour it hot upon the meat; stir together and set aside over night, when it will cut into handsome mottled slices for breakfast or supper.

To Remove Fresh Paint Smell—Let a pailful of water in which a handful of hay has been placed stand in the room over night.

To Whiten Clothes—A teaspoonful of borax, put in the last water in which clothes are rinsed, will whiten them surprisingly. Pound the borax so it will dissolve easily. This is especially good to remove the yellow that time gives to white garments that have been laid away for two or three years.

In consequence of the absence of the editor of the HOUSEHOLD for several weeks from her post, many letters have remained unanswered for what must seem an unreasonably long time. They will now be attended to as rapidly as possible. Meanwhile we trust our friends will have patience.—ED.

ATLANTA, Ga., March 19, 1883.

I have known and watched the use of the remedy known as Swift's Specific for 20 years, and have seen more wonderful results from it than any remedy inside or outside of the Pharmacopœia. I know its composition, and do not hesitate to say that it is the safest and most efficient antidote to all blood poison that is known to science. For diseases incident to Spring, it has no equal in assisting nature to throw off the impurities of the blood brought on by the sluggish circulation in the winter months. I know it to be entirely vegetable, being prepared from the roots and herbs of our Georgia forests. As a tonic and alterative for children, it is superior to everything, as it cleanses the system, tones up the digestive organs, and gives the little ones a chance to grow and fatten. A few bottles of this remedy will benefit every man, woman and child in the land, and especially in the Spring.

Yours truly,
J. DICKSON SMITH, M. D.

I have known much of the manufacture and use of Swift's Specific. There are men in this community, well known citizens, who were victims in their early life, and who have taken S. S. S., and are now, to all appearances, and in their own belief, as free from taint of disease as the first man, fresh from his Maker. Delicacy forbids their public recommendations, but I am allowed to refer the skeptic privately to those who endorse everything that can be said in its favor. Being professionally much opposed to endorsing secret remedies, it is with hesitation I attach my name to this article, but I know whereof I speak when I say that our science has not yet made public a combination equal to S. S. S. for the purpose indicated.

T. L. MASSENBURG, Ph. G.
Macon, Ga.

Hard Lines.

London Truth.

Some months ago Queen Margherita of Italy asked a little girl to knit her a pair of silk stockings as a birthday gift, and gave her 20 lire to buy the material. The Queen forgot the circumstance till her birthday came, when she was reminded of it by the arrival of a pair of well-knit silk stockings and the maker's best wishes. Not to be outdone, Queen Margherita sent a pair to her young friend as a return gift, one stocking being full of lira-pieces and the other of bon-bons. They were accompanied by a little note: "Tell me, my dear, which you liked best?" A reply reached the Palace next day: "Dearest Queen: Both the stockings have made me shed many bitter tears. Papa took the one with the money, and my brother the other."

CHARLOTTEVILLE, VA.—Mr. C. H. Harman, President of the Peoples' Bank, testifies to the value of Brown's Iron Bitters for relieving indigestion.

Our Young Folks

CHAT WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

Dear Cousins:

Last week we had something about Casabianca. We will surely all agree that he was a good boy, and that he is an interesting subject to talk about. So I suppose you will all be glad to hear something more about him. I know I was. In fact when I get started on any subject I am never satisfied as long as I can find anything concerning it. I never grow tired of investigation. But I suppose that is the way with nearly everybody. I don't believe there's any of us but likes to acquire knowledge, if we can only come at it in the right way, but oh my! the way we are forced to get it sometimes makes it worse than taking medicine.

But I have wandered away from my subject. Now I must turn round and wander back to it.

About the time you were reading these columns last week I was walking the street past a second-hand store, in front of which stood a table. On it were found some old magazines, over which was a placard, bearing these words, "Choice 3 cents." I said within myself, "That price corresponds well with my pile; I'll examine." I gave the whole collection a sweeping glance and then my eyes quickly settled down onto a pile bearing the title, "Our Young Folks." I picked one up and remarked to myself, "This is a new one to me, though it is a very old-looking magazine. Yes, not only old-looking, but really is old, for here is the date, November, 1865. I called the owner of the store and asked: "What has become of this magazine, it is not published now, is it?"

"I think not," he answered, "but I don't know how or when it stopped."

I looked over the dates of several numbers and traced it down, I think, to '71. I glanced through a few of them, and over their tables of contents. Then suddenly I realized that I was feeling very sad that such a publication had ceased to exist. But my grief in a measure subsided when I reflected that many of its contributors—J. Trowbridge, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Mrs. A. M. Diaz, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Marion Douglas, Lucy Larcom, Oliver Optic, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Gail Hamilton—are still with us in the columns of "St. Nicholas," "Wide Awake," "Youth's Companion" and other publications. I had not glanced over the contents of more than half a dozen of them till I came across this heading, "Brave Boys." Turning to the article I found that it contained something which I wanted. I handed the bookseller three cents and took the magazine, but you may have the piece for the reading of it. Pitch in and see if it was a paying investment.

THE LITTLE FRENCH MIDSHIPMAN.

He entered the navy of the first Napoleon when he was only 9 years old, and became famous before he was 10. His father was the second officer of the fleet which was sent by Napoleon under Admiral Brueys to fight the English commander, Lord Nelson, and drive him out of the Mediterranean Sea. He and his son, the little midshipman, were on the Admiral's ship, "L'Orient" (which means "The East"), a great war frigate having three decks and carrying 120 cannon. Both were much loved by the sailors of the ship; the father was called by them the "brave flag officer," and the son was known everywhere as the "favorite of the fleet."

On the first day of August, 1798, the English and French fleets met in the Bay of Aboukir, near Alexandria, Egypt; and a great naval battle ensued. The French fleet was a large one, and the English ships were small; but the French ships were at anchor when the English fleet came sailing up to them late in the day. Lord Nelson knew it was a great disadvantage to the French to be at anchor, and he at once ordered his officers to run their ships close to the French men-of-war, and begin the battle briskly, although the sun was then setting and darkness would soon come on. Like a brave sailor, Nelson ran his own ship, the "Vanguard," into the battle first, and went within half-pistol shot of the French ship, the "Spartiate." He was afraid that his flag might be shot away, and as he had no intention of being beaten, he ordered his men to hoist six flags. He had resolved to win the victory or perish, and had said to his officers on the previous evening, "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey;" meaning that if he was victorious he would be rewarded with greater rank by his King, or if defeated he would die and be buried in Westminster Abbey, the resting place for England's heros.

The "Vanguard" had not been long engaged before Lord Nelson was wounded, and every man at the six cannon in the fore part of the ship was either killed or wounded. Another of his fleet, the "Bellerophon," was shot almost to pieces, and 200 of her crew were killed. You can imagine from this how severe a battle it was.

The French suffered even more, and by nightfall five of the ships of Admiral Brueys had been disabled, and had been withdrawn or surrendered. Soon after the "L'Orient" became engaged Admiral Brueys and his "brave flag officer" were wounded; but they ordered their men not to take them below, but to let them remain on deck to die at their posts. The little midshipman had been directed by his father to take a position on the deck, and not to leave it until he ordered him to do so. It was probably not an exposed place, for his father, who loved him most devotedly, would not needlessly have sent his boy into danger; besides, it is known that, through all the storm of shot and shell to which the noble vessel was subjected for several hours, the midshipman at his post was not injured.

About 9 o'clock at night the Admiral's ship caught fire, and blazed so brightly that the bay shone as if it were day. Then Lord Nelson signalled his ships to fire no more at the "L'Orient," but ordered his sailors to row in their small boats to the burning vessel and rescue those who still remained on board. The French sailors on "L'Orient" gladly surrendered, to escape from the wreck, which they knew must blow up as soon as the flames reached the powder-magazine. They therefore hastened to spring into the English boats, but not until they had called to the little "favorite of the fleet" to come with them. Some of the sailors ran to bring him, but he refused to go. They told him that the ship must soon blow up, and entreated him to come; but still he answered that he would not leave his post until his father ordered him. In the French reports of the battle it reads that he said, "No; I am where my father stationed me, and I will not move save at his call." Then he was told that his father was wounded and dying, and would never call him again; and he was entreated to escape.

Still he did not go with the sailors, but hastened to his father to aid him. By the light of the burning ship the sailors, rowing away, saw the brave little hero kneeling beside his father's form, and lashing it to the fragment of a mast which had been shot away and fallen on the deck. He was then seen to drag the mast and his father's body to the side of the vessel, and all three disappeared at the same time, the little midshipman spring into the water with his precious charge.

Almost at the same instant a fearful explosion, which shook every ship in the harbor, blew the "L'Orient" into a thousand pieces. As soon as the flying and burning fragments had fallen, the English boats returned to aid any who might be struggling in the water. For a moment the crew of one boat saw at a distance the helpless figure of the "brave flag officer" bound to the mast and the brave little midshipman struggling to keep his head above the waves; but before they could reach the spot darkness had settled over it; the little favorite had sunk and was never seen again. He slept peacefully in the depths of Aboukir Bay.

How curiously things do come about. Shortly after I made the discovery at the old book store I came home and picked up "Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song," and was carelessly turning over the leaves when my eye caught the title, "Battle of the Baltic." I wondered if it could have any connection with the battle of which David Ker told us last week. I soon found that it referred to the same engagement. I was deeply interested in it coming as it did in this connection, though I suppose if I had seen it by itself before having learned anything about the battle, I would not have cared anything for it, although it is by good judges, as I have since learned considered to be a very fine production.

Now that I have said so much about it I presume you would like to see the poem. And for fear that you do not happen to have it handy, I'll copy it here.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted hand,
In bold, determined hands,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwark on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line;
It was ten of April morn by the chime.
As they drifted on the path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the night of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of Oak!" our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! Again! Again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save!
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at English feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As Death withdrew his shades from the day,
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er the wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup is light;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stony steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride,
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant, good Riou.
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave,
While the billow mournful roles,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls of the brave.
—*Thomas Campbell.*

Of course I saw as you do, that the poem was written by Thomas Campbell. And then the question arose, who was Thomas Campbell? I knew he was a British poet, one would infer that from the above, but I wanted to know something more about him. So I consulted my walking cyclopedia, that uncle I mentioned last week.

"Why," said he, "Thomas Campbell is the man who gave the world that old but beautiful expression which nobody failed to quote when they had half a chance to work it in:

"Like angel-visits, few and far between."

"Is that all you can tell about him?" I asked.

"Not quite. He is the man who first observed,

'Tis distance lends enchantment to view.'"

"Anything else?"

"He informed us that

'Coming events cast their shadows before.'"

"What else?

"To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die."

"Is that all?"

"O, my gracious! No, child! He wrote a whole book of poetry, besides ever so much of other matter, but those are all the quotations of interest I think of just now, except one, and you are too young to care anything about that."

"What is it, anyhow?" I pleaded.

"Well," said he, "I suppose it won't be long till you will be troubled with the same feeling, though you might not express it in the same language, so here it is:

"In joyous youth what soul has never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paused while beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten fame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

"That will do for quotations," I said, "let us hear something about the man."

"Well, he flourished in the latter part of the last century and early part of this, along with Rogers, Cobridge, Southey, Moore, Byron, Shelley, Keats and some other British poets. I have named them in order of their appearance on this mundane sphere. The first three were older than Campbell, and the last four younger. Rogers was the first born and the last to die, his life stretching from 1763 to 1855, while Keats was the last born and the first to die, his existence here beginning in 1796 and ending in 1821. Prof. Hart, in his English Literature, says that several of Campbell's poems seem absolutely perfect. Another author praises him in words like these: "With the young, *The Pleasures of Hope* will ever be a chief favorite; while readers of maturer years will linger with delight over the silvan scenery and tender domestic scenes of *Gertrude*. It is in his lyrics, however, that he has ascended highest into the heavens of song—*Hohenlinden, Ye Mariners of England* and *The Battle of the Baltic*, cannot be paralleled in the language. Than these lyrics nothing can be more simple and spirited. Once read, they cannot be forgotten. They will fan the patriotism of many generations."'

'But what kind of a boy was he?' I interrupted. "Was he a common human boy like the rest of us, or was there something extraordinary about him?"

"Well, he possessed manyqualities common to most other boys, and some which were not so common. But I think he was a real human boy, decidedly so in some respects. He once went into a neighbor's garden without an invitation and ate a gorge of strawberries, which had a worse effect on him than the huckleberries did on Pres. Arthur and his party recently in the Yellowstone Park. And when he got to thinking over the matter it made him feel so bad in another place that he could hardly look at his Sunday reading which his careful father had assigned him.

"At another time he was induced to join a crowd of boys from his part of the Town who were going to give the boys of another section a sound thrashing. But it happened that the battle didn't turn out as they had hoped and expected. His party soon beat a hasty retreat, and as he was small and not well built for running, he was left behind and caught such a drubbing that he had to be hauled home in a cart.

"Some of his companions went with him, and fixed up such a nice story and told his father how they were going quietly along, not molesting anybody, when a crowd of boys rushed onto them and beat Tom up in the style which he there beheld. But when they had got through with their story, the driver of the cart, who happened to know the straight of it, gave the whole thing away. And then the boys all looked sheepish and hung their heads.

"Once when a friend of Mrs. Campbell was sick and she, herself, was in poor health, she would send one of her boys every morning to inquire about the lady's condition. One morning as Tom was starting off on his errand, his older brother, Dan, said: "Tom, why don't you do as I do?"

"How is that?" asked Tom.

"Why, it isn't necessary to walk clear over there. You know the woman is always better or worse, so just stay away a little while and then go and report one way or the other."

The plan struck Tom as being a great improvement on the old method, and he adopted it then and there. They kept this up for some days, but they observed that every time they reported the lady worse that it seemed to make their mother feel bad. Being very tender-hearted boys, and not wishing to hurt their mother's feelings, they began to report her friend better. She kept getting better and better, according to their reports till at last one of them brought the news that she had entirely recovered. But just then a letter arrived bearing the picture of a skull and crossbones, informing their mother of the death of her friend and inviting her to the funeral. The poet says that their mother vented her grief for her friend by cuffing their ears, but that was not nearly as painful as the few earnest words his father gave him.

"The boys had good educational advantages, and Tom showed early signs of intellectual power. He was soon away up in Latin, Greek and mathematics, and in his 13th year entered Glasgow University, of which institution he afterward became Lord Rector. The day he entered upon the duties of that office, Allan Cunningham says, "It was deep snow when he reached the college-green: the students were drawn up in line, pelting one another, the poet ran into the ranks, threw several balls with unerring aim, then summoning the scholars around him, in the hall, delivered a speech replete with philosophy and eloquence."

"Here is a poem," uncle continued, as he rose and took down a book from the case, "which the poet wrote when he was a boy of 11. Perhaps you would like to read it. You will observe that he was then very careless in his punctuation—some whole stanzas containing not a mark:"

POEM ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE PARROT.

In Caledonia lives a youth
Of genius and of fame
Whose company yields me delight
Will Irvine is his name.

A chattering parrot he possess'd
Whose each diverting jest
For weary lessons cheered him up
And soothed his anxious breast.

Poll's chattering lays and curious jokes
And rhymes well got by rote
Were sweeter far to him than larks
Or Philomela's note.

When from the grammar school he came
With Poll he oft made sport
The parrot mimicked all he said—
With fun the nights seemed short.

Short were they then but now they're long
Poll's dead he's left to mourn
And weep without a comforter
That Poll can ne'er return.

For Poll was bent on hourly joy
A gift soon to decay
Emblem of all our earthly bliss
That only lasts a day.

Once in December's gloomy month
This same youth did sit down
With aching heart for to relate
Of Death's dart lately thrown.

The dart which thrown at poor Poll's heart
Caused him to weep and cry
'Oh may that day of the year be dark
On which my Poll did die.

'But let me moralize' he said
'Death overtakes us all
The haughtiest tyrant ever lived
Did by his arrows fall.

'None can escape his powerful arm
Or shun the fatal blow
Thus powerful kings as well as Poll
His victims are laid low.'
JOHN CAMPBELL.

Glasgow, June 13, 1788.

I think that most of the "very little folks" will be interested in some of the foregoing if some of the older ones will have the kindness to read it to them, but I must now give a little story for their special benefit. And it shall be about

FRITZ.

Fritz was a shaggy, shepherd dog, with large, bright eyes, and he lived away across the ocean in Switzerland. His master had a cottage on a mountain. The family lived there in Summer, because they wished their flocks to feed on the sweet mountain grass; but in Winter they moved down in the valley. Earlier than usual one year there came a great snow storm while the family were yet on the mountain. The snow fell until it covered the house. There was a great wall of snow against the door and windows, so that they could not get get out. There was little to eat in the house and little wood to burn, so the family felt very anxious. At last the shepherd said, "There is but one thing to do, I will put Fritz up the chimney. I think he can go out on the roof, and if he gets out he will go down to the valley, and some one will see him and then they will come and help us."

Then he told Fritz he must go down to the valley and bring help. The dog seemed to understand; he looked into his master's face, wagged his tail and ran to the door. The shepherd put him up the chimney as far as he could, and the dog held on with his paws and scrambled up. At last he came out on the roof; then he leaped off and plunged away through the snow. It was very dark in the cottage all day; not a ray of light could come in through the snow. They listened all night for Fritz to come back. It was very lonesome and the children cried. Some time the next day they heard a faint bark. "That is Fritz," the children shouted. "He is coming!" Soon they heard voices; then they heard men stamping about the roof. At last they found the door, and the children heard them shoveling away the snow as fast as they could. By and by the door was opened and Fritz sprang in with glad barks. He licked the children's hands and they patted him. The men had brought food and after they had eaten they went down to their homes in the valley. Their neighbors had built good fires, and the house was warm and comfortable, and a nice dinner was waiting for them. The children never forgot that night on the mountains. They used to put their arms around the dog and say, "Good, good Fritz! if you had not helped us, we should have died under the snow."

I renew the invitation extended last week, and hope that none of you will be backward in coming forward and letting yourselves be heard. Sincerely yours,
COUSIN FRED.

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'Twas Ever Thus.

Hamlet.

In a social game of cards, it is estimated that a woman asks "What trump is it?" 17 times a minute; but then she doesn't begrudge the effort it costs her.

The Little Model Republic.

VALPARAISO, CHILI.—Senor Ricardo Stuven, a leading commission merchant of this City, after having exhausted all other remedies, has been completely cured of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain banisher. He makes this public.

Beer in Politics.

Buffalo Telegraph.

Beerman is the name of the Democratic candidate for Governor of Minnesota. Beerup would be more potent in a hot campaign.

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Bath and the Maine Law.

Philadelphia Times.

There's a car load of liquor goes through to Bath, in one train, every night. Bath is a City of 7,800 inhabitants. The "Maine law" is supposed to cover Bath.

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CLAIMS FOR Horses Lost by Officers and Soldiers while in service can be collected under recent act of Congress by applying immediately. Apply to T. W. TALLMADGE, Attorney, Washington, D. C., who has had 21 years experience and recommended by reference to Wm. Lawrence, 1st Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury. Also prosecutes Pension Claims.

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Selecting Seed Corn.

Last year most of the corn being destroyed by frost, the farmers lost a great many good varieties of corn which they had selected to suit the soil of their farms. This Fall all farmers should be careful in selecting seed corn on account of so many different varieties being planted last Spring. Three years out of four a farmer can go to his crib in the Spring and select his seed, but it is not a good way to select seed corn.

The best time for selecting seed corn is in the Fall before cutting. As soon as the husk begins to turn yellow go into the field and select the largest ears, and those with the deepest grains. Rack them up like cord wood on a bench or shelf in an airy place. After being thoroly dried it should be stored away secure from mice or rats.

Frost does not injure corn that is dried. But corn that has not matured or thoroly dried is liable to have the germ destroyed. There is more in selecting seed corn than merely to have it grow. Select that variety that will best suit your soil. As a general thing corn that will suit clay or sandy soil will not do as well on low black land. Corn that will mature in 90 or a 100 days is the surest and best to plant. An early variety can be established from a late one, by careful selection of the years that mature first. Also, the corn should be planted very early.

R. W. JONES.

Commercial Fertilizers.

Two experiments in the continuous cultivation of wheat upon the same soil are now in progress in England, one on the farm of Sir J. B. Lawes, at Rothamsted, and the other at Woburn, under direction of Prof. Voelcker, chemist to the Royal Agricultural Society. The experiments at Rothamsted have been repeated for 40 years, during which time wheat has been continuously grown upon the same plots of land, different plots receiving different treatment as regards fertilizers, but all being sown and harvested alike. The experiments at Woburn were commenced in 1876.

Both these series of experiments agree in showing that superphosphate alone, or in combination with other mineral fertilizers only, such as potash soda, and magnesia, is of little value as a fertilizer for wheat, the plots manured with these materials yielding but little more than those continuously unmanured. When, however, to this superphosphate nitrogen is added, either in the form of nitrate of soda or of salts of ammonia, a decided and very great increase of crop is the result.

In the Rothamsted experiments, the plots cropped continuously without manure yielded for the 30 years, 1852-81, an average of 13¼ bushels per acre; the plot dressed annually with 14 tons of barnyard manure yielded an average of 33¾ bushels; the plot annually receiving superphosphate at the rate of 1,176 pounds per acre, averaged 16⅝ bushels; the plot dressed with 400 pounds of sulphate of potash, 200 pounds sulphate of soda and 200 pounds sulphate magnesia, averaged 13⅛ bushels, or just the same as the unmanured plot alongside; the plot manured with half the above amounts of soda, potash, and magnesia, and 392 pounds of superphosphate, yielded 15⅝ bushels. When, however, 200 pounds of ammonia salts are added to this dressing, the yield is increased to 24 bushels; 400 pounds ammonia salts increase the yield to 32¾ bushels, and 600 pounds ammonia salts, or 550 punds nitrate of soda, to 36¼ bushels.

Now, it would seem from these results that the potash, soda, and magnesia might as well be omitted; but when this is done, and the dressing reduced to 400 pounds ammonia salts and 392 pounds of superphosphate, the average yield drops to 26 bushels. The addition in double quantity of either of the three minerals, potash, soda, or magnesia, to this dressing, brings up the yield to 31¾ bushels, or practically the same as that obtained from the union of the three with superphosphate and 400 pounds of ammonia salts.

From these experiments, which are confirmed by those at Woburn, so far as the latter have gone, it is clear that we cannot afford to use superphosphate alone as a fertilizer for wheat. Many of the superphosphates in our market are "ammoniated," but it is evident that the proportion of ammonia must be very large and the price very low to justify their use. Taking the Rothamsted experiments, and valuing the nitrate of soda at four cents a pound, and the other fertilizers at two cents, the cost of the larger application would be $37 per acre, which would leave the margin of profit decidedly on the wrong side of the ledger, notwithstanding the increase of 23 bushels in the crop. The Woburn experiments, however, indicate that half the amount of nitrate (275 pounds), in connection with the other minerals, will produce within three or four bushels of as much as the larger quantity, just as the Rothamsted experiments quoted show that the last 200 pounds of ammonia salts added less then four bushels to the crop, while the first and second 200 pounds each added more than eight bushels. Acting upon this suggestion, and reducing the total quantity of potash, soda and magnesia to 300 pounds, the dressing would cost:

For 275 pounds nitrate of soda at 4c...	$11 00
For 400 pounds superphosphate at 2c.....	8 00
For 300 pounds other minerals at 2c......	6 00
Total...	$25 00

A sum still considerably above the value of the probable increase of crop, less cost of gathering this increase and applying the fertilizer.

The inference to be drawn from these figures is that while a commercial fertilizer may be so compounded as to do even better in its effect upon the wheat crop than the manure of the barn yard, yet it must be sold at a much lower price than is now asked for any such fertilizer before the farmer can afford to buy it.—*Farm and Fireside.*

Home-made Artificial Manures.

Farmers can, by a little shrewdness, save themselves considerable expense by mixing their own fertilizers instead of purchasing them already compounded. By so doing, too, they can obtain any grade desired. Suppose a farmer doing a "driving business" wishes 600 pounds of good fertilizer for Fall use. Such a fertilizer, if it is a very good one, will contain about three per cent. of ammonia, eight per cent. of available phosphoric acid and four per cent. of potash; that is, in the 600 pounds there will be 18 pounds of ammonia, 48 pounds of available phosphoric acid and 24 pounds of potash. For this the farmer pays at the rate of $45 per ton, or $13.50 for the 600 pounds. Now these quantities of plant food can be obtained at a less price, as the following figures show:

150 lbs "dried" blood, containing 12 ℘ cent. ammonia gives 18 lbs ammonia; blood of this grade costs $45 ℘ ton, or for 150 lbs..........	$3 50
400 lbs soluble phosphate of lime, containing 12 ℘ cent. available phosphoric acid, gives 48 lbs of that element; it costs, say, $30 ℘ ton, or, for 400 lbs..	6 00
50 lbs muriate of potash, containing 50 ℘ cent potash, gives 25 lbs potash, and costs at the rate of $45, or...........	1 50
600 lbs fertilizer, total cost..............	$11 00

We thus have a saving of $2.50 on only 600 pounds over the manufactured article of the same grade, and our home made fertilizer is just as strong and will have just as beneficial an effect as though we purchased it already mixed instead of doing the work ourselves. It should be carefully mixed on a hard dry floor and then passed through a sieve to break up the lumps and aid in the thorough intermingling of the whole mass. If blood cannot be readily obtained, any other ammoniate can be used. Thus, to furnish 18 pounds of ammonia there will be required

150 lbs of dried blood, 12 per cent. ammonia, or
175 " dry fish scrap, 10¼ " " or
225 " dry meat, 8 " " or
75 " sulphate of am 24 " " or
100 " nitrate of soda, 18 " " or

The amount of potash can also be supplied from several articles. Thus, 24 pounds of that element is given in

50 lbs muriate of potash, 50 per cent potash, or
200 " kainit, 12 " " or
400 " wood ashes (unl'c'd) 6 " "

There is probably no better source of soluble phosphoric acid than soluble phosphate of lime or "acid phosphate," as it is called. This material is made by treating mineral phosphates or bones with sulphuric acid, thus setting free the phosphoric acid. This article is the basis of all superphosphates; it is sold free from ammonia and potash, and its value is recognized by the best farmers.

By purchasing the crude materials and compounding them on the farm, the farmer can economically add wood ashes, hen manure and other manures to the fertilizer, and so turn his home products to the best account. Hen manure, when free from sticks, dust, etc., contains about 17 per cent. of ammonia. Unleached wood ashes contain about 6 per cent. of potash. With these articles and soluble phosphate of lime (acid phosphate) the following fertilizer can be made:

200 lbs hen manure, (containing 17 per cent. ammonia) equals 34 lbs ammonia.
700 lbs soluble phosphate of lime, 12 per cent. available, equals 84 lbs available phos. acid.
400 lbs ashes (unleached) 6 per cent. potash equals 24 lbs potash.

Or putting it in percentages, there would be 2.60 per cent. ammonia, 6.45 per cent. available phosphoric acid, and about 2 per cent. potash. That would be a fine fertilizer for grain, just as good as though purchased of a manufacturer at $30, instead of being made at home for $10.50. For seeding down grass it would be better to use 400 pounds of raw bone meal, ground fine, and 300 pounds of soluble phosphate, than 700 pounds of soluble phosphate as given above; the bone meal lasts longer in the soil.

By thus compounding fertilizers with manures and supplying what the manures lack, a great saving can be made in our system of fertilization. There is nothing mysterious about the problem. Any farmer's boy who is quick at figures can work out a fertilizer formula when he knows the constituents of the crude materials. The analysis of these materials are given in the annual report of the Massachusetts State Inspector of Fertilizers.—*New England Homestead.*

Suggestions on Disposal of Crops

The attention of farmers is chiefly confined to the production of crops, and the sale of them, strange to say, seems a matter of quite secondary importance. While it is true that we cannot sell unless we produce, still the price at which we sell determines the amount of our profit or loss, and is a matter of the utmost importance. I consider the work but half done when my crop is raised. The other half is pleasanter but none the less important, and requiring, if possible, more judgment.

First—we must determine as nearly as possible the entire yield, not only in our own Country, but of the world, if our products is an article of export. With the facilities we now have for obtaining a fairly accurate report, any farmer may become quite accurately informed. And in this connection I would say that the most of this information can be obtained from the columns of two or three of the leading agricultural papers of our own and other States. As a rule they contain summaries of the different States, monthly reports, the national reports, our consular reports, extracts from other foreign reports, manufacturers' reports—to be taken *cun grano salis*—and so forth, ad infinitum.

Second—We must inform ourselves of the yield of other crops that can be used in any degree in place of the crop we have for sale.

Third—If our crops consist of vegetables and fruits, we must learn in what States and localities the yield has been heaviest, their natural market, and make as shrewd guess as possible at the probable prices such a supply would bring. Put yourself into communication with reliable commission merchants at points as remote as possible from the bulk of the crop and as near as can be to yourself, and watch. The weather will have its effect upon the market—I am speaking now of fruits and vegetables especially—and if we have an early Winter and you are able to run your crop into market upon a moment's notice during a pleasant spell of weather, think about it and see if it will not pay you to hold and supply the market when the crop farther north is bound up by frost.

Fourth—Establish a reputation for fair dealing and square-toed honesty. Let your traders or consumers know that you understand how your produce grades, that you will represent it just as it is, that you understand the laws of trade, and that you stand ready to favor them when you can, and enforce justice from them, when it is necessary.

Fifth—Do not sell to a stranger unless he is vouched for by his bankers. You may think it makes no difference as you only sell for cash. True, but it is rather one-sided. If prices advance he will, of course, hold you to contract, but if they decline, he can slide out, and you have lost.

Sixth—Determine definitely the amount of shrinkage your produce will suffer under the conditions you are accustomed to store it. Count interest and leave a liberal margin for risks of all kind. Do not hold a crop simply because the present price will not pay you back what you consider the cost of producing it, nor sell a crop simply because the present price will fairly pay, but remember that supply and demand govern prices and the world does not trouble itself about your ideas of cost of production. Let us get all the information we can, exercise our judgment, and then abide the result without any regrets.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer*

Knights' Templar Prize Drill.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 25.—The competitive Knights Templar drill took place this afternoon at District Park. Long before the beginning of the exercises the grand stand, which seated 3,000, was crowded to its utmost, and 10,000 more were in the inclosure below. Only three Commanderies competed, the Raper, of Indianapolis; the DeMolai, of Louisville, and the St. Bernard, of Chicago. Each drilled with 27 men, except the St. Bernard, which only drilled 25. Forty minutes time was allowed each to drill. The Pacific Coast Commanderies refrained from competing, preferring that the prize be won by Eastern Knights, whom they regarded as their guests. There were five prizes in all, varying in value from $4,000 to $500.

A rule was made by the Triennial Committee that the prize should become the absolute property of the winners, not subject to further competition. There were three judges, all officers of the United States Army. The tactics constituted sword exercises, military evolutions and Templar movements.

The first to appear in the list were the Raper Commandery, of Indianapolis, the privilege of the last drill being conceded to the St. Bernard, of Chicago. At 12 sharp they advanced, accompanied by the band of the First United States Cavalry, to the northern confine of the drill ground, returned to the Judges' stand and, wheeling into line, gave a salute. This was the signal for a great burst of cheering, in which the two competing commanderies heartily joined. The drill was excellently performed. The wheeling and marching by threes was much admired, but in a movement to bugle call they made a couple of bad breaks, calling forth sorrowful cries from the crowd and jeopardizing their claim to first prize.

The Rapers were followed by the De Molai, who, as they marched in stately column to the front of the judges' stand, led by the Eighth United States Infantry Band, were received with great cheers. Their drill was watched with marked attention. Some of the more difficult movements elicited great admiration. They drilled like old veterans.

Next came the St. Bernards with Lyon & Healy's Chicago Band, and were greeted by an immense crowd with a continuous burst of applause. Their salute to the Judges was the signal for renewed cheering, kept up until they began the exercises. During the first five minutes they drilled with marked precision, but after that their drill was completely marred by one unfortunate knight who persisted always in getting where he was not wanted. Before the drill was half over it became evident that the St. Bernards would not be first, and the first prize would lay between De Molai and the Rapers, the unfortunate breaks of the St. Bernards depriving them of that hope. When they retired to their tents the applause was tremendous, clearly showing in what direction the sympathies of the people went. At the conclusion of the drill the tents of the three competing commanderies were surrounded by Knights and ladies who gave them quite an ovation.

In the competitive drill the first prize was awarded to De Molai, of Louisville, the second to the Raper, of Indianapolis, the third to the St. Bernard, of Chicago.

Over-Worked Business Men.

As a restorer of exhausted nerve force, it has been largely shown during the past thirteen years that the new Vitalizing Treatment dispensed by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa., is the most prompt and efficient agent yet discovered by the medical profession. Its use by overworked business and professional men would save hundreds of lives every year, and give to thousands more the ability to work without the weariness, exhaustion, and peril which now attend them. A pamphlet containing full particulars in regard to the nature and action of this remarkable Treatment, will be mailed free. Write for it.

The Iowa Campaign.

INDEPENDENCE, Ia., Aug. 30.—The first of a series of joint debates between Gov. B. R. Sherman, the Republican candidate for Governor of Iowa, and Hon. L. G. Kinne, the Democratic candidate, was listened to by between 4,000 and 5,000 people to day. Gov. Sherman advocated a protective tariff, and espoused the prohibition plank in the Republican platform. Judge Kinne denounced the protective system, and pronounced it dishonest as a National policy. He ridiculed placing on the free list many imported articles, and made a special example of the tariff on barb wire and lumber, declaring that the Democracy of Iowa was never in favor of free trade, but wanted a tariff to raise the needed National revenue. He was opposed to prohibition because it was impracticable and could not be enforced.

—Hood's Sarsaparilla is made of roots, herbs, and barks. It gives tone to the stomach and makes the weak strong. Sold by druggists.

News of the Week

Volcanic Eruption in the Island of Java.

LONDON, Aug. 28—10:30 P. M.—The latest advices from Batavia, the Capital of Java, show that the volcanic eruptions in that island are much more serious than at first indicated. The disturbances begun on the island of Krakatsa, in the Strait of Sunda, about 15 miles off the coast of Java. The deep rumblings were distinctly audible at Surakerta and Batavia, about 45 and 22 miles off respectively. Little alarm was felt at first, but within a few hours showers of stones began to fall at Jonkjokerta, Surabaga and Zerang. All through the night showers of red-hot rocks and ashes fell, making complete darkness in these Towns. In Batavia there was an occasional fall, and it was difficult to keep the street lights burning in the European quarter. By the next morning, all communication with Angier was cut off, all the bridges having been destroyed by the descending rocks and ashes, and the road rendered impassable. The first eruptions were on Saturday night. On Sunday morning the disturbances had extended beneath the waters of the Strait, and they were soon boiling and hissing violently, while great waves dashed upon the Javanese shores, and the temperature of the sea went up nearly 20 degrees. Even as far away from the original point of disturbance as Madura the furious waves were lashed into mountains of foam as they came rolling in. The threatening rumblings gradually became more and more distinct, and by noon the Maha Meru, the largest of the volcanos of Java, was belching forth flames at a very alarming rate. This eruption soon spread to the Gunung Tengger, (the center of which is the largest in the world, being nearly four miles in diameter); the Gunung Gunter, and many other minor mountains until more than a third of the 45 craters of Java were either in active eruption or seriously threatening it.

Men, women and children rushed in terror from their tottering dwelling-places, filling the air with their shrieks of horror. Hundreds were unable to get out before the houses fell and were buried beneath the great mass of rocks and mud which were piled up where a few hours before all had been peace, happiness and fancied security.

As the eruptions increased in frequency and violence the disturbance of the waters surrounding the barren coast became more and more violent. Here the waves rushed in terrific force up the steep, rocky incline, breaking upon the overhanging crags and receding rapidly leaving a lava flow cooled just at the moment when it was about to fall over a precipice, and then remaining quickly hardened by contact with the waters and forming a distinct strata of black and bright red, purple and brown lava, all thrown about in the most eccentric masses, while huge peaks of basalt rose at frequent intervals. There the waves came rolling over a marshy plain along the shore, suddenly engulphing a hamlet of fishermen's rude houses, and turning suddenly back swept away almost every vestige of what had a moment before been a scene of bustling activity where family after family had been rushing around in a vain endeavor to save their effects and get away with their lives from the awful combination of elements threatening them. What a few hours before were fertile valleys, covered with flourishing plantations of coffee, rice, sugar, indigo or tobacco, the staples of the island were soon but mud, stone and lava covered fields of destruction and ruin. Probably not a single crop of Java will be saved. At the entrance to Batavia was a large group of houses extending long the shore, and occupied by Chinamen. This part of the City was entirely swept away, and the 25,000 Chinese who lived on this swampy plain, it is hardly probable that more than 5,000 managed to save their lives. They stuck to their homes till the waves that washed them away came, fearing the torrents of flame and lava of the interior more than the torrents of water from the exterior.

LONDON, Aug. 29.—The town of Lanerong, within 20 miles of the City of Batavia, was swept away by lava streams, and fully half the population, mostly Javanese, numbering about 1,800, perished. At Speelwyk near Point Salcis, the red-hot rocks set fire to the houses and swept away all the thickly-settled portion of the town. About 10 bazars belonging to Europeans were destroyed. The loss of property is very large, but no lives are known to have been lost.

The river Jacatra, on the banks of which Batavia is situated, was so completely dammed by lava and debris that its course was changed, and from the Franieu bastian it flowed down through Tygers street and joined the waters of the river Emeraues, swelling that stream to such an extent as to rise high on the Caster batteries. Fijelenking was almost totally destroyed, and a large number of lives lost.

The island of Oneius, five miles off the mouth of the Tangerana River, and twenty miles east of Batavia, was completely inundated, and the floating dock there was totally destroyed. Caataye Claps and the Tronwers Island, off the portion of Java which disappeared, are out of sight, and not a vestige of them is left. Baby and Cheriba Islands, off the north coast, but small in extent, lost the few inhabitants upon them. In Batavia the loss has been largely increased since the former reports. The roof of the Governor's house was crushed in by a mass of heavy mud, and three of the retainers were killed. The Town bridge was destroyed, the diamond and pearl bastions badly damaged, and the Burrand redoubt was destroyed. On Caymans, Malaison and Lions streets, the principal avenues of the City, the damage is very great. Fort Aatijoi is entirely destroyed. The Town of Faggal was severely shaken, and few buildings were left standing.

The aggregate loss of life from the various elements of the terrible disturbance must be fully 75,000, but the number of those who perished can never, of course, be approximated.

LONDON, Aug. 30.—A dispatch from Batavi says the condition of the Straits of Sunda is dangerous to navigation. New islands have arisen therein and the coast line is altered. The government is preparing to obtain new soundings of the Straits. Sixteen volcanos appeared between the site where the Island of Krokatoa formerly stood and Sibisie Island. A portion of Bantam is an ashy desert. Cattle are starving and the population in despair. The Saengapan volcano split in five portions. Seven hundred and four bodies of victims of the disaster were buried in the District of Tanard, and 300 in the coast Village of Kramat.

The Smithsonian Institute.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—The Smithsonian Institution is the greatest literary and scientific clearing house in the world. Its scope in this field is universal. Any person can send here any number of copies of a scientific publication, addressed as described, and the Institution sees that they are delivered without cost to the sender. An American auther can thus distribute an edition of a learned treatise through all foreign countries, near and remote, as well as his own, while foreign writers can in turn reach every learned society and student in this country or in other foreign countries. Practically the exchanges are made in most cases between societies rather than individuals, and some idea can be gained of the proportions of the work from the fact that the institution now has 3,151 societies or agents with which it is in regular correspondence. The report for 1881, just published, gives 2,908 foreign correspondents in that year, distributed as follows: Africa, 36; America, outside of the United States, 135; Asia, 68; Australasia, 82; Europe, 2,578; Polynesia, 2; miscellaneous, 7. Ten years ago there were only 1,985, while in 1850 the institution was in communication with only 173.

"Dr. Richmond's *Samaritan Nervine* cured me of Epilepsy." Jacob Sutes, St. Joseph, Mo.

The Deadlock in Pennsylvania.

HARRISBURG, Aug. 30.—The Democrats held a caucus this afternoon, and appointed a committee to see that enough Democrats are kept in their seats in the House to pass all legislation requiring a majority of all the members. In a number of instances recently the final action of the apportionment bills had to be postponed on account of the absence of Democrats. It was also resolved not to pair with the Republicans. A speedy adjournment of the Legislature was urged by one Democrat, but it received no support. The extra session is nearly three months old, and no steps have been taken for an adjournment by the Democrats, although it is generally believed the Republicans will adhere to their ultimatum.

Another Swindling Pension Agent.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—Another case of alleged attempted swindling of pension claimants was brought to light to-day by the arrest of Gould P. Austin, a discharged clerk of the Pension Office, who, it is said, has been writing to applicants for pensions, representing himself as still connected with the Department and able to secure favorable action on their claims. A quantity of official papers and envelopes and a mass of correspondence were found at his room when arrested. He was held in $1,500 bonds to appear at Court. The specific charge against him is that he opened correspondence of the character described with Mrs. Helen R. Richardson, of Tecumseh, Mich.

The weak, worn and dyspeptic should take Colden's Liquid Beef Tonic. *Ask for Colden's, of druggists.*

New Telephone.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—Webster Gillett, an inventor from Michigan, now living at Flushing, claims to have an apparatus that will revolutionize the telephone business and increase the fitness of the Atlantic cable. He appears to be about 40 years of age. On the largest table in his workshop was a disk 30 inches in diameter. Projecting from this was a funnel-shaped object. Running into the table from the lower edge were a number of wires. On a table, arranged in a row a short distance from the wires, were 10 induction coils. The inventor, in explaining his instrument, said: "That funnel shaped object in the center of the disk is the resonator. You see it is not like the speaking-tube of an ordinary telephone. The larger part of the funnel is held to the mouth. The volume of the voice, instead of being concentrated in a small space as in other telephones, is spread over and causes the whole metallic diaphragm to vibrate. On the opposite side of the disk are 10 deviating points, which are held in position by rubber arms. When you talk through the speaking-tube, or resonator, the metallic diaphragm, or popularly speaking, the tin plate, vibrates. The vibrations are communicated to the deviating points, or needles. The needles penetrate through rubber cushions into small brass cylinders containing granulated carbon. The cylinders are secured in their places by 10 brass arms attached to the rim of the disk that holds the metallic plate. Ten wires run through the arm, form the primaries of the induction coils, and return to their respective poles. The 10 secondary wires from the induction coils are carried to a plug switch, so arranged to place one, or as many wires as may be desired, in circuit. The power of 10 batteries, 10 induction coils, and a corresponding number of deviating points acted upon simultaneously by a vibrating tin plate, may thus be concentrated upon a single wire. This is something that has never been done before. I claim that conversation may be carried on over an ordinary telegraph wire with my telephone between points 2,000 miles apart. Twelve words a minute is considered a fair rate of transmission over the Atlantic cable. By using this telephone 120 words may be transmitted if a short-hand writer is employed as a receiver. All the important features of my invention are new. By the use of the granulated carbon and the rubber cushions into which the needles penetrate I secure a steady, uninterruptable sound."

Mr. Gillett went into an adjoining room, where he had a telephone connected with the one on the table. The receiving tube of the new apparatus was put in position. After a few minutes it began to emit a series of distinct "hellos" in a bass voice. After returning to the room, Gillett said 10 batteries, 10 deviating points, and 10 induction coils have about six times the power of one battery, and a corresponding number of the other necessary electrical agencies. He thought the time was not remote when we could not only speak across the ocean, but also see those to whom we might be speaking. He said an experiment with the new telephone would probably be made within 10 days between points in Maine and Massachusetts, 500 miles apart.

The Postal Guide.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—An examination of the records of the Postoffice Department shows that in addition to the sums appropriated by Congress for the publication of the official Postal Guide the publishers received for the year ended June 30, 1880, $10,350; in 1880-'81, $17,812; in 1881-'82, $16,050; in 1882-'83, $22,172; total, $66,384. The total direct appropriations for the same purpose for the last three of those years amounted to $68,300. The amount paid for extras last year was greater by $2,172 than the total appropriation for the years 1879-'80, and more than double the amount paid for extra work in that year. The Postal Guide is a publication which has become almost indispensable, not only to officers and agents of the department, but to a great many persons engaged in private business. It is understood that the demand for the book by private individuals and corporations is steadily increasing and has already reached such proportions that the publishers reap a handsome profit from that service. While it is apparent that the steps taken by the Postmaster-General to curtail the amount of matter thus published at large expenses were necessary, it is not known that the size of the book was swelled beyond reasonable limits as the result of any collusion between the publishers and the Department clerks, whom they employed and paid to complete and edit it. When Clerk Kirby, who had editorial supervision of the Guide, was asked by Gen. Gresham what were the terms and conditions of his employment by the publishers, he refused to give any information, on the ground that they were "private matters" between the publisher and himself. When Mr. Houghton was in Washington recently he emphatically denied Kirby's statement, and said that Kirby had been paid $1,500 a year by the firm, and that they did not expect or desire him to put an oxtra line into the publication without first submitting to the Postmaster-General and obtaining his authority and approval. This goes for what it is worth. The leak has not been stopped any too soon. The Postal Guide has been costing an enormous amount of money. From 1874 to 1879 it cost about $150,000, and from 1879 to 1883 it has cost nearly $175,000, making a magnificent grand total of over $300,000. Hereafter it will cost just what Congress appropriates and no more. A part of Mr. Houghton's business in Washington was to endeavor to have the Department assume official responsibility for an item published in the Guide recently on account of which a libel suit has been begun against the publishers. It was a case where a certain concern was placed on the fraud list of the Department under some misapprehension of its true character. As soon as an explanation was made the name of the concern was dropped from the list. This list is one of the things which has been kept standing in the Guide for a long time and paid for as extra matter at advertising rates. The Postmaster to-day decided that the Department cannot undertake to defend the suit.

"You claim too much for *Samaritan Nervine*," says a skeptic. Its patrons say just the opposite.

On the Beach."

ATLANTIC CITY, Aug. 29.—There is not a place on our beach front that has not been damaged to some extent by high tide and heavy surf to-day. The total loss will not be less than $75,000. Long before high water, which was at 6 o'clock, the board walk began to wash away, and by high water the beach along the center of the City was a mass of debris. Bath houses, restaurants, photograph galleries and stores with dwellings attached, which were built so far from the surf it was thought no sea could reach them, were undermined and carried bodily into the ocean and beaten by waves into fragments. Two hours after high water to-night the tide had fallen but little, and great anxiety is felt about the next high water, as the wind from the northwest is increasing, and should it continue until high water to-morrow the damage will be more than double that of to-day. The surf was by far the heaviest ever seen here.

The branch of the Camden & Atlantic Railroad Company, along the beach front from this place to South Atlantic City, was badly washed, and passengers who took the late train to this place were compelled to abandon the train and walk five and a half miles. All railroad tracks between here and Absecom, except the West Jersey, are submerged.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla will cure your Catarrh and do away with that sickening odor of the breath.

Free Thinkers' Convention.

ROCHESTER, Aug. 30.—The Free Thinkers' Convention opened here this morning with a conference, during which a number of brief speeches were made. Dr. L. R. Ware, of Boston, dilated upon Herbert Spencer and John W. Draper, endorsing the views they presented. Dr. G. H. Grasser, of Bryan, O., offered for the use of any educational institution the Free Thinkers might establish, a cabinet containing more than 15,000 specimens, which he had been 35 years collecting. Mrs. Coleman, of Syracuse, spoke in favor of the recognition of women in the walks of life, and offered a resolution, which was referred to the Committee on Resolutions. Judge Arnold Kreckel, of Missouri, spoke of the duty of Free-thinkers toward education. H. P. Hall, of Ellisburg, Pa., sang a song about "Imaginary Evils," accompanying himself on the guitar. Prof. Thomas Pope, of Ohio, contrasted natural principles with supernatural faith, to the discredit of the latter. Ex-Rev. J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw, Mich., spoke of the law of valuation, first showing what it was in the mercantile world, then applying it to the Christian religion.

Business Failures.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—The business failures throughout the United States and Canada, as reported to New York, number for the seven days, ending with the 31st, 186, as compared with 165 last week, showing an increase of 21, distributed as follows: New England States, 26; Middle, 26; Western, 52; Southern, 31; Pacific States and Territories, 22; Canada and Provinces, 28; New York City, 1.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE For Lemons or Lime Juice, is a superior substitute, and its use is positively beneficial to health.

A Short Sketch of the Western Union.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—Dr. Norvin Green testified before the Senate Committee that he had been President of the Western Union Telegraph Company for about five years. He became connected with the Western Union in 1866. He alluded to an appropriation of $30,000 made by Congress for experiments. The first attempt was made in an underground line from Baltimore to Washington, but the knowledge of insulation was not very good, and the current was lost. It escaped through the rubber insulators. Dr. Green held that whenever they were compelled to put their wires under ground it would result in a detriment to the public service. He had seen a statement in some paper that the wires in England were all under ground, but he noticed when there not long ago, upon looking out of his hotel window, a perfect network of wires over head. There was as much complaint against the wires there as here. Many of the Government wires there were under ground, but the poles began long before you get out of the city. The Western Union had absorbed a large number of smaller companies. In respect to the telegraph service, the witness said there was no such telegraph service in the world as in the United States. In giving a history of the development of the telegraph, Dr. Green said the Morse invention was brought before the public in 1837, and an appropriation was made by Congress for experiments the following year. In alluding to the difficulty of laying wires underground, witness said communication was had for a long distance under water. There was great trouble experienced in the different experiments of laying wires underground between Washington and Baltimore, and the plan was abandoned and the pole system adopted. At the time witness went in the business the lines had been extended into the South and West, but not one of these lines had paid a dividend. The New York, Albany & Buffalo was paying three per cent. per annum, and one or two others of the northern lines were yielding a small percentage upon the original investment. The New Orleans & Ohio Company was entirely sunk to its owners. Many of the smaller companies had been absorbed by larger companies. Telegraph property in 1856 began to yield dividends. Heavy expenses were incurred in running their offices and caring for the lines, and the public, the witness added, seemed slow in appreciating the difficulties under which the telegraph companies labored. In every instance when there was a consolidation of companies it had been a positive gain to the public. The Western Union Company in 1866 had absorbed the United States Telegraph Company, which had extended its wires to Salt Lake and the Northwest; also the American Telegraph Company. The capital of the Western Union Company at that time was $41,061,000. The Bell Telephone Company had to day a capital of about $21,000,000. It was necessary, years ago, to buy up rights of way along railroads and the Company now owned about 600. The capitalization of the Western Union, witness said, was formerly $600 a mile, but to-day it was less than $200. The lines of wires in this country had been increased from 75,000 to over 430,000 miles. During the last five years the number of miles of poles have been increased from 81,002 to 131,000, and miles of wire from 206,202 to 374,468; offices from 8,014 to 12,068; messages from 23,918,894 to 38,842,247. Witness staetd the capacity of the Company was double what it was five years ago.

"Hazing."

ANNAPOLIS, Aug. 29.—Capt. Ramsay being asked what the character of the hazing was, and whether or not it was slight, responded that it consisted in turning the fourth class men out of their hammocks at night, making them eat soap, stand on their hands, turn summersets, sing songs, etc., and in every way make them as ridiculous as possible. "Some people," he added, with a smile, "may regard this as slight."

Capt. Ramsay went on to say that the hazers had no excuse for their conduct. They had been fully warned, the law of Congress has been constantly before their eyes, and had remained posted up in their quarters the whole year. Their attention had been called to it in a special order, in which the law had been cited at length. The Captain said: "A cadet was dismissed last November for hazing Campbell, also one for hazing Tisdale, two for hazing Tuzzle, one for hazing Windom, and now you see these very boys have been hazing others."

Capt. Ramsay is determined to break up hazing. He says if these boys, with all the warning they had received, would fly in the face of law and order, they must take the consequences. Obedience was the first duty to be learned, and the cadets must learn it. He understood some of the accused would try to avoid the consequences of their folly by pleading that they did nothing, merely looking on. This would not avail them, he said, because by their presence they assisted, and were equally as responsible as the others.

It has been discovered that Breed, of Kentucky, and Strite, of Maryland, are not among those who engaged in hazing the fourth class on the "Constellation." G. B. Reilly, of Wisconsin, and E. T. Witherspoon, of Connecticut, are among the hazers. Lieut. Com. Thomas and Lieuts. Wood and Meigs are the Court to try the accused; Lieut. Goodwin, Judge Advocate.

The Liquor Question.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 30.—Gov. Crittendon is reported to be seriously considering the question of calling an extra session of the Legislature, to either amend the Downing Sunday law so as to make it apply to St. Louis or to prepare and submit a prohibitory amendment to the Constitution at the next general election. The Governor in an interview is reported as follows: "I am an anti-Prohibitionist from the sole of my feet to the crown of my head, and I feel with the people of the State that if the law is to be defied in St. Louis, and I have to choose between lawlessness and prohibition, I am a Prohibitionist. Under such provocation, prohibition will carry by 50,000 majority in the State."

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 30.—The decision of Judge Noonan at St. Louis, in the test case of Mr. Lemp, arrested for selling beer on Sunday, has no effect upon other Cities of the State. By special legislation prior to the Downing law, the authorities of St. Louis were permitted to grant, under authority of a majority of the legal voters, permission to sell refreshments of any kind, distilled liquors excepted, on any day of the week. The recent prosecutions in St. Louis have been made under the Downing law, while in this City they have been made under the old statute of 1845, which heretofore has been a dead letter, but is now revived under recent agitation. The beer gardens here will therefore still remain closed on Sunday.

Anti-Bourbons.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—Several leaders of the anti-Bourbon movement in the South have been in Washington yesterday and to-day, and to-night met at Gen. Mahone's room, where they remained in consultation until a late hour. Their presence here, and the fact of their having met at Gen. Mahone's room, has given rise to many surmises as to what was the object of their coming together. They themselves say their meeting was entirely informal and not a premeditated conference; that Gen. Mahone being here they visited him, and finding themselves together the conversation naturally turned on Southern politics in general, and the prospects of a successful independent revolt against Bourbon rule in particular. Among those present at the meeting were Gen. Longstreet, Gen. Chalmers, Judge Jeffords and George C. Gorham. Gen. Mahone is said to have spoken with confidence of the result of the independent movement in Virginia. It is understood it was generally agreed this movement should be extended throughout the South, and that there was expression by those present of their earnest purpose to do what can be done to that end.

A Millionaire and His Daughters.

CHICAGO, Aug. 28.—Joseph Valequette, one of the pioneer settlers of Chicago, appeared to-day before the Probate Court as defendant in the suit instituted by his two married daughters. They petitioned for a conservator for their father's estate, alleging that he is not mentally capable of caring for the same. For some time past Valequette has been residing at the Mercy hospital. The daughters allege that the nuns are exerting an undue influnce over their father, and they fear he will leave the greater portion of his estate to the hospital. Valequette denies all allegations and vigorously asserts his ability to care for his estate. He was for a long time very wealthy and his estate is large yet. Two grown sons in business here take no part in the suit.

"An Invitation to Contribute."

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, of the Civil Service Commission, is of the opinion that the circular being distributed by the chairman of the Pennsylvania Republican State Committee is in no sense an assessment, but simply an "invitation to contribute." The circulars are not as personal as the Jay Hubbell circulars were, but are simply a general appeal for funds, such as might be addressed to any persons likely to contribute to the political campaign. The circulars, in the opinion of Mr. Eaton, avoid a violation of the civil service law both in phraseology and manner of distribution, as they are impersonal and fix no amount of assessment.

Dr. Benson's Skin Cure makes the skin white, soft and smooth. No poisonous drugs in it.

The Gale.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—A St. Johns, N. F., special says: A fleet of United States fishing vessels, which arrived here last night, report a violent storm on the Great Banks, Sunday last. The gale rose from the eastward at 8 A. M., when hundreds of dories, away from the vessls, overhauling trauls. Capt. Hiller reports scores of dories turned upside down, and wreckage was strewn in every direction along his track coming westward. One French banker lost four dories and all their crews. It is computed from all sources of information that 100 dories and 80 men were lost in the storm. Masts of the dories were swept by the waves from schooner decks, and the remainder collapsed in the sea.

ST. JOHNS, N. B., Aug. 31.—From arrivals the past 24 hours from the Grand Banks intelligence of alarming disasters to the fishing fleet have been received. The most reliable and definite news comes from the Gloucester schooner "Wachusett." She was anchored about 20 miles southeast of the Virgins, narrowly escaped the fury of the storm and ran for land. While coming in she passed through a vast amount of wreckage, indicating the destructive work of the gale.

The storm arose from the eastward shortly after sunrise on Sunday last. A heavy sea rapidly piled up and became confused and choppy by the wind veering to the north and northeast. For 30 miles of the schooner's course wreckage was encountered on every side. Many dories were seen bottom up, and oars, fishboards and other material in large quantities passed from time to time. One French fishing brig alone lost four dories, with all hands. The vessel's decks were swept, the cables parted and the anchors lost.

A general estimate, based upon the best information at present obtainable puts the loss of life at from 60 to 80 souls, while the damage to the fleet is incalculable. At the time the gale sprung up, there were, it is assumed, 2,000 dories away at their trawls, and it will be fortunate if the extent of the Great Bank fleet is circumscribed within this report.

HALIFAX, Sept. 1.—The following later reports of damage to shipping by the gale are received: The schooner Mary is a total wreck at Manadiene; six other schooners are reported driven ashore at different points; brigantine Anne, from Jamaica for Montreal, 44 days out, is reported at Sydney, Cape Breton, in a leaky condition; the steamer Bryn Glas, from Pensacola for Barrow, arrived to-day for coal, reports she felt the storm very severely from five o'clock Wednesday evening to daylight the following morning; the wind blew with terrific force, and while the engines were at full speed to try to keep the ship up to wind, the feed-pipe of one boiler burst and steam had to be shut off; with the assistance of sails it was kept up to the wind till the engines were got to work again; with the use of one boiler she bore up for this port. The accident to the boiler will not detain the steamer here. A telegram from Cow Bay, Cape Breton, reports the gale fearful there. The American brig Atlas and schooners Edmund Johnson and Volunteer were driven ashore and all except the Edmund Johnson are probably total wrecks. The Volunteer, which was laden with coal, had her bottom knocked out. The schooner Ripple, with 200 quintals of fish, sunk in her dock. Other smaller crafts were wrecked, but no lives lost.

"Land and Labor."

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—The Senate sub-Committee on Labor and Education resumed its session to-day. Wm. G. Moody, of Brooklyn, author of "Land and Labor," was the first witness. He called attention to the fact that many foreign capitalists were purchasing large tracts of land in the South and West, English Lords and French Courts were dominating over a territory that was three times larger than the Kingdom of Great Britain, and by their system of wholesale farming had driven the American farmer from homesteads and into the ranks of wage slavery. Our railroad despots had more power than the feudal monarchs of Europe, and were in possession of 298,000,000 acres, an area larger than Austria, Italy and Switzerland combined. Wage workers were crowding the Cities, and in New York City there were 500,000 people occupying a square mile. Most of the small farmers are not able to secure a decent competency, and their farms are mortgaged, and they gradually fall into the hands of great capitalists. The only remedy for this was the abolition of private property in land. He said further the prices of products were greatly enhanced by the continually growing increase of middle men, who recruited from the ranks of those who had no regular occupation, as they had been driven from their business by the prevailing system of mechanical labor. If the present system were not abolished, prices finally would reach such a hight that the wage laborer would be unable even to secure the absolute necessaries of life. The witness contended that the small farmer could not cultivate his farm profitably, and dispose of his produce, for the reason he was overridden by men of greater capital, who could supply mechanical labor and had greater facilities for getting produce to the markets.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—The Senate Sub Committee on Labor and Education resumed its session to-day. Robert Bliszet, a tailor, who has taken an active part in the labor movement, testified. He said the condition of the laboring man was pretty much the same the world over, though the coal miners in England were better off than in this country; their homes were pleasanter, and their hours of labor shorter. Witness thought that the general intelligence of skilled workmen was greater abroad than here. The only thought of the workman in this country was to get money enough to pay his rent and enough to live on. Witness insisted that if a blow was not struck at monopoly before the expiration of 10 years one of the bloodiest revolutions that ever occurred would happen. There seemed to be a growing tendency to encourage monopoly, and he predicted, unless some action was taken to check it, the country would be ruined.

About Beer.

CHICAGO, Aug. 29.—The brewers may not, after all, gratify the public desire to show what ingredients enter into the composition of what is known as lager beer. They have been led to believe that between the 1st and 10th of September next they must furnish with their monthly statement of beer sold a sworn statement embracing a list of ingredients of which the beer is manufactured. Now word comes from Washington that Louis Shade, the attorney for the brewers of the United States, has secured an admission from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue that furnishing or not furnishing a list of ingredients is left optional with the parties concerned. This has led the brewers to wake up, in order to know just what they ought to do. It was said at the Collector's office yesterday that, until they got word from Washington to the contrary, brewers must, in making their statement for August, comply with recent regulations and enumerate the articles used by them in the process of making beer. This is obligatory on their part, as a penalty can be enforced for its non-fulfillment. The efforts that have been made at Washington to reverse these new regulations are regarded by the higher class of brewers as unnecessary, the majority of them holding to the opinion that none but those who adulterate beer need have any fear of showing its component parts.

"Dr. Benson's Pills cured my daughter of nervous headache." Thos. S. Martin, Pomonkey, Md.

The Massachusetts Campaign.

BOSTON, Aug. 29.—The Republican State Committee issue an address to the people marking the opening of the campaign in this State. It says:

"No one can overlook the significance of the result in Massachusetts this Autumn upon the next Presidential election. At the same time it would be worse than idle to disguise the fact that the coming election is essentially a State campaign. To the people of Massachusetts, State issues of almost unprecedented gravity justly outweigh, at this time, all other considerations. Massachusetts has been foully slandered for personal and party reasons by her supreme Executive Magistrate and his followers. Under the same auspices an administrative policy of spoils and plunder in the City of Boston has been set on foot which is utterly at variance with all the habits and traditions of Massachusetts."

It urges the overthrow of the power responsible for such principles.

The dependence of man upon wheat bread for his best nourishment makes it important that the bread be light, palatable, easy of digestion. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder if the best means we have for securing those ends. A nation of housekeepers have been using it for years and found it always the same, pure and healthful.

Too Late! Too Late!

TOO LATE now for any one, whatever may be his position or by whatever motive actuated, to attempt to throw any calumny or insinuate anything injurious to the fair fame of the Louisiana State Lottery, which, incorporated by the State of Louisiana in 1868, gives to the world renowned Charity hospital at New Orleans, La., the princely sum of $1,000,000, and scatters millions broadcast from Nova Scotia to Panama. Its monthly drawings take place on the second Tuesday of each month (the last, on Sept. 11), and Gens. G. T. Beauregard, of Louisiana, and Jubal A. Early, of Virginia, attest over their own signatures the absolute fairness, strict integrity, and entire good faith toward all parties of the drawings which are conducted entirely and solely by them. All information can be had cheerfully from M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., on application.

A medical wonder. The Pastille Treatment supplied by the Harris Remedy Co. See advertisement.

Gen. Shelby Fined for Contempt of Court in the James Trial.

GALLATIN, Aug. 31.—In the Frank James trial the defense concluded their line of impeaching the State's witnesses. Jas. S. Dunasters, Justice of the Peace, was the first witness this morning. He testified that at the Coroner's inquest on the body of Wood Hite, Mrs. Bolton testified she had not seen Frank James for two years, and then at her father's house.

Before the next witness was called Col. Philips arose and said that Gen. Shelby was at the door and desired to make a statement to the Court, and when the General came in he saluted the Court with a courteous bow and said: "If anything that I may have said or done yesterday offended the dignity of the Court I regret it exceedingly; as to other parties, I have no regrets."

Judge Goodman replied: "Gen. Shelby, your conduct yesterday in appearing before the Court in an unfit condition and showing an insubordinate spirit, was reprehensible in the extreme, as it was not only defiance of the dignity of the Court, but calculated to prejudice the interests of the defendant. You are a man of national reputation, and enjoy the respect and confidence of a large number of the people of Missouri. I can only say that I was much astonished at your very reprehensible action of yesterday. It is in testimony that you have drawn a pistol right in the verge of the Court, which is in itself a contempt of Court."

Gen. Shelby (interrupting)—"That, sir, is false."

The Court—"The Marshal of Lexington testified to it under oath."

Gen. Shelby—"Then he lied."

"The Court is amply satisfied with your apology to it, but your attitude towards the attorneys for the State yesterday, in answering in a threatening and offensive manner and talk of calling them to a personal account can not be overlooked."

The Court then fined Gen. Shelby $10, which he paid and passed out of the Court room.

Lockwood's "Great Expectations."

NEW HAVEN, Aug 29.—The trial of Isaac H. Lockwood on a charge of using the United States mails for the purpose of defrauding those who wrote him by claiming that he would lend money left by a deceased banker to the amount of $180,000, to defaulters and those who had stolen money, was concluded to-day, and the prisoner found guilty and sentenced to one year, and to pay a fine of $50. The Judge's charge was rather favorable. The jury was out half an hour. Lockwood was much disappointed at the finding of the jury, as he confidently expected to go out riding at the conclusion of the trial. It was the intention of Lockwood to obtain $1,000,000 and go to Washington the coming season and go into the business of lending diamonds to ladies at 10 per cent. of their value, so that they could go to parties and receptions without the expense of buying the necessary jewelry. When the verdict was rendered the prisoner buried his face in his hands and was completely overcome with emotion. He was taken to prison to-night.

Gen. Zachary Taylor.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 30.—Gen. Thomas H. Taylor, at the request of the Commissioners of the Taylor Monument, has taken in hand the sending out of printed invitations for the occasion of the unveiling. So extensive is the Taylor family in its various branches that Gen. Taylor finds it is impossible to locate half of them, and as the attendance of all the relatives of the deceased hero of the Mexican army, no matter how remote the relationship may be, is desired, this explanation is made so that those who do not receive formal invitations may not feel slighted. The same applies to all his old army associates. The following is the form of the invitations that are being sent out:

"You are invited to attend the dedication of the monument and of the unveiling of the statue of Gen. Zachary Taylor, twelfth President of the United States, which takes place at the Taylor burial ground, five miles from Louisville, on September 20, 1883. (Signed) Hancock Taylor, Gen. Abe Buford, P. H. Taylor, Commissioners."

Wonderful Tale of a Living Skeleton.

WESTON, W. Va., Aug. 28.—On Crites Mountain, Braxton County, this State, lives a man whose curious sickness is attracting wide attention among physicians. He has been an invalid for five years, and is wasted to a literal living skeleton. When taken sick he weighed 180 pounds. Recently he was weighed and was found to have fallen off to 42 pounds. This statement, incredible as it seems, is vouched for by physicians in good standing. His thigh can be spanned by a man's hand. He presents a ghastly and unnatural sight, his ribs and bones showing plainly through their covering of flabby skin. His backbone can be felt when he lies on his back by pressing on his stomach. With all his suffering he is able to walk about the house, and sometimes takes a turn out of doors. The doctors predicted his death long ago, but he still lives to perplex them. He has consented to a thorough autopsy after his death, the result of which will be interesting. He grows weaker slowly, but steadily.

To Fight the Western Union.

BOSTON, Aug. 31.—The Citizens' and Telephoners' National Telegram and Cablegram Company is announced. Capital stock, $5,000,000; shares, $25 each. No person is to be permitted to hold more than $100,000 worth. The object of the Company is to purchase or construct and operate independent telegraph and cable lines in the United States and Canada and across the Atlantic. There are to be 13 trustees or directors, of whom seven shall represent the citizens and six the telegraphers. The subscription books will be opened September 15, lines will be built or purchased and operated no faster than subscription to stock shall provide the means; every employe is to be a stockholder.

Arctic Expedition.

LONDON, Aug. 31.—A dispatch from Vardoe, Norway, states the steamer Obi arrived there, having on board members of the Dutch expedition to the Arctic, which sailed in the steamer Varna. The Varna foundered July 4th in latitude 71½° north, longitude 63° east. Members of the expedition were rescued near the island of Waigatz.

The "Obi" reports the Arctic steamer "Dijmbhna" ice-bound near Waigatz throughout the Winter. All on board well. The Captain is confident of reaching open water. The crew of the "Varna" left the "Dijmbhna August 1. They were rescued by the "Obi" August 25. They go to Hammerfest by the steamer "Nordenskjold."

• The great value of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for all diseases of women is demonstrated by every day experience. The writer of this had occasion to step into the principal Pharmacy of a City of 140,000 inhabitants, and on inquiry as to which is the most popular proprietary medicine of the time, was answered, that Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound occupies a most conspicuous place in the front rank of all the remedies of this class now before the public.—Journal.

Sen. Sherman at Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 31.—Hon. John Sherman was introduced on 'Change and made a brief address, speaking of bounteous crops, the basis of all wealth as encouragement to business. Referring to the railroad facilities, he said overproductions had choked the income of the paying power of some, but in his opinion this would be rectified in two or three years. Concluding, he referred to his action in the Senate in favor of the relief to holders of bonded whisky. He said he favored no abatement of taxes, but would not vote for a cure that amounted to confiscation. In this matter he looked upon whisky property as entitled to the same protection as any other property.

Drouth in New England.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.—The drouth in eastern New England, which has lasted five to six weeks, has become so serious that crops have been greatly injured, with the prospect of still further damage if the drouth is not broken. Farmers are compelled to take cows from pastures to feed them upon winter hay.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures

RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica, Lumbago,
BACKACHE,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
SORE THROAT,
QUINSY, SWELLINGS,
SPRAINS,
Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,
FROSTBITES,
BURNS, SCALDS,
And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

News of the Week

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—At about 10 minutes to 4 this afternoon people who were in the neighborhood of Fourteenth street and North River were startled by the sound of an explosion coming from the river. Looking out in mid-stream they saw the Hudson steamer "Riverdale" enveloped in steam. Less than six minutes afterward she keeled to one side and capsized, opposite Sixteenth street, she having floated that far. Instantly 15 different tugs steamed from this City and harbor to where the sunken vessel lay.

There were over 100 passengers on board the "Riverdale" when she left the foot of Harrison street for Haverstraw. Some of these were hurled into the air and others fell back into the water. Others were compelled to jump into the river to escape the hissing, scalding steam that had filled all parts of the vessel, or to avoid going down with her.

The cause of the disaster was the explosion of the boiler, which was amidship. When the boiler burst the air was filled with flying debris and broken woodwork. The pilot house snapped like a pipe-stem and toppled over into the water.

About 50 people lost their lives, some being blown into eternity and others met their death by being drawn down by a whirlpool caused by the sinking of the vessel. Those who were floating or swimming about in the river were picked up by the tugs and row-boats which came to the rescue. Three dead bodies were also brought in by the boats, Mrs. Sisson, of Tarrytown, N. Y., an unknown man, whose body was taken to the morgue, and a boy whose identity has not yet been ascertained, also taken to the morgue. Injured—Howard Gardner, the Evangelist, of Yonkers, N. Y.; Thomas J. Saul, passenger, Brooklyn; W. H. Jennings, passenger, Brooklyn; John Gifes, this City, in extremely critical condition.

Of the passengers aboard the Riverdale, some were blown up with the explosion, but from the best accounts obtainable the number was small, as there were few in the cabins at the time.

No exact idea can at present be gained as to the number of persons on board or the number of lives lost. Accounts of the number of passengers vary from 50 to 200, and of the killed from 10 to 50.

The most trustworthy accounts place the number of killed at from three to six. There is reason to believe that nearly all had a chance to escape.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 27.—The citizens of Union City were intensely surprised this morning at finding the Town filled with flaming posters calling the citizens to meet Saturday night and lay plans to tar and feather the Rev. Mr. Moyer, who has so excited that Town and vicinity by his baseness and villainy. This reverend is called in the bills the devil. The notice also calls upon the farmers to bring along several rails. Citizens to the number of 30 have announced their intention to take part in this illegal vengeance. The Rev. Moyer refused to budge an inch, and says he will fight to the last and kill them if necessary.

WESTFIELD, N. Y., Aug. 27.—Late last night four desperados, their faces craped and armed to the teeth with revolvers and bowie-knives, forced an entrance into the residence of Mrs. Sarah E. Farrington, a wealthy widow, and compelled her at the point of their pistols to divulge to them the combination of her safe, which they robbed of $2,500 in United States bonds and the balance in cash. Early this morning this lady was found in an insensible condition, gagged and bound to a chair in her room. She was immediately released. A peculiar feature of the outrage is the astonishing politeness of the thieves. Some old coins that had been heirlooms were politely handed back at her earnest request.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Aug. 29.—Mrs. Barnwell and two grandchildren, named Lewis, in Gordon County, were poisoned last Sunday by eating rice, which, on being analyzed, proved to have contained "Rough on Rats." Mrs. Barnwell, being sick, did not eat much, and is recovering. One of the grandchildren is dead and the other will die. The Grand Jury is not yet through with the case, but it is probable that a near relative will be indicted.

FAIRFIELD, O., Aug. 29.—The most cowardly and dastardly robbery ever occurring in this County has just been perpetrated near here. Two respectable looking young men entered the residence of Mrs. L. Ferral about noon, and after they had assured themselves she was all alone, one of them asked her what she would take for her hair. Mrs. Ferral, who had a beautiful head of hair, and who was frightened almost out of her senses, indignantly refused to sell it at any price, and started to make her escape, when one of the cowardly wretches drew a revolver, leveled it at her face and compelled her to sit down, while the other villain took a pair of shears and clipped her heavy locks of hair from her head. After cutting off their helpless victim's hair, they then rummaged every room in the house, and secured some money and several valuable articles. They then released Mrs. Ferral, who was very weak and faint from fright, and both made good their escape. To make matters worse, Mrs. Ferral has a little child only three months old, and was in a weakened condition. She was suffering, at last accounts, from nervous prostration, and it may yet terminate seriously.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 29.—Sylvester Kuar, a farmer of Northville, Pa., has been subject to frequent attacks of lunacy, and became terribly violent to-day, and picked up a corn-cutter and rushed into the house with the intention of killing his whole family, which constitutes a wife and 11 children. He was finally thrown out of the house before doing them serious injury. When an officer arrived he had a hard struggle with the crazy man, but finally disarmed him and he is now in the Erie jail.

FREMONT, O., Aug. 29.—Dispatches have just been received here of the victory of Mohawk Hose Company in a race to-day at London, Can., for $300 and the championship of Canada and the United States. The distance was 54 rods and nine feet, and the time was 39.4 seconds. The City is jubilant to-night over the news of the victory.

DETROIT, Aug. 30.—A man named Harry Cutcher was found dead in his wagon Sunday morning, near Perry. Saturday Cutcher and a man named John Woolver, who had been visiting Perry, started home from Perry, in company with a bottle of whisky. Both got drunk, and on arriving at Cutcher's home he was left in the bottom of the wagon, where he remained over night, while Woolver went into the house and went to bed. Cutcher died soon after being discovered in the morning, in an unconscious condition. It is now claimed he was poisoned by strychnine. Woolver was arrested. A fact that strengthens suspicion against Woolver is that he bought a bottle of strychnine while in Perry Saturday. He gives confused and contradictory accounts of the occurrences of the day and night, as might be expected from his drunken condition. Cutcher is said to have recently married a girl of 14, for whom Woolver is alleged to have had a liking, which offered a motive of the suspected murder.

The dry goods and grocery store of E. J. Olds & Son, at Mt. Clemens, was burglarized last night by professional thieves. The safe was blown open and robbed of $25 cash and $1,000 worth of the most valuable goods loaded into a wagon and driven off.

MACON, Ga., Aug. 29.—Saturday night R. J. Jordan, Jailer of Marion County, was informed that the jail was on fire on the inside. He immediately went to the place and found the report true; that every night during the week the inmates had been cautiously burning the side of the wall, and so judiciously did the job as to burn a hole of ample size for a man to crawl through about 19 inches into the wall, leaving not more than two inches to burn to effect an escape. At late bed-time they would start their fire, and with a piece of quilt and a bucket of water would keep the flames under perfect control until near day, when they would extinguish it. In the day they would throw bedding and other articles of the jail against the spot to conceal it. In this manner they worked at night and rested at day until a week had passed, and their escape had been well nigh accomplished. The fire was soon extinguished and the prisoners transferred to the cage.

BRENHAM, Tex., Aug. 29.—Thos. Hoxie, aged 21, son of Dr. Hoxie, while passing on horseback through one of the principal streets to-night, carrying a double barreled shot gun, was shot dead off his horse by Wm. Lestard, about the same age. The young men had a personal difficulty last night. The cause was unknown, and this morning the deceased leveled a gun at Lestard, but the latter dodged. To-night Lestard got the drop and is now in jail.

SCRANTON, Pa., Aug. 30.—The conductor on an excursion train from Scranton to Mountain Park to-day put off John Kerrigan, aged 19, because he had no ticket, while the train was going 30 miles an hour. He fell under the wheels and was killed instantly.

ELGIN, Ill., Aug. 30.—Last night at a late hour Edward F. Joslyn, the son of Col. Ed. S. Joslyn, a well-known lawyer of this City, fatally shot a young woman named Etta Buckingham in her room at the Nolting House, and then placing the revolver at his own head, killed himself. It was a case of insane jealousy. The tragedy has created intense excitement in this community, where young Joslyn was well known. Col. Joslyn, the father, is at present in Minnesota. Miss Buckingham was a beautiful waiter-girl at the hotel, with whom young Joslyn became infatuated. Her parents reside in Hampshire, in this County. Joslyn became jealous of her because of the attentions she received and encouraged from other men.

BUCYRUS, Aug. 30.—This morning while Charles Ferguson was removing the chambers from a revolver the trigger accidentally slipped and the weapon was discharged, the contents striking him in the heart, killing him instantly. It is said that his parents reside in Cleveland.

CANTON, Aug. 30.—On last Tuesday W. H. Morgan, who is employed at the Canton Glass Works, had a friendly wrestle on the commons near the establishment with a fellow-employe, both being on their way to work. During the contest Morgan fell under his opponent, who came down upon him, striking him in the stomach with his knee. Morgan said he had his wind knocked out pretty effectually, but had no idea of having sustained serious injuries. He had, however, as was evident shortly afterwards, and to-day died from the internal injuries he received. The remains were accompanied to the Fort Wayne depot by the employes in a body, and thence forwarded to Pittsburg, where Morgan leaves a wife and six children.

FENTON, Mich., Aug. 30.—While Miss Jennie Halstead and Sherman Hurd, of Clio, Genessee County, were enroute to the Pioneer picnic at Long Lake, to-day, Hurd began running his horse or horses with other parties upon the road, and as a result Miss Halstead was thrown from the carriage, sustaining injuries from which she died soon after. There were many and conflicting reports concerning the sad occurrence, but the foregoing are as near the facts as could be obtained.

NEWCOMERSTOWN, Aug. 31.—Jessie Hill, daughter of Mr. D. Hill, a prominent farmer of Richland Township, in the adjoining County of Guernsey, was found lying in a pool of blood in her room Thursday night, with her throat cut almost from ear to ear. A razor covered with blood was found in her room, and it is though she attempted suicide, although she stoutly denies ever thinking of such a rash act. She has for some time been subject to somnambulistic fits of hallucination, and the general belief is that during one of these spells she accomplished the frightful deed. Four gashes were cut in her neck, one of them severing the wind-pipe and another striking the jugular vein. There are little hopes of her recovery.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—"Jimmy" Burns, alias John Bowen, alias James Boyle, the notorious bank burglar, awaiting trial on charge of stealing $2,300 from the office of Deputy Postmaster Martar, of Brooklyn, February 7th, last, escaped from the Raymond street jail to-night. When the keeper was about to lock the cell at 10 o'clock, he discovered that Boyle was missing. Two bars had been cut from a rear window on the second floor, the wire grating being forced out, and a ladder found with one end resting on a window ledge and the other on top of the prison wall, from which descent was easy.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 2.—Joseph Seidell, barkeeper at the Hand-in-Hand saloon on Fifth street, opposite Mill street, shot and mortally wounded Thomas McEllicott, alias Roxie, at about nine o'clock to-night. McEllicott has been in the habit of coming into the saloon and getting drinks and going away without paying for them. He tried it to-night with a gang of roughs. Seidell stood between him and the door. McEllicott raised a chair and approached Seidell, who fired. The ball entered the right eye. He went to the hospital, and Seidell was arrested.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 3.—McElliott, shot by Seidel last night, died in the hospital this morning.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 3.—Yesternay morning a man named William Pendleton was drowned in the lake near the water-works crib. He, in company with two young men named James Stewart and E. Young, went out in the sailboat "Flirt." Young's hat blew off, and Pendleton jumped overboard after it. He reached it, placed it on his head, and swam back within a few yards of the boat, when he threw up his hands and shouted for help. He disappeared at once and was not seen afterwards.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 2.—Dr. Chalfant, who shot Dr. Bacon, agent of the Boston Rubber Tooth Plate Company, in April, 1879, in the Baldwin Hotel in this city, escaped from San Quentin State Prison this evening. Chalfant was sentenced to ten years, and had already served four. A petition for his release is now in course of signature among Paris dentists.

BERLIN, Sept. 3.—In the railroad calamity at Steglitz yesterday 17 men, 18 women and four children were killed. The train, it seems, dashed into the midst of a large crowd, killing, cutting and hurling people right and left. Most of the victims belong to the artisan class. After the catastrophe the railroad was found covered for hundreds of yards with bodies shockingly mutilated. Of a family of five persons only one escaped. A sailor and a woman were decapitated. The engine was covered with pieces of flesh, bones and rags and drenched with blood. The engine driver was overcome by the horrible sight. The line was blocked for several hours. The remains were gathered by torchlight by firemen and soldiers and the bodies taken to the Berlin morgue.

BERLIN, Sept. 4.—A fatal railroad disaster at Steglitz has long been apprehended. The Government, after its purchase of the Berlin & Potsdam Railway, asked the Diet to vote a sum sufficient to alter and enlarge the depot at Steglitz. The Minister of Finance, in his request therefor, stated he was unable under existing dangerous circumstances to undertake the responsibility for the lives of the great number of passengers which were constantly imperiled, if the grant sought to be obtained was refused. A vote was taken upon this request by the Diet, and rejected. The Reactionary press throw the blame for the accident upon National Liberals in the Diet, they having refused to vote upon the question. The Emperor has ordered a Committee to make rigid inquiries into the cause of the accident.

FRANKFORT, Sept. 4.—News is received of a bloody encounter a few days ago at Manchester, in a mountainous part of the State. Marshal Marcune, assisted by ex-Marshal A. J. Hocke, attempted to arrest Ired Links, when A. Stivers interfered, and mortally wounded Hocke; Links fatally stabbed Marcune. As soon as they heard of Hocke's death his brothers armed themselves and shot and killed Stivers. Links has also been shot and slightly wounded. He has since been arrested.

LITTLE ROCK, Sept. 4.—Saturday evening, three miles from Dardanelle, while going home from town, Robert W. Pendergrast was assassinated by some one in ambush. Suspicion fell on a man named Underwood, who was believed to have held criminal relations with Pendergrast's wife. He was arrested, and Monday confessed, saying he was instigated by Mrs. Pendergrast, who was also arrested. The revelations created great excitement, all the parties being well known.

FLORENCE, Sept. 3.—Redfield and Tuttle, who robbed the Riverside stage, and killed the express messenger, on the night of August 11, were hanged this morning. Cowboys assembled in force to protest against the hanging.

BRIDGEPORT, Ct., Sept. 3.—Rose Clark, about 23 years old, daughter of Nathan W. Clark, of Stratford, was found dead near her father's residence, about two miles north of Stratford Depot. Finger marks on her throat indicated she had been choked to death. She was to have been married in about two weeks to William Loomis, of Stratford, and was accustomed to visit his house, which she did last evening. She started to go home about 9, which was the last seen of her until found this morning.

The post mortem showed the deceased had been shockingly outraged. The body and limbs bear many bruises and marks of violence, indicating a desperate encounter. "Boston" White, colored, who figured prominently in the Brush murder, is suspected, also many others.

THE HAGUE, Sept. 4.—The Governor of Dutch East India telegraphs that the Town of Telokbelong was probably totally destroyed by the recent volcanic eruption. The district in which that Town is situated is entirely inaccessible, as all roads are obliterated. Nothing from Lampong, on the southern coast of Sumatra. Some of the lighthouses in the straits are standing, but the lights are extinct.

Reports of the destruction of Ijiringineph by a tidal wave and the drowning of 10,000 people there is confirmed.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 4.—James Donohue, aged 25, this morning, deliberately and without apparent provocation shot and killed his stepfather, Michael O'Connell, aged 55. A short time before the tragedy Donohue went to a trunk and took therefrom a revolver; his mother urged him to put the weapon back, but he threatened to shoot her if she interfered; then he sat on a lounge in the sitting room, revolver in hand; presently his stepfather, a large man, came into the house, saw Donohue, and walking toward him, said, "James, give me that pistol." Donohue immediately rose to his feet, fired a ball through O'Connell's heart, then lay down on the lounge, seemingly unrepentant and unconcerned. O'Connell walked a few steps and fell dead. Mrs. O'Connell rushed screaming out doors. A policeman soon arrived, but Donohue stoutly resisted and had to be very severely clubbed before he could be arrested.

WEST BRANCH, Sept. 3.—Frank Phillips, book-keeper for Douglass & McLean, of Bay City, at their camp in Gladwin County, about five miles southwest of Summit, was suspected by his employers of being a defaulter to quite a large amount, and a short time ago they sent another man to take his place, and ascertain how his accounts stood. It was found that he was at least $1,000 short. This was on the 25th of August, and on the same day he borrowed a revolver and left the camp, going into a small camp about 40 rods away. Nothing more was heard of him until yesterday morning, when he was found dead in this swamp. He had shot himself through the head. The body was in an advanced state of decomposition, leading to the belief that he shot himself the day he left camp. He was about 28 years old, and has friends in Bay City, where his body was taken to-day for burial. He formerly lived in Albany, N. Y.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 3.—John Stinson, a young man who had just attained his majority, was arrested this morning while attempting to throw himself head first from the top of a freight car. He said he had tried to make a man of himself, had failed, and was no good and wanted to die. He was taken to jail and within 15 minutes had climbed to the top of the corridor and threw himself to the stone flagging below, fracturing his skull and dying in a few minutes. He had been despondent for some time, and bade his family good-by, saying they would probably see him no more.

CHICAGO, Sept. 4.—The boy in charge of the passenger elevator in the Grand Pacific Hotel, lost control of the machine this morning as it was making an upward passage, and advised two passengers on board to jump off at the next landing. In attempting to do so one of them (Christian Jackson, a painter employed in the hotel) was killed. The tragedy was needless, as the automatic appliance caused the elevator to stop naturally on reaching the upper story.

LIMA, O., Sept. 3.—Henry Reisk, a laborer on the new City building, while putting cornice work on the tower, fell a distance of 20 feet this morning, but was not injured. He fell 15 feet last Saturday. Two or three years ago he fell a distance of 88 feet from the top of the City building in Sandusky.

MAYSVILLE, Ky., Sept. 4.—Samuel Bulger, colored, who committed a rape on a girl 12 years old, daughter of Mr. McAuliff, on her way home from school, was hanged to-day in the jail yard. He was baptized by a Catholic priest Sunday.

MINOR MENTION.

The bodies of Charles S. Sissons and wife, who lost their lives in the Riverdale disaster Tuesday last, have been recovered.

At Jacksonville, Fla., in a quarrel about a base ball game, George Jackson fatally stabbed Robert Burroughs, both colored.

Ex-County Commissioner Thomas Reese was found dead from heart disease, in his barn yard at Rushville, with his face eaten off by the hogs.

Edward C. Machen, broker, has been arrested at New York for stealing railroad bonds worth $8,500 from the office of William E. Town, lawyer.

Assistant Postmaster-General Hatton has ordered the suspension of Postmaster Updegrove, at Van Wert, O., for collusion with local claim agents.

John Connell, watchman on duty at the Treasury Department Washington, shot and killed himself in a coal vault at the Treasury building Sunday.

At Carnic, Ill., the saw-mill of Ziegler & Reinwald burned Saturday night; loss, $20,000; insurance, $4,000. Sixty men are thrown out of employment.

Near Booneville, Ind., a lot of roughs tried to break up a church festival. The good people charged upon them with clubs, chairs, etc., and put them to rout.

Dr. D. Newell, a Chicago physician of standing, committed suicide by taking an overdose of morphine. He had suffered from ill health and sustained a number of financial reverses.

At Hyde Park, Vt., Edward W. Sumner accidentally shot Sigbert Rogers through the heart with a pistol, the latter dying instantly. Both were about 18, and warmly attached to each other.

John A. Heine, wanted for burglary at Brookville, Mo., and for robbing a safe, was caught at Baltimore while exchanging United States for German money. He had engaged passage on the steamer "Strassburg."

Inspector Williams, of the Postal Money Order System, caused the arrest of Chas. F. Heusman, Postmaster at Morllsville, La., for the alleged embezzlement of $1,500 money order funds. Heusman was held in $5,000 bail.

William Ralm, a German, aged about 23, attempted to commit rape upon a three-year old daughter of William Neal, living near Shelby Center, N. Y. The child is in a precarious condition. The brute was caught and jailed.

A special from Texarkana reports the killing of Culter Morris at a gravel pit on the Texas Pacific Railway, by Conductor Wm. Ganson. The men had a difficulty, and the conductor dealt Morris a kick, which resulted fatally.

Major Frank W. Baldwin, of the United States Army, drew $1,000 at Dayton, O., and placed $759 in his pants pocket when he started for Richmond. On the way he was robbed of the roll by a couple of Dayton crooks, who escaped from the train, and are supposed to be in Indianapolis.

At Savannah a crowd of 500 citizens surrounded the jail where the suspected murderers of Hertel and wife were incarcerated and demanded they be delivered up. The jailer prepared for the defense of the prisoners, when a squad of mounted police arrived with rifles and dispersed the mob.

Nat M. Smith, of Nashville, Tenn., received through the mails a box of cake from Louisville, announcing the marriage of Annie L. Sullivan. After eating two pieces he was taken dangerously ill, and the physicians had hard work to save his life. Strychnine was found in the cake by a chemist.

Dr. Joseph Williams, city physician of the Bunker Hill district, Boston, was arrested for assaulting a 12-year-old girl in his office. The child was sent to call the doctor for a sick brother. Williams denies the crime. He is from Montreal, 35 years old, unmarried, and prominent in social and medical circles.

Some boys near Shelbyville planned a joke which ended seriously. They induced two playmates to invade a watermelon patch, with the expectation that the boys upon whose place it was located would be in hiding and frighten the two not in the secret half to death by firing into the air. They were there, and fired as expected, but so low that three boys were seriously wounded.

The Acting Secretary of the Navy has received the following cablegram from Rear Admiral Crosby, Commander of the Asiatic Station, dated Yokohama: "Lieut. Noyes was killed this morning. The top-gallant mast fell while exercising." Lieut. Boutelle Noyes was a native of Maine, and was appointed to the navy from Virginia in 1864. He was regarded as one of the best officers in the service.

A teamster made a ghastly find in a grove near Marshall, Mich. Seeing what appeared to be a man lying in the bush, he approached the object and found it to be the badly decomposed body of a man, who had been dead about six weeks. By the side of the body was a revolver with two chambers discharged, and he had evidently been shot through the body. On his person was found a Michigan Central railway ticket and a picture of two young ladies. The clothing indicates that he had been a laboring man. There is no way of knowing whether it is a case of murder or suicide.

Conflagrations.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 2.—A Leader special reports the factory of the Dewey Stave Company at Bloomdale, O., was burned to-day. Loss, $10,000; insurance, about one-third. It is supposed to be the work of tramps, for the purpose of robbing the Town. Two persons supposed to be the guilty parties were arrested, and are now in custody.

PETERSBURG, IND., Aug. 30.—For the third time within a year a disastrous fire visited this place. The principal square burned yesterday; loss, $60,000; insurance, $46,000. The principal losers are Fagan & Adams, drugs; the press of the Republican newspaper; Miss Frank, millinery; Hammond & Parker, dry goods; Barnett & Son dry goods; Edwards & Ware, drugs; the Citizens' State Bank; J. C. Hammond & Son, dry goods; Magee & Young, hardware; Moses Frank, dry goods; H. C. Gordon, jewelry.

HUNTER'S POINT, L. I., Sept. 1.—The woods between West Deer Park and Farmingdale, along the Line of the Long Island Railroad, were fired by sparks from a locomotive. Over four miles burned, and the fire is still extending. The district is sparsely settled, but several families have been driven from their houses by the approach of the flames. Unless rain falls the whole district, covering many miles, will be devastated. There are no facilities for arresting the fire.

LESSER BLAZES.

Daniel F. Tillotson's farm buildings, with contents, burned at Oxford, N. H., Saturday; loss $20,000.

The Lowville, N. Y., chair factory was burned, with a loss of $55,000, and insurance $15,000, throwing 75 hands out of employment.

At Bloomington, Ill., 11 Norman horses, recently imported, were smothered in the burning barn of Stubblefield & Co. Loss, $20,000.

The Spring Lake ice-house burned early yesterday morning in Vincennes, Ind. It was owned mainly by Cincinnati men. Loss, $40,000; insurance $28,000.

TELEGRAPH AND MAIL.

Prince Jerome Napoleon returned abruptly to Paris from his tour in Holland.

Ruiz Zorilla, connected with the recent revolt in Spain, left France a fortnight ago.

Ex-Chief Justice Moore, of Texas, died suddenly in Washington, of cerebra apoplexy.

An international regatta is announced to be held at St. Clair the last week in September.

Plans have been completed for the new silver vault in the New Orleans mint, capacity $20,000,000.

Official estimates of wheat and other crops in Russia show the yield will be generally satisfactory.

A number of French subjects from Madagascar have arrived at Island Reunion, in a destitute condition.

The Supreme Court at Capetown rejected the appeal of O'Donnell, to be tried there, and O'Donnell has sailed for England.

It is reported that an American syndicate has purchased the Real del Monte Company's mines in Mexico for $4,000,000.

Vienna journals say the summoning of the German Parliament means that Spain has been admitted into the alliance of the great powers.

The Paris Goulois says it hears that Prince Jerome Napoleon intends to publish a manifesto, to be issued coincident with the funeral of Chambord.

A steamer-load of cattle which arrived at Liverpool from Montreal was promptly slaughtered, under the belief that they were afflicted with Texas fever.

Mrs. Ellen Wright, of Indianapolis, has brought suit for damages in the sum of $5,000 against Rev. Robert M. Turner, colored, for breach of promise.

The Supreme Commandery of the Knights of the Golden Rule have voted to amend the Constitution so as to admit women to the Third Rank of the Order.

News of the death of the Queen of Madagascar, which was refused credence at the time of its reception, is now authoritatively corroborated. She died July 13.

Shaw, the British missionary arrested at Madagascar, intends to press his claim for indemnity against France for loss of his property and for false imprisonment.

Gen. John Hodgdon, one of the wealthiest and most respected citizens of Dubuque, Ia., died Monday, aged 83. He was one of the negotiators of the Ashburton treaty.

Fifteen members of the third class at the Naval Academy at Annapolis have been reported to the Superintendent for hazing plebes on the practice ship "Constellation."

Iowa ministers to the number of 3,000 have notified the State Temperance Alliance that they will preach temperance sermons to their congregations next Sunday morning.

A cablegram has been received at Montreal from Rome directing that Victoria Medical College be permitted to open as usual, and re establishing the college in all its privileges.

The Baltimore Grand Jury returned three true bills of indictment against members of the late Board of Fire Commissioners, ignoring all charges against Mayor White, ex-officio member of the Board.

There are now 48,049 Postoffices in the United States, of which 2,176 are Presidential offices and 6,273 money order offices. Since the year 1876 the number of Postoffices has been increased 40 per cent.

The last of the reports of the general land offices for the fiscal year was entered yesterday. Over 19,000,000 acres of the public domain were disposed of, 8,600,000 being taken under the homestead act.

O. E. Weller, of Maryland, who stood highest on the list of candidates examined for civil service positions at Washington, was yesterday appointed to a $1,000 clerkship by Postmaster-General Gresham.

Prof. Stuart Phelps, of Northampton, Mass., accidentally shot himself at Chamberlain Lake, Wednesday. Putting a gun into a canoe, it discharged a load of buckshot into his head, killing him instantly.

A newspaper is said to have been started in New York to advocate the nomination of Gen. Butler for President and Congressman Reagan, of Texas, the Postmaster General of the Confederacy, for Vice President by the Democratic party.

The London Times attributes Ireland's improved condition to the wisdom and stringency with which the laws have been enforced. It adds that the laws against disorder in Ireland must be unflinchingly enforced if England is to govern that country at all.

A private soldier writes to the Chicago Times in explanation of the large number of desertions, that a squad of infantrymen at Fort McIntosh were ordered out to pick up mesquite beans to feed the hogs, and were kept out until noon because they had no success.

Jessie Buckner, the woman who is believed to have made the mischief that led to the murder of which Congressman Thompson, of Kentucky, was guilty, is going to make some money out of her notoriety, and is advertised to appear at a New York theater in September.

Railway postoffice service on the Northern Pacific Railroad has been ordered between Missoula and Helena, Mont., to take effect Sept. 2. This will make continuous railroad postoffice service, via the Northern Pacific Railroad, from St. Paul to Portland, a distance of 1,920 miles.

During the last fiscal year, 91,000 applications for pensions have been disposed of by the Pension Bureau. Commissioner Dudley says the office has handled every case brought before it. All applications were passed, rejected, or additional evidence required, so that no case was left untouched.

A conductor on the Chicago & Alton Road had a private detective arrested for following him about, and a Chicago Justice fined the "spotter" $10. The manager of the road stated they had discharged a number of suspected conductors and had employed detectives to keep certain ones of them under surveillance.

A farm hand near Shelbyville, Ind., has found a giant. It differs from the Cardiff exhibit in that it is a skeleton instead of a single stone. The skeleton was found in a sitting posture six feet below the earth's surface. The gentleman who formerly sat in the bones which remain, if he existed at all, was nine feet high and weighed half a ton.

Dorman B. Eaton, speaking of the non-partisan character of the work of the Civil Service Commission, instanced a case in Newark, N. J., where the Postmaster, having two vacancies to fill, appointed the persons standing the highest on the list certified by the Commission, and both appointees were Democrats. He hears of similar cases from various points.

John B. Vallequette, 70 years old, a wealthy French Canadian, and one of the earliest settlers of Chicago, has been declared sane in the Probate Court. Two of his children asked to have Conservator appointed for the old man, and the allegation was made that the Nuns of the Roman Church were endeavoring to have him bequeath his large estate to the church.

The fine span of driving horses presented to Archbishop Purcell by Revs. Fathers O'Niel and O'Donaghue, will be raffled off for the benefit of the Cumminsville Orphan Asylum. The carriage presented to His Grace by Bishop Elder, will be disposed of in a similar manner for the benefit of the Foundling Asylum on Reading road.

The colored State Convention of Arkansas adjourned after a two days' session. Delegates were appointed to the National Colored Convention at Louisville, and a Central Committee appointed to look after the interests of colored people in Arkansas. Among the resolutions was one reciting that no white man was ever hung in the State for murdering a negro.

The Garfield Hospital projectors deny that the scheme will be a failure, and say they have purchased property valued at $38,000 for the site of the hospital buildings. The first of which, to cost $15,000, will soon be erected. Money enough for improving the property and making it available for hospitable purposes is already in the bank to the credit of the hospitable scheme.

George B. Bunnell, proprietor of Bunnell's Museum, New York, was arrested on complaint of Mrs. Mary McGee for indecent exposure of person on board an express train from New York. Bunnell is completely broken down on account of the charge. He said he was a respectable man and Knight Templar, and the charge against him is a terrible mistake.

In the examination of James McDermott, who is supposed to be connected with the dynamite conspiracy, it was stated that cards were found on the prisoner signed by James Stephens and O'Donovan Rossa. On the latter's card, which was to bid McDermott good by, the following was written: "Tell the boys over there I will do my utmost to help to destroy the common enemy."

A man named O. P. Keller of New York, called at the White House Wednesday and demanded an interview with the President. He was very importunate and said he must see the President at once. Being told he was absent he left with the Doorkeeper a bundle of pamphlets on the Advantages of Bible Study, which he said he wished given to the President at the moment of his return in order, he added, that the country might be saved to Christ.

Recently Hugh McKenzie, shoe manufacturer of Cincinnati, transferred his property to the McKenzie Manufacturing Company. Since then a number of suits have been brought by creditors. Thursday Mulford, Carey & Conklin brought suit. A receiver has been asked for. It is claimed that McKenzie's assets were less than $100,000, and that when he formed the McKenzie Manufacturing Company with a capital of $230,000, he put his property at $175,000.

The Russian Court goes into mourning for five days for Chambord.

The foot and mouth disease is increasing alarmingly among cattle in England.

The Massachusetts Central Railway has been sold at mortgage sale to S. N. Aldrich for $500,000.

Queen Victoria has sent a magnificent bouquet of lilies and white roses to Frohsdorf, to be placed on Chambord's coffin.

In a fight in Ashantee between King Koffee and Mensah, 60 of the latter's men were killed.

Twenty-seven thousand three hundred and eighteen deaths have occurred from cholera since its outbreak in Egypt.

The German Reichstag has been closed. One of its last acts was to pass the treaty of commerce between Germany and Spain.

Two hundred and fifty colored people left Virginia on Friday for Iowa, where they expect to secure homes. Others will follow them.

The American Woman's Suffrage Association will hold its annual meeting in the Brooklyn Academy of Music on October 9 and 10.

A rate war has begun between the Louisville & Nashville and Ohio & Mississippi roads on passenger business between Cincinnati and St. Louis. The L. & N. has got tickets down to $1.50.

Gov. Blackburn is being sharply criticised for pardoning George Kennard, one of the murderers of the Foster family, near Maysville, in 1868. On Saturday the Governor pardoned four more convicts.

Col. R. B. Whitman, a prominent Free Soiler in Kansas in border ruffian times, and later having charge of National Cemeteries in the South under Thomas, died in Cambridge, Mass., Sunday, aged 70.

Major Wasson, the embezzling army Paymaster, now serving out his time, has been detailed to superintend the work of building a road between Leavenworth and the Kansas Penitentiary. He asks to be allowed to wear overalls instead of convict trousers.

The internal revenue collections for the Peoria (Ill.) District, during the last month were $1,277,704. For the corresponding month last year, $1,403,205. Six hundred and fifty packages, containing 56,967 gallons, were shipped for export during August.

The Glasgow police decline to reveal the source of information which led to the arrest of six Irishmen charged with having been connected with attempts to destroy property there last January. The men were all apprehended at the same time in different parts of the City.

The Western Union Telegraph Company has issued an order making the hours for night work eight hours instead of seven and a half, and allowing extra pay for Sunday work. The extra service will be based on the number of work days in a month. This will result in a considerable increase of salaries.

A business meeting of the Free Thinkers' Association elected the following: President, Dr. T. D. Brown, Binghamton; Treasurer, William S. Bell, Boston; Recording Secretary, A. B. Stebbins, Canisteo, Steuben County; Corresponding Secretary, H. L. Green, Salamanca. Samuel P. Putnam, of New York City, was chosen as Chairman of the Executive Committee.

At a meeting of the Travelers' Protective Association of the United States, at Columbus, O., it was decided to hold their next semi-annual meeting at Indianapolis, November 16. The reports of the several Committees were very flattering. The organization is now on a firm basis, being thoroughly organized, and the membership increased nearly 300 the last 90 days.

The wheat crop of Kansas is threshing out much heavier than expected. The State Board of Agriculture has revised its former estimates, and now says the crop will aggregate 25,000,000 bushels. The corn crop of Kansas is estimated at fully 200,000,000 bushels, and will be the largest ever produced in the State. A heavy immigration has already commenced to flow into the State, and it is believed the immigration this Fall and next Spring will be very large.

Northern Pacific.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 3.—This has been the most eventful day in the history of Minneapolis. The announcement that Pres. Villard and his guests would stop in Minneapolis on their way to witness the driving of the golden spike on the Northern Pacific, caused the citizens to stretch every nerve to make the visit memorable. The day dawned clear and bright and nothing occurred to mar the festivities. For several days every one has been busy fashioning mottos and designs and executing novelties in the way of decorations and adornments. When the hour of noon came, all the business houses on the principal thoroughfares were lavishly adorned with emblems, flags and mottos.

At the intersection of Nicollet, from the First National Bank across to Harrison Hall was a section of the Northern Pacific bridge over the Missouri River at Bismarck, with a miniature train of cars upon it. Between the Bank block and the Johnson block, across the alley facing the Nicollet House, was a representation of Minnehaha Falls, the water falling over and through a mass of evergreen. Across Hennepin, at the intersection of Washington, was a section of the Manitoba viaduct now being built across the river at Minneapolis, and over which, on a leased track, the Northern Pacific trains will run from the Eastern terminus in this City to connect with the St. Louis boats at the landing. Down the river, across the avenue, was another magnificent arch, and still another spanned the street in front of the Windom block.

All along the avenues were novel mottos and decorations. One of the prettiest was on the Windom block, where, among other things, were piled a huge stack of flour barrels with the motto, "Give us the wheat and we will feed the world." In front of the Nicollett House, facing old Washington avenue, the grand stand, with accommodations for 1,000 people, had been erected and elaborately decorated for the distinguished visitors, and from their elevated position the guests had a magnificent view of the decorations on the opposite side of the street. Conspicuous among them were large pictures of Villard and Jay Cooke, handsomely wreathed in flowers and evergreens, and large paintings representing scenes along the Northern Pacific.

When it became known that Pres. Arthur, Gens. Grant and Sheridan and Sec. Lincoln would be present, the excitement and interest increased, and all the avenues into the City were jammed and crowded to the utmost capacity. It is estimated that fully 40,000 visitors were in the City to-day. At 1:30 carriages containing Pres. Villard and guests were driven up to the Nicollet House, preceded by a company of mounted police, and as the company aligned they were greeted with prolonged cheers by the thousands who occupied every inch of available space in front of the stand and in the windows of adjoining buildings.

The appearance of Pres. Arthur on the platform was greeted with round after round of cheers, and when Asburn stepped forward and introduced Robert Lincoln, the audience gave him a greeting no less demonstrative than that which followed the appearance of Grant and Sheridan. A moment later Villard came, which was the signal for uproarious cheering, which was continued long after the gentleman had acknowledged the introduction. Cheers were again taken up when Mrs. Villard came forward and took a seat beside him. Pres. Arthur in a special train arrived from the West at the same time Pres. Villard arrived from the East.

Treasury Statement.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—The statement of the United States Treasury shows gold, silver and United States notes in the Treasury to-day as follows:

Gold coin and bullion	$204,150,028
Silver dollars and bullion	119,029,957
Fractional silver coin	27,818,180
United States notes	53,917,724
Total	$404,915,889
Certificates outstanding—gold	54,302,430
Silver	75,143,771
Currency	12,065,000

Slade and Mitchell.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 3.—Madden, manager for Mitchell, telegraphed this afternoon to Harry Hill, stakeholder, at New York, that Mitchell had accepted the proposal for a fight near El Paso, beyond the Mexican line, and requesting Hill to notify Slade's manager to that effect. It is thought improbable that Slade will decline the proposal, and therefore it is considered almost assured that the fight will occur in Mexico the 25th inst., upon the same terms as the match recently declared off.

More Oil Found in Colorado.

DENVER, Aug. 31.—In the Arkansas Valley Company's oil well at Canon City, at a depth of 1,069 feet the drill penetrated the second vein of oil which raised 120 feet in the tubing. Genuine pebble sand forms a part of this section, the stratum thickness of which is yet unknown. This well is two-and-a-half miles from the Peabody well, Canon City Co. Boring will begin to-morrow four miles north of Peabody. The oil obtained is a heavy, pure lubricating.

Stephen A. Douglas Sick.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—Stephen A. Douglas, son of the deceased Senator, is lying seriously ill at his residence in this City. Yesterday he underwent a surgical operation, growing out of an abscess which had formed.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
WEDNESDAY, Sept. 5, 1883.

To-day's reports up to the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning easy at 2@2½ ℔ cent. Prime mercantile paper, 5½@6½ ℔ cent. Bar silver, 109¾. Sterling Exchange quiet; $4 81½ for 60 days; sight, $4 85. Government Bonds steady. State Securities quiet. Railroad bonds firm. Stocks—The market was weaker. After 11 o'clock Jersey Central fell off to 81¾, a decline of 1⅝ ℔ cent. compared with last night's closing. Villards' trunk lines and coalers were also weaker. Specialties were rather quiet at midday and the general market a fraction lower.

Government Bonds—4½s, coupons, 112¼; 4s, 119⅝; 3s. 103¼; Pacific 6s. '95. 128 bid.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, decrease	$1,715,000
Specie, increase	121,900
Legal tenders, decrease	104,200
Deposits, decrease	1,538,000
Circulation, increase	17,700
Reserve, increase	402,200

The banks now hold $6,224,005 in excess of legal requirements.

The following will show the change in Government bonds during the past week:

	Sept. 4	Aug. 28.
4½'s, coupons	112¼	113⅜
4's, "	119⅝	119⅝
3's, registered	103⅛	103⅜
Pacific 6's of '95	128	128

TRADE.

Intelligence from trade centers of the United States shows that during the past week there has been an improvement in the Fall trade movement. Business in the northwest has been a little slow, but as the harvests of wheat are about over, the outlook is excellent for a rapid increase of business.

THE MARKETS.

On Tuesday of last week, No. 2 Red Wheat sold at 110c in this market; on Wednesday it closed at 109¾c; on Thursday it went up to 110½c; on Friday it receded to 109¾c; on Saturday it went off to 109½c and on Monday the price was 109¼c, or a decline of ¾c for the week.

The markets of the United States for grain were sluggish during the past week, and at the close there was a weak undertone. The situation is, and has for the past fortnight, been a surprise to most grain men. With a shortage in the winter wheat crop it was supposed that farmers would hold on to their grain, but this has not been the case. Free receipts are reported, but there are now evidences that the movement of winter wheat has reached its maximum point, and that from now on there will be a steady decrease. The visible supply of wheat is large, and the export demand limited, which prevent strong parties from taking hold to sustain the market. But notwithstanding the present condition of affairs, there are a few plain facts that cannot be ignored, and when fairly considered it will be admitted that there must soon be a tendency to higher prices of wheat. The news from the European wheat regions is not satisfactory. Australia's crop will be below an average. The minimum deficiency in France as compared with last year, will be about 80,000,000 busbels. In Germany and Austro-Hungary there will be a deficiency in the wheat and rye crops. In the Danubian principalities, wheat and maize are reported to be deficient, while from Russia the intelligence is not at all unanimous in declaring for a large crop. Indir and Egypt alone have good crops While foreigners will hold off as long as possible for low prices, there must come a good export demand when bottom prices have been touched, and it would seem that prices have now gone to their lowest point Corn during the week has held more firmly than wheat, but the close showed weakness on Monday.

At to-day's session of the Toledo Produce Exchange there was a very active market for cash Wheat, and the market was weak at a decline.

Sales No. 2 Red Wheat to-day .... 161,500 bu
Sales yesterday .... 76,500 bu

No 2 Red Wheat opened at 108½c and closed at 108¼c; No 2 Wabash Wheat, 109c, and to close 108c, 1¼c lower; Lake Shore do, 109¼@109½c, 1¼c off; D & M do, 108c; No 3 Red Wheat active at 102½@102c, Wabash, 102½c Lake Shore, ¾c down; D & M do, 101½c; No 4 Red Wheat, Wabash, 98½@98c; Lake Shore, 98c; D & M, 96c; Rejected Wheat, Wabash, 93c.

White Wheat slow. No 1 Lake Shore, 111c; No 2 do, 102½c.

For future delivery there was an unusually active market, especially for October delivery. Closed weak and lower.

	Sept. bu	Oct. bu	Nov. bu	Dec. bu	Jan. bu
Sales to-day...	93000	556000	124000	53000	131000
" Saturday.	3000	56000	45000	....	....

Seller September, 108½c, and to close, 108c, 1¼c off, seller October opened at 110½c, and after quick fluctuations touched 109¾c on last sales, 1½c decline; seller November, 112¾c and to close 111⅝c, 1⅞c lower; seller December, 114@113½c; seller January, 116⅜c and finally 115⅞c.

Cash Corn active but lower.

Sales Cash Corn to-day .... 18,500 bu
" " yesterday .... 10,500 bu

High-mixed Corn, 51c, 2c lower; No. 2 Corn, 50½c, 1½c decline; Rejected Corn, 48c, Wabash; No. 2 White Corn, 50½c; No. 3 do, 48c; No Grade Corn, 46c.

For future delivery No 2 Corn sold higher.

Sales to-day .... 30,000 bu
Sales yesterday .... 30,000 bu

Seller September, 50½c, 1½c down; seller October, 51c, ½c lower.

Oats—Fair trade; No 2 cash, 27½c; Rejected, 25c; No 2 White, 29¼c. Seller September, 27c; seller November, 28¾c; seller December, 28¾c.

Rye—Sales No 2 at 58c.

General Produce.

BUFFALO, Sept. 3.—Wheat nominal; No 1 hard Duluth at 120c September; 118c October. Corn quiet; car lots No 2 Western at 58c. Oats dull; car mixed western at 33c on track. Canal freights higher; wheat, 6c; corn, 4½c.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 4.—Oil—Market dull and heavy, trade waiting on field developments and afraid to touch the market until something definite is known in regard to the new well; opened sales at 107¼c, declined to 106⅞c, and closed at 107c.

DETROIT, Sept 4.—Flour—Nothing doing Wheat weak; cash, 106¾c; September, 106¾c; October, 108½c; November, 109⅝c; No. 2 red, 108c; No 2 white, 101½c; receipts, 52,000 bu; shipments, 27,000 bu. Corn—No 2 cash, 53c. Oats—No 2 white, 30c.

CHICAGO, Sept. 4.—2:33 P. M.—Wheat—Seller September, 98⅝c; seller October, 100½c; seller November, 102½c. Corn—Seller September, 47¾c; seller October, 47½c; seller November, 46⅝c; seller the year, 44⅝c. Oats—Seller September, 25½c; seller October, 25¾c; seller November, 26½c.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 4.—Wheat lower; cash or September, 96½c; October, 98½c; November, 103¾; receipts, 18,000 bu; shipments, 400 bu. Corn easier; No 2, 48c; Rejected, 45c. Oats dull; No 2, 24; white, 27½c. Rye lower; No. 1, 55½c; No 2, 54½c. Barley lower; September, 63c; October, 64c; extra new, September, 50c.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 4.—Corn dull and lower at 56@60c. Oats easier at 40c. Pork at $13 50. Lard lower; tierce, $8 40; keg, $9 50. Bulk meats higher; shoulders, packed, $5 35. Bacon—higher; long clear and clear rib, $7 62½@7 87½; shoulders, $7 12½. Hams—Sugar cured higher; choiced canvassed, 5¼@15½c. Others unchanged.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 4.—Flour—Market quiet and unchanged; family, $4 60@5 10; fancy, $5 25@5 75. Wheat dull and lower; No 2 red, 105@106c. Corn dull at 51c. Oats dull at 28c. Rye quiet at 56c. Barley in fair demand at 68@70c. Pork dull at $12 75@13. Lard lower at $8 12½. Bulk meats dull at $5 92½@6 05@6 60. Bacon easier at $6 75@7 37½@7 75. Whisky steady at 113c.

CHICAGO, Sept 4.—Hogs—Receipts for to-day, 18,000 head; market slow, weak and 10c lower; light, $5 25@5 90; mixed packing, $4 60@4 90; heavy packing and shipping, $4 90@5 35. Cattle—Receipts, 2,000 head; market fairly active and steady; exports, $6 00@6 35; good to choice shipping, $5 30@5 80; common to fair, $4 00@5 10; butchers, $3 25@4; stockers, $3 25@4 35; Texans, $3 60@4 30.

CHICAGO, Sept. 4.—Wheat—Market active in all commodities, but a short decline in prices; Regular Wheat—98½c September; 98⅝c October; 100⅝c November; 101⅞c December; 96⅝c year. Corn—47⅜c September; 46⅝c October; 45⅝c November, 44⅛c year; 45¼c May. Oats 25⅛c September; 25⅝c October; 26⅛c November; —c year; 29c May. Rye at 54½c. Flax seed at 128c. Whisky at 116c. Pork—$11 57½ September; $11 70 October; $12 15 November; $12 11 year; $11 52½ January; $— year. Lard—$8 20 September; $8 17½ October; $7 85 November; $8 87½ year; $7 90 January.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—Flour—Receipts, 28,000 bbls; sales, 900 bbls; market dull and strongly in buyers' favor. Wheat—Receipts, 325,000 bu; market ⅜@⅝c lower, heavy and unsettled; fair business mainly in options; No. 1 white, 113½c; sales 40,000 bu No 2 Red. September, 115⅛@116c; 1,280,000 bu do October, 117¼@117⅞c; 52,000 bu do November, 119⅝@120c; 280,000 bu do December, 121⅝@122⅜c. Corn—Receipts, 228,000 bu; market ⅜@⅝c lower and heavy; mixed western spot, 55@62c; futures, 60¼@61½c; sales, 74,000 bu. Oats—Receipts, 108,000 bu; market ¼@⅝c lower; western, 32@40c; sales 200,000 bu. Beef dull and unchanged; new extra, spot, $12 50@13 00. Pork dull and weak; spot, new mess, $13 75@14. Lard heavy and lower; steam rendered at $8 70. Butter quiet and unchanged; western at 9@22; Pennsylvania creamery, 23c. Cheese firm at 1@11c. Sugar firm and in fair demand. Molasses steady and quiet. Petroleum quiet and firm. Rice firm and in fair inquiry. Coffee quiet and weak. Freights dull. Turpentine firm at 41@41½c. Rosin steady at $1 52½@1 62½. Tallow steady at 7⅛@8c for western. Eggs firm at 21½@23c.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 4.—Flour—Market quiet without change; Howard street and western superfine, $3 25@3 75; extra, $4 00@5 00; family, $5 25@6 00. Wheat—Western dull and lower; No. 2 winer red, spot, 113⅜@113c; September, 113⅜@114c; October, 116⅛@116¾c; November, 118¼@118⅝c; December, 121½c asked. Corn—western dull and lower; mixed spot, 59c asked; September, 58⅛@58¾c; October, 58⅛@59c; November, 57⅛@58⅛c; November and December, new or old, 53½@54⅛c; steamer, —c. Oats firm and quiet; western white, 36@38c; mixed, 33@35c. Rye steady; at 65@67c. Hay unchanged and quiet; prime to choice Pennsylvania and Maryland, $13 50@15. Provisions—dull; mess pork, $15 00. Bulk Meats—loose shoulders and clear rib sides, packed, $7 62½@8 00. Bacon—shoulders, $8 25; clear rib sides, $9 00. Hams, $15 75@16 50. Lard—refined, $10 25. Butter steady; western packed, 8@16c; creamery, 18@23c. Eggs firm at 20c. Petroleum unchanged refined, 7¾@7⅝c. Coffee firm; rio cargoes, ordinary to fair, 9@10c. Sugar steady; A soft, 8⅝c. Whisky steady at 118@118½c. Freights to Liverpool, per steamer, unchanged; cotton, 5-32d; flour, 1s 3d; grain, 4d. Receipts—Flour, 4,171 bbls; wheat, 135,000 bu; corn, 14,000 bu; oats, 7,000 bu; rye, 1,500 bu. Shipments—Wheat, 84,000 bu; corn, 12,000 bu. Sales—Wheat, 335,000 bu; corn, 29,000 bu.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 4.—Flour market dull; family, $3 90@5 10; choice, $5 50@5 60, fancy, $5 70@6 00. Wheat unsettled, lower and weak; No. 2 red, 106¼@106½c cash; 106⅝c September; 104½c October; 107c November; 109c December; 103⅜c year; No. 3 red, 94½@96½c. Corn lower and slow; 45@45½c cash; 44⅞@45c September; 44¼c October; 42½@42¼c November; 29⅞c year; 45c May. Oats—cash better; options easier; 25@26c cash; 24¾c September; 25⅜@25¾c October; 25½c year; 29¼c May. Rye better at 48½c. Barley slow at 60@65c. Lead quiet; $4 10 asked. Corn meal dull at $2 15. Whisky steady at 114c. Butter quiet and unchanged; dairy, 12@17c; creamery, 17@20c. Eggs unchanged. Pork slow at $12 50. Bulk meats nominal. Bacon in good demand; long clear, $ 25; short rib, $7 35@7 40; short clear, $7 65@7 70. Lard nominally lower. Receipts—Flour, 5,000 bbls; wheat, 131,000 bu; corn, 54,000 bu; oats, 30,000 bu; rye, none; barley, 2,000 bu. Shipments Flour, 10,000 bbls; wheat, 18,000 bu; corn, 23,000 bu; oats, none; rye, none; barley, none. Hogs—Market dull and lower; light, $5 35@5 40; packing, $4 80@5 20; rough mixed, $4 50@5 25; butchers', $5 10@5 30; receipts, 2,100 head; shipments, 3,000 head. Cattle—Natives very scarce; Texans and Indians in fair supply but lower; Texans, $3 25@3 85; top Indians, $4 25; receipts, 1,300 head.

Live Stock Markets.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—Hogs—Receipts, 14,000 head; shipments, 1,300 head; market weak and 10c lower; mixed, $4 65@4 90; heavy packing and shipping, $5 00@5 90; skips, $3 50@4 75.

Cattle—Receipts, 900 head; shipments, 2,400 head; market fairly active and steady; exports, $6 05@6 35; good to choice shipping steers, $5 30@5 90; common to medium, $5 00.

Sheep—Receipts, 1,800 head; shipments, 300 head; market brisk and firm; inferior to fair, $2 75@3 25; good, $4 00; choice, $4 00.

EAST LIBERTY, Sept. 3.—Cattle—Receipts for to-day, 6,465 head; shipments, — head; market slow at about last week's closing prices.

Hogs—Receipts, for to-day, 6,800 head; shipments, — head; market slow; Philadelphias, $5 60@5 75; Yorkers, $5 60@5 75.

Sheep—Receipts for to-day, 5,300 head; market very dull and ¼c off from last week's closing prices.

BUFFALO, Sept. 3.—Cattle—Receipts to-day, 1,600 head; consigned through, — cars; market opened active, but closed dull, with a downward tendency; extra steers, $5 90@6 10; good to choice, $5 40@5 85; fair to medium, $4 50@5 90; good butchers', $4 40@5 0.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 3,600 head; consigned through, — cars; market steady, with a good demand; fair to good western sheep, $4 25@5 00; choice to fancy, $5 25@5 65; western lambs, $4 75@6 00; Canada lambs, $6 25.

Hogs—Receipts, 7,500 head; consigned through — cars; market steady, with a good demand for good grades; common dull and lower; good to choice corn-fed Yorkers, $5 60@5 80; mixed corn-fed and grassers, $5 50@6; good mediums and heavy, $5 40@6 00; grassers neglected; a good many held over.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 3.—Cattle—Market fairly active and in a few cases prices ⅛@¼c off; very best, $5 37½@5 87½; first quality, $4 25@5 37½; medium, $3 62½@4 25; ordinary, $2 50@3 50; most sales at $4 00@5 12½; receipts, 2,906 head.

Swine—Fair supply and moderate demand; receipts, 5,675 head; quoted at $7 00@8 00.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 5,544 head; market quiet; sheep, $3 00@5 50; lambs, $5 25.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—Beeves—Receipts for two days, 6,200 head, making 16,200 head for the week; market dull and easier for all grades except except extra steers; extremes, $4 70@7 00 ℔ cwt. live weight for native steers; $4 65@5 60 for Texas steers; a few good Colorado cattle sold at $5 36¼; general sales at $5 18@6 40 for natives; $4 81@5 00 for Texans. Exporters used 60 car loads; shipments for the week, 3,287 live cattle, 1,400 live sheep, 8,550 quarters beef, 1,206 carcasses of mutton.

Sheep—Receipts for two days, 17,400 head, making 52,400 head for the week; market easier for sheep at $4 00@6 00 ℔ cwt.; really prime lots at $5 60; lambs steady at $5 50@7.

Swine—Receipts for two days, 10,560 head, making 25,400 head for the week; market dull at $5 50@5 90 for live.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 3.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,000 head; market and unchanged; steers of 1,300@1,400 lbs, $5 10@5 60; stockers and feeders, $3 40@4 25; Texas steers, av. 1,000lbs. $3 70.

Hogs—Receipts, 2,100 head; market lower; light, $5 10@5 20; heavy, $4 90@5.

Sheep—Receipts, — head; market quiet and unchanged.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 3.—Cattle—market active; receipts, 2,800 head; prime, $6 37½@6 75; good, $5 75@6 25; medium, $5 25@5 62½; common, $4 25@5 00; Texans, $4 50@5 25.

Sheep—Receipts, 10,000 head; market active; prime, $5 50@5 75; good, $5 00@5 25; medium, $4 50; common, $2 75@3 50; culls, $2 00@2 50; lambs, $3 00@7 50 per head.

Hogs—market slow at $7 25@7 75; receipts, 4,300 head.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 3.—Wheat—Receipts, 35,000 bu; shipments, 22,000 bu; market lower; No 2 red fall, 87¾@88¼c October; 90¼c November. Corn—Receipts, 15,000 bu; shipments, 14,000 bu; market lower; 37c bid cash; 35c bid October; 31c bidyear. Oats—Market slow; 21c bid cash.

Miscellaneous.

BROOM CORN.

Quotations at Chicago: Good to choice hurl and carpet brush, 7½@8½c ℔ lb; self-working green, 5@6c; do red-tipped, 4@5c; red brush, 4@5c; inferior, damaged and stained, 2½@3½c; crooked 2½@4c.

HOPS.

Advices from Oneida and Madison Counties and other hop regions of Central New York, where picking has been going on the past week, state that the reason for beginning thus early is on account of vermin, immature hops being better than none. The last two or three days have been more favorable for the crop because of the lower temperature and the dryness of the atmosphere, but the week previous had wrought much damage, vermin in a number of yards penetrating the hop. In quantity the crop will considerably exceed that of last year. Such, at least, is the promise as the vines stand. Reports from all of the hop-growing Counties agree that there is more fruit on the poles than last year, and a good many more poles. Anxiety relates now entirely to quality, and it is asserted by men who have traveled for days among the yards that it will be inferior. In Wisconsin the crop will be larger and better than for a number of years.

TOBACCO.

Reports from Cincinnati say: There has been but little change in the market within the past few days. All grades continue in good demand. The proportion of common and in classes was small, and they were held in good request at full prices. The offering of the better grades was again large. Good and fine leaf and fancy cutting remained in active demand at full quotations as did colory lugs, trash and strippers. Of the 406 hhds offered on Saturday, 64 sold below 6c, 151 from 6c to 10c, 128 from 10c to 14¾c, 122 from 15c to 19¾c, 22 from 20c to 24c, and 3 from 25c to 30¼c. Sales were as follows: Cincinnati warehouse—56 hhds, classed as follows: 3 hhds infarior trash at $4 90@5; 10 10 common trash at $6@7 90, 11 common lugs at $8@9 95, 14 good mediums at $10@14 75, 12 good and fine leaf at $15@19 75, 6 fine colorr leaf at $20 50@23. Planters' warehouse—88 hhds classed as follows: 9 hhds inferior trash at $4 50@5 60; 15 common trash at $6@7 90, 11 common lugs at $8@9 80, 20 good mediums at $10@14 75, 18 good and fine leaf at $15@19, 5 fine colory leaf at $20@24. Morris warehouse—91 hhds, classed as follows: 1 hhd scraps at $3 15, 7 inferior trash at $5@5 95, 18 common trash at $6@7 80, 16 common lugs at $8@9 75, 22 good mediums at $10@14; 22 good and fine leaf at $15@19 75, 4 fine colory leaf at $20@22 75, 1 fancy cutting at $30 25.

WOOL.

The Circular of Gray, Dewey, Gould & Co., Boston, says of the Wool market:

The business of the week shows some falling off from previous weeks, but the demand is fair, prices are steady and the market is in a healthy state, as prices are believed to be as low as they are likely to be for some time to come, for all fine and desirable clothing and combing fleeces. For trashy wools there is no market and manufacturers are likely to give these wools a wide berth for some time to come. The recent depression in manufactured goods has been to a great extent caused by the use of the poor, coarse and low wool which has been produced so extensively in California and the Territories, which, when turned into goods, the great mass of our people will not wear. The London sales are progressing at steady prices, but we learn of no purchases for this side, although orders have been forwarded. The stock of fine wools even now is light for the season. There is less good Ohio and Pennsylvania XX fleeces on the market, at the present time, than for some years at this season, and in neighboring markets the stock is also comparatively small. The demand for combing and delaine selections has been good. The demand for unwashed fleeces continues good and Texas, Territory and Western fleeces have been selling quite freely. Pulled wools continue in fair demand and prices are quite steady. Foreign wool has been comparatively quiet.

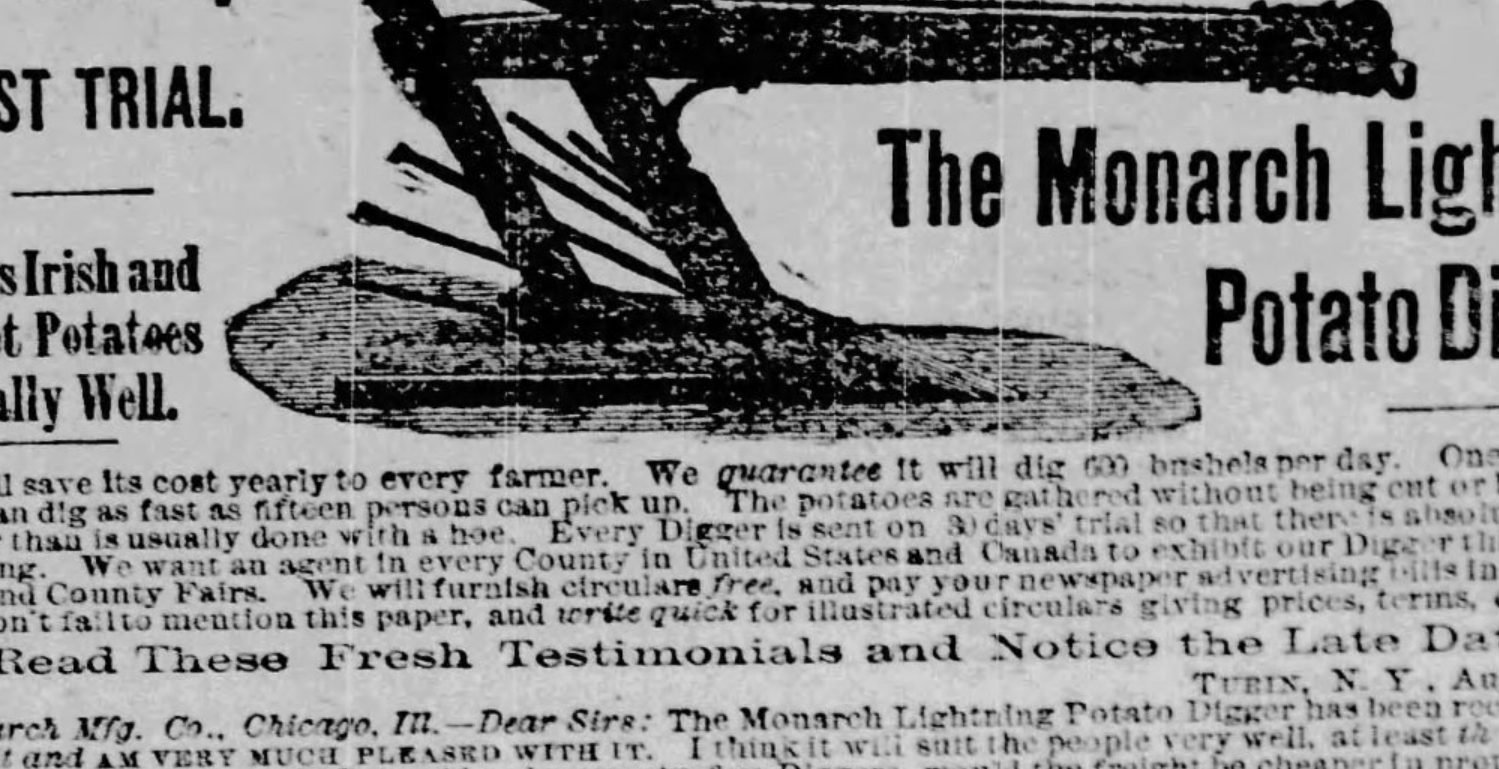
The sales of the week have been as follows: Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces, X XX, and XX and above, 36@39c; No. 1 Ohio fleeces, 38@41c; Michigan X, 33@35c; combing and delaine, 38@43c; Texas, 15@32c; Territory, 18@30c; unwashed and unmerchantable, 15@35½c; super and X pulled, 31@43c.

FAST POTATO DIGGING!

600 Bushels a Day.

Sent on 30 Days' TEST TRIAL.

It Digs Irish and Sweet Potatoes Equally Well.



The Monarch Lightning Potato Digger.

It will save its cost yearly to every farmer. We *guarantee* it will dig 600 bushels per day. One man with a team can dig as fast as fifteen persons can pick up. The potatoes are gathered without being cut or bruised, and cleaner than is usually done with a hoe. Every Digger is sent on 30 days' trial so that there is absolutely no risk in buying. We want an agent in every County in United States and Canada to exhibit our Digger this fall at the State and County Fairs. We will furnish circulars *free*, and pay your newspaper advertising bills in your County. Don't fail to mention this paper, and *write quick* for illustrated circulars giving prices, terms, &c.

Read These Fresh Testimonials and Notice the Late Dates.

TURIN, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1883.

Monarch Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.—Dear Sirs: The Monarch Lightning Potato Digger has been received. *Have tested it and* AM VERY MUCH PLEASED WITH IT. I think it will suit the people very well, at least *those who have seen it* like it very much. If I should order twenty-five Diggers, would the freight be cheaper in proportion than on a single Digger? How many will a car hold? Yours, &c., FRANK J. BARNES.

LOUDEN, Iowa, Aug. 13, 1883.

Monarch Mfg. Co.—Gentlemen: The Monarch Lightning Potato Digger arrived in good order. I have tried it *and it works tip-top!* Enclosed please find P. O. money-order for $30, for which *send me two more Diggers* as soon as possible. In regard to advertising you might advertise in the "Conservative" and "Advertiser" papers at Tipton. Send me some circulars for advertising. Yours truly, H. D. KEMMANN, Agent.

CENTERVILLE, Spencer Co., Ind. Aug. 9, 1883.

Monarch Mfg. Co.—Dear Sirs: I just write you a few lines to let you know what success I have had with the Monarch Lightning Potato Digger. I received it to-day at 11:40 o'clock and thoroughly tested it in the potato field, and sold 8 Diggers in 3 hours. I will give the agency my whole time, and travel around the County with a wagon-load of Diggers. Please to have an advertisement put in the Rockport "Sentinel." I want to tell you that the Digger *exceeded by far my anticipations*, after giving it a hard test. The ground was very hard and dry and covered all over with grass, and the Digger worked splendid. I would not take $50 for it and do without it. Ten men can't pick up the potatoes fast enough. I have sent money by express. Ship 3 Diggers right away. Yours Respectfully, GEORGE HOLLIS.

NEW WATERFORD, Ohio, Aug. 28, 1883.

Monarch Mfg. Co., Chicago—Dear Sirs: I got your Digger and have been digging some potatoes with it. *It digs well*, although the ground is grassy. We are going to have a Fair in two weeks and it will be a good place to sell. Yours truly, HIRAM METZ.

The Monarch Lightning Potato Digger has been in use for the past five years, and we have been reliably informed that so great is the demand for this important farm implement that the factory is taxed to its utmost capacity.—*From Indiana Farmer, Indianapolis, Ind., July 14, 1883.*

COMPETENT AGENTS WANTED AT $1,000 SALARY AND COMMISSION.

You will lose all opportunities of selling Diggers this year, if you don't write quick for illustrated circular giving prices, &c. You can *coin money* selling our Diggers. Address,

MONARCH MANUFACTURING CO., 163 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

A Harvest for Our Blade Agents.

Cheap Reading This Summer for Everybody.

We are about to issue to agents of the BLADE a private circular of terms for three months subscriptions to the Weekly BLADE, good for a short time only, at a remarkable low price, at the same time allowing the agent a handsome cash commission. We want 50,000 new readers this Summer to give the BLADE a trial, and at the price we shall name to our **agents for securing this special number,** we shall not receive returns for more than the price of white paper used in printing them. Our experience shows us that a large majority of new subscribers become permanent after an acquaintance with the BLADE, and for this reason we are quite willing to accept 50,000 readers this Summer at a nominal price.

The price we have determined upon for our special agents, and for a special time only, we do not make public in this announcement, but all agents and friends of the BLADE who can devote even one hour in raising a club for us, may simply ask us by postal for our special short time rates, and we will immediately forward instructions by return mail. Any person of good standing in any community, may act as agent. Simply ask us by postal for instructions, and we will make known to you the way in which you can take all the reading people of your Town for a short time trial of the BLADE. We will also furnish specimen copies needed in the canvass, when applied for. We shall only ask an agent to raise a club of five under this arrangement, but will accept as large a club as the agent is pleased to send, and good canvassers will find after they get to work, that from 20 to 100 names can be taken for the BLADE (at but a few cents each) in a few hours work of a single day.

Some five years ago we made a special low offer for three months, and many agents sent us clubs of over 100 names at a time, mailed the same day they received our terms. Clubs of 20 were received from communities of but that number of families. When so good a paper as the BLADE can be delivered to any family in the United States for three months for a very few cents, all who can read the English language will thank an agent for calling their attention to the matter.

Any person, old or young, can earn a nice cash commission for one day's canvass, and we want one agent in every Town. It may be that we shall have to limit the number of agents, but for the present we will give all applicants authority to give the matter a trial.

As the special rate will be limited to a very short time, agents will please apply for terms at once.

The BLADE will be unusually interesting this Summer. The old-time Nasby letters, always welcome, are restored after a long absence. A new serial historical novel, written especially for the BLADE by EARNEST WARREN, now well-known to our readers, will then be commenced. Other features will follow in rapid succession, making a feast of good things that will delight the most exacting.

PENSIONS!

To all soldiers who are in any manner disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in the service. Widows, children, mothers and fathers entitled if soldier has died from wounds or disease. Many claims even recently allowed are under new laws lately passed, entitled to be INCREASED

REJECTED CLAIMS successfully prosecuted where others have failed.

Thousands of soldiers or heirs are yet entitled to receive more BOUNTY

HONORABLE discharges and pensions to deserters by Act of August 7, 1882.

Don't delay. Advice free. Address, with stamp, L. C. WOOD, Washington, D. C. Box 34.

HENRY COLLEGE LOTTERY

$30,000 FOR $2.

1st Regular Monthly Drawing will take place in the Masonic Hall, Masonic Temple Building, in Louisville, Ky., THURSDAY, SEPT. 27, 1883.

A Lawful Lottery and Fair Drawings, chartered by the Legislature of Ky. and twice declared legal by the highest Court in the State. Bond given to Henry County in the sum of $100,000 for the prompt payment of all prizes sold.

A Revolution in Single Number Drawings.

Every ticket holder is his own supervisor, can call out the number on his ticket and see the corresponding number on the tag placed in the wheel in his presence. These drawings will occur on the last Thursday of every month. Read the magnificent September Scheme:

1 Prize	$30,000	20 Prizes, $500 each	$10,000
1 Prize	10,000	100 Prizes, 100 each	10,000
1 Prize	5,000	200 Prizes, 50 each	10,000
2 Prizes, $2,500 each,	5,000	500 Prizes, 20 each	10,000
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